AMIEL'S PHILINE

For half a century Victorian prude
presse the famous
Pr Moral

$3.50

AMIEL'S PHILINE

By

HENRI FREDERIC AMIEL

Translated by Van Wyck Brooks

EVERY reader of Amiel's Journals, first published in 1883 under the title of 'Unfinished Fragments,' has wished to know more of the author and has marveled that the fragment published should be virtually Amiel's one literary monument. Through the enormous forest of Amiel's manuscript journal, 16,000 pages in all, the editors have sought for a relatively continuous path and have now found it in the sentimental liaison lasting over twelve years with the young woman whom he called Philine.

It is all there, the best and the worst, the sublime and the human, and it throws a singularly illuminating light over the obscure points of Amiel's life. In this journal Amiel is frank with a frankness not even equaled by Rousseau. One cannot begin to understand Amiel without having read 'Philine.' It is a piece of self-analysis, a study of the psychology of love, unequaled elsewhere in literature.

PHILINE

HENRI-FRÉDÉRIC AMIEL

The Riverside Press Cambridge

REFERENCE LIBRARY

DATE

TITLE____________________

____

AUTHOR____________________

EDITION__________ SERIES__________

TYPE__________ PLATES__________

PAPER____________________

Method of Printing { TEXT____________________

INSERTS____________________

COVER____________________

SUBCONTRACT DATA____________________

____

REMARKS____________________

____

"H M Co. Form 0-412 5M 7-47 BP"

PHILINE

PHILINE

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED JOURNALS OF
HENRI-FRÉDÉRIC AMIEL

TRANSLATED BY
VAN WYCK BROOKS

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
EDMOND JALOUX

REFERENCE LIBRARY * HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO. * BOSTON, MASS.
Archive Collection
This book may not leave the Offices
and if borrowed must be returned within 7 days

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge
1930

COPYRIGHT, 1930, BY HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED INCLUDING THE RIGHT TO REPRODUCE
THIS BOOK OR PARTS THEREOF IN ANY FORM

The Riverside Press
CAMBRIDGE · MASSACHUSETTS
PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

INTRODUCTION

Henri Frédéric Amiel is becoming a legendary figure, but a figure curiously distorted by over-simplification. From the first glimpse which the lettered world had of him, which dates from the publication of the 'Unfinished Fragments' in 1883 and from the magisterial study of M. Paul Bourget in the 'Nouveaux Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine' (which still remains the most complete record we possess of the author of the 'Journal,' together with the beautiful essays of M. Albert Thibaudet and M. Charles du Bos [1]), we may say that the general tendency of the critics has been to give us an Amiel more and more linear and reduced to an almost fatuous image: that of a man with a sick will. I am well aware that if we read the 'Journal,' holding ourselves aloof from its author, we seem to gather this general idea from the text, but in this case it is wise to come close to him. Moreover, in order to form a just opinion of Amiel, we should have to be familiar with the whole text of the 'Journal.' We know that it is unpublished and that it runs to 16,900 pages. M. Bernard Bouvier has published lately three large volumes of selected fragments, perfectly genuine, which taken together give a rarely eloquent portrait of Amiel.

[1] *Intérieurs,* by Thibaudet; *Approximations,* by Du Bos.

But in this case only the most beautiful pages have been detached and given prominence: and selection means stylization. How afford the reader a better understanding of Amiel?

M. Bernard Bouvier (to whom the 'Journal' has been entrusted by Mlle. Fanny Mercier), M. Charles du Bos, M. Jacques Schiffrin, and ourselves have arrived at the following solution: to seek in the enormous forest of the text a relatively continuous path, in this case the sentimental liaison of Amiel with the young woman whom he called Philine. But, instead of taking from the text only the portions that refer to her, we have taken each of them with everything that surrounds it, the complete description of the hours that framed the day when Philine passed, as if instead of cutting a flower one carried off the whole plant, stem, root and rootlets, and the stiff, tightly packed earth that clung to them. It is all there, the best and the worst, the sublime and the trivial. Thus, while making a relative choice — a choice in time but not in quality — we hope to give a sufficiently complete portrait of Amiel without publishing the 16,900 pages. These fragments, as we go through them, show us every side of Amiel, and the whole figure stands out more clearly.

As will be seen, this new journal extends over a long space of time. And we may say that the adventure of Philine was the great event of Amiel's life, all the more because that liaison was the only one in which friendship turned to love before returning to simple friendship, and was no doubt the only sensual incident in his career. It throws a singularly illuminating light over some of the most obscure points of his life. Therefore we shall be excused for dwelling on this episode.

Some people experience a certain embarrassment in discussing the intimate details of the life of another. But we should know how to desire the truth before all else. In that immense labor of exploration of the human being, inaugurated by the Renaissance and carried to such prodigious lengths by the nineteenth century, nothing is useless that may serve an end, and our end is entirely contained in the precept of Socrates: *Gnothi seauton* — 'Know thyself.' Let us state frankly that the following pages are not for those who wish to explore this 'Journal' with any sentiment save that of purely experimental research. They are often painful, often strange and disappointing. Let us not forget that we are dealing here with a phenomenon almost unique in the history of humanity, a man who has confessed himself fully. I say unique, for to-day we are well aware how much Jean-Jacques has dressed up his own story. Through that disinterested passion for honesty in his dealings with himself, Amiel has acquired an immortal glory. To perform that mission required as much courage as energy and intelligence. It matters little that certain persons persist in wishing to judge him from the moral and even the civic point of view, a very pretentious attitude on the part of men who are often weaker and less complete than he! For ourselves we do not wish to see in Amiel anything but that admirable example of a man who preferred above everything the truth about himself — devastating as this truth might sometimes be. We are concerned here with some one who wished to express himself wholly. You may tell me he is bizarre, but perhaps you are more bizarre than he. What life is it possible to examine without dismay? Whenever life chances to show you a naked soul, you doubt if there exists a being wholly normal. It takes all the colors together to make white; it also takes, I think, a thousand oddities, passions, and harmonized disorders to make the norm.

I said above that the legend that has clothed Amiel has tended to make of him the typical example of the man with a sick will. But let us reflect a moment: if we did not have Amiel's 'Journal' no one would have supposed that he suffered from this strange malady. I mean that Amiel never manifested this semi-powerlessness in his active life. It did not bear on external events. Amiel's activity was absolutely normal and similar to that of millions of well-constructed beings. His only aberration was his absolute celibacy. But all the celibates of this world are not for that reason half-wits. Amiel lived a patient and laborious life as a professor; he was for a long time director of the Conservatoire of Geneva; he travelled, he wrote two or three volumes of verse — extremely mediocre stuff, to be sure, for this eminently poetic nature does not seem to have glimpsed for a second how poetry might be expressed in verse. He gave infinitely of his time to his friends, and especially to his women friends. He was devoted to many things, not with all his heart but to a degree practised by few. Finally he wrote those 16,900 pages of the 'Journal' which represent at the very least forty-eight volumes. For thirty years of his life he devoted himself, with indefatigable application, energy, and courage, to this task of taking notes about himself. (All those who have tried to keep a journal will know what effort it costs to carry on properly such an enterprise.) Consequently, without the 'Journal' all those who knew Amiel would have considered him an active man. It is indispensable before judging him to make this clear first of all. It will be objected that the man who has judged Amiel most discerningly was Amiel himself and that Amiel, in the course of his 'Journal,' never ceased to lament his pseudo-powerlessness to act. But for that very reason it is necessary to determine here the reality of his aspirations.

Amiel believed that he was called to great things, though without ever being able to specify just what they were. He had the impression of being an exceptional man and he suffered from not having given evidence of an exceptional character. Hence his sadness and those monotonous regrets that fill so many pages. 'I feel much sympathy for Maurice [de Guérin],' he writes, under date of January 12, 1866, 'an exquisite organism, sensitive, literary, with an intuitive, dreamy intelligence, a character afraid of real life, timid, irresolute, repressed, an individuality in which I find more than one resemblance to my own, at least on its weak sides, such as uncertainty as to his proper vocation, the difficulty and the fear of deciding, the spirit of excessive caution, and that species of passion (criticized by a friend) that perpetually drives him to depreciate and torture his own faculties by subjecting them to the endless punishment of a sort of moral autopsy.' The most accurate expression used here by Amiel is that of *uncertainty regarding his proper vocation.* In reality Amiel had no vocation, but he had persuaded himself that he ought to have one. His trouble was not that he had no will, but that while incessantly judging himself he never had the courage to accept himself. He believed all his life that he was not energetic enough to exert his will, but in truth he never exerted his will because there was nothing he wished especially to do or say. What would an energetic Amiel have become?

Evidently a very mediocre writer, possibly a critic, but neither a poet, philosopher, nor novelist. All this he knew intuitively if not definitely. He suffered from never doing anything great, for he wished to be great at any price, and he became so in a way he would not have dreamed of expecting. It was an exceptional case of *Bovaryism.* He attributed, then, all his miseries to what was really a very wise and instinctive prudence that forbade him to undertake things for which he was not fitted, and demanded, on the contrary, that he reserve his forces for an enterprise almost unique in the world and which has given him the most enviable immortality.

It remains no less true that, faced with the need of action, Amiel experienced an embarrassment bordering upon suffering. But just what sort of action do we mean? The question arises as to whether Amiel would have been incapable of accomplishing some great necessary action had circumstances demanded it of him. His doubt points to the contrary in matters of slight importance. But what thinker, what poet has not suffered like him from interrupting his highest faculties in order to give his time, his attention, his physical effort to these trivial daily acts that tear us from our work or from a happy and fruitful meditation, and force us to face the thousand tyrannies, the thousand ennuis, the thousand exigencies of every day? It was natural that

Amiel, with his Protestant education, should have been persuaded that these cruel and tiresome nothings formed part of his duties, and that his nervous and susceptible nature should have exaggerated these sufferings. There is hardly a writer or philosopher (with rare exceptions, such as Goethe) whose life has not been tortured by this necessity of attending to the infinitely small things of reality. What proves the vitality and poise of Amiel is just the fact that in spite of these strongly marked tendencies he resisted neurasthenia all his life. We know that with morbid natures the intensifying of these tendencies produces monomanias in the course of which the sick man shuts himself up in an imaginary world and refuses the real. There is the classic case of Gérard de Nerval. But not for one day did Amiel refuse this real. If he exaggerated, in his confession, the feeling of horror which action caused him, we should still not forget that this great spirit, dedicated to the plan of knowing himself, had his life devoured by mediocre tasks and that except for marriage he accepted them all. From time to time he faced squarely his pretended inactivity and he saw then that this desolating belief was actually one of the whims of his spirit, one of his *dadas*, as Sterne would have said. ‘One must share one’s riches, that is, spread abroad one’s ideas, and share the hardships of others, that is, help to work the great ship.’

'You have done so, for you have acted as a professor and a citizen. What you feel now is the reaction. You fall back into ecstatic meditation, into the immobility of the solitary. This is no great evil. *Omphalepsychology* has its rights also.' (July 8, 1880.)

This idea that Amiel had of himself and which harassed him all his life was, moreover, altogether superfluous; it evidently arose from an old spring of adolescent reveries, for Amiel does not seem to have been ambitious. He had no interest in money (of which he had no lack) or honors, and his character made numerous feminine conquests impossible. It was through a sentiment almost unanalyzed by him, a curious mixture of pride and Calvinistic duty, that he had acquired this conviction that a high destiny was necessary for him and that all the time spent without obtaining it was wasted. If we surrender this idea, which, by the way, was spread by himself, it is easy to see that Amiel was not ineffectual, at least not nearly so much so as was believed from his own testimony. The only point upon which we agree with his opinion of himself is his love-life, but we shall return to this theme, which remains the principal object of this preface.

In a thesis that is remarkable in many ways, but too severe, M. Léon Bopp has also laid stress on what he calls 'the dissolution of the I' in Amiel. This idea forms part, at present, of what I have already called the legend of Amiel and I must dwell on it a moment in passing. Here is, indeed, a very seductive theory, all the more seductive because it forms, in a way, part of the modern atmosphere. Since Proust, a new notion of personality has come into fashion, a notion drawn arbitrarily from his work in which, I regret to say, we see little of it.

But what is the phenomenon which M. Léon Bopp calls in Amiel the dissolution of the I? There are many ways of interpreting the thing. 'In cutting itself off from the external world,' says M. Léon Bopp, 'the I, which can be aware of reality only through opposition to itself, gradually disappears.' And he cites in support of his theory numerous passages in which Amiel speaks of the state of reverie into which he often fell and which, in a very beautiful study,[1] M. Henri Delacroix compares to the mystic state. But does this state of heightened consciousness, in which a man dominates his own existence and strives to attain an intense communion with the cosmos, lead to a veritable dissolution of the I? M. Léon Bopp supports his theory on many texts, I know, but just what meaning must we read into these texts? Let us take an example: the day of January 13, 1879, which seems, among so many others, to confirm this inner disorganization in the eyes of M. Bopp. I read, in fact, the following lines: 'One night digs an abyss between the I of yesterday and that of to-day. The continuity which creates will and effort in the same direction is unknown to me. Perseverance, constancy, pertinacity are no longer known to me save by name. My life is desultory, it is without unity of action because my actions themselves escape me...' All this seems at first convincing, but let us continue our reading. 'Probably my mental strength, busy, in the shape of conscience, in mastering itself, lets go of everything that usually crowds the understanding, as the glacier rejects all the stones and blocks that have fallen into its crevasses, so as to remain crystal clear. The philosophic spirit is unwilling to encumber itself with material facts, with insignificant memories. Thought holds fast to thought, that is to say, to itself, to the psychological impulse. Its sole ambition is to enrich its experience. The inner study and play of its faculties becomes its pleasure, and even its aptitude and habit. Reflection is no more than the apparatus that registers the impressions, emotions, and ideas that traverse the spirit. The change takes place so decidedly that the spirit is not only unclothed but stripped of itself, and, so to speak, deprived of substance. The wheel turns so quickly that it melts about the mathematical axis which alone remains cold, because it is impalpable and without density.' And further still, on the same date, Amiel adds: 'Impersonality[1] tempts us in vain.' This word is extremely significant; it shows us that we must beware of accepting at their face value Amiel's states of depersonalization. They have something deliberate, sought, chosen about them. His imagination loved them; he placed himself artificially in the state of mind necessary to experience them. I know quite well that such a preference for contemplative and cosmic passivity in itself reveals a temperament fitted to understand and enjoy it. But between these meditations, in the course of which Amiel strives to create a state of spontaneous communion out of philosophical pantheism, and the fact that he has experienced these emotions in their unconscious and almost mystical plenitude, there is room for more than one interpretation. What is most striking in Amiel is a sort of verve that drives him to generalize every sensation, to make an introspective or lyrical display of every incident; in short, to exaggerate each of these transitory states, which he leads every time to its complete realization, usually taking no thought of those which have followed or will follow it.

---

[1] H. Delacroix: 'Les États Mystiques d'Amiel,' *Vers l'Unité*, October to November, 1921.

For my part, what makes me doubt this 'dispersion of the I' that M. Léon Bopp sees in Amiel, is the continuity and the unity of the 'Journal.' There are, indeed, if you wish, five or six aspects of Amiel, but these are always the same and all reappear at regular intervals, following a rhythm which a reader of the entire 'Journal' would succeed, I believe, in calculating.

---

[1] Elsewhere he uses the word *tentative* in this connection.

These aspects do not alter greatly with the years. Can we even say that the more Amiel approached the end of his life, the more there developed the mysticism latent in him? I do not think so. The only attitude of mind to which he seems to give major importance toward the end of his life, is stoicism, and this was necessitated by circumstances. I can only understand a dissolution of the I as progressive, and I cannot see any evolution here. An exaggerated *Bovaryism*, but without results, attempts at cosmic fusion that were often successful, incessant weak and sentimental fancies — there you have about all the intimate matter of the 'Journal.' And under it all the most magnificent passion imaginable for knowing himself, a tenacious, patient, admirable effort to succeed in that, and a conscious effort, such that, lamentable as Amiel appears to Amiel, he never experiences any real displeasure at placing it on record. To every one who examines himself as penetratingly as did Amiel, the I always appears a dust of butterfly's wing caught in a whirlwind; but to say this is to practise introspection, itself, a little. And yet it is in a sense introspection itself that wills to see it so: in reality, there is a central structure that supports this dust, and, whirl about as it may, that central structure abides the same.

There is, however, one point in the life of Amiel where his disparagement of himself conforms to the facts: this is his attitude in the presence of love. And the document we are publishing is more significant here than any other. It illuminates all sides of the problem without, however, illuminating its core, which preserves something hopelessly obscure. One fact remains clear: Amiel, who had dreamed of women all his life, who was more interested in them than in anything else whatever, always manifested an inexplicable repugnance to physical love. He was not impotent; for that matter, fundamental impotence never exists in a healthy being, although in certain cases there is a weakness from excess of emotion. What is more, Amiel was strongly tempted by physical love; so much so that he let himself be troubled by the most insipid and colorless verses of Parny and Gentil-Bernard. And yet he remained virgin to the age of thirty-nine. Let us add here, to be fair, that we should not consider this state, so abnormal to us, with French prejudice. Many Swiss, Englishmen, Scandinavians remain in it for a very long time, thus arriving at late marriages that are no better for it; quite the contrary. There prevails in these countries, and under the influence of religion, an extraordinary denial of the function of the flesh, and in general of all pleasure, a deep-seated puritanism from which Amiel never liberated himself. He was, moreover, timid from birth and timid to an unheard-of degree; he surrounded himself with precautions, a prudence so innate that this pitiless observer, who reproached himself with so many vain things, never experienced the least shame in regard to this prudence which bordered on cowardice, but which he redeemed magnificently by his sublime and peaceful heroism in the face of death. But like all timid people of his sort, he dreaded the small irritations of life and accepted its true sorrows with fortitude. Energetic in big things, he was disconcerted by small ones. And so he never married.

He seemed to expect a great deal of marriage, and here, no doubt as upon many other points, he never entirely confessed the truth. If he declared on various occasions that he dreaded above all not finding in an actual being the woman he was seeking, if he recorded with so much care in his intimate notes the faults of his women friends in order to excuse himself for not having married any one of them, if he avoided the temptations about him in order not to fetter his future, we may suppose that he only took such precautions to avoid all chance of a normal life, and if he did avoid it, it was no doubt through terror of physical love. But this he never said positively and perhaps he never knew it. His ignorance of this love remained, moreover, complete. One sees in this notebook his reactions to it, the first (and perhaps the only) time he experienced it. He cannot recover from his astonishment that it is so slight a thing. Not for one second did he reflect that a first experience signifies nothing; that love, like everything else, demands to be studied, deeply experienced, renewed; that it does not depend only on itself, but on the partner whom one has chosen. Ignorant and pure, he loves a puritan of his race, as inexpert and awkward as himself; and this suffices for him to proscribe and condemn love forever! And he is amazed that such great importance has been attributed to it. All this is extraordinary. Evidently he had no *temperament*, as it is called. Moreover, his deepest nature tended to friendship and not to love. Friendship is perhaps a sublimation of the moral person as love is the sublimation of the physical person. He had an instinctive fear of the complete gift. All these incomplete tendernesses which he tasted charmed him. And he would have been greatly troubled if one had engrossed him to the point of depriving him of the others. But I have often wondered if at the bottom of this there was not a sort of phobia. He has spoken somewhere in his 'Journal' of his 'terror of the sacred triangle': is this the key to the enigma? Evidently we shall never know. In his case his most notable characteristic remains that charming modesty which he has described so well in his 'Journal' under date of June 17, 1859.

For certain beings modesty can become a sort of moral malady, which permits the most exquisite sentiments and the worst irresolutions. It preserves, moreover, a character that is almost inexplicable: 'X is responsive; one more tenderness that I have succeeded in averting, one more inclination that I have been able to nip in the bud. How many sacrifices to what will never come, to the unhoped-for and unexpected ideal![1] I have done right and yet I sigh; for there is melancholy in every farewell, even if it is only a farewell to the shadow of happiness. My nature is made so that it strives to create a desert about it, and yet cannot endure the desert. It discovers and collects all the reasons for not acting, and yet cannot console itself for inaction. It thwarts everything it desires, denies itself everything it coverts, repels what it summons, outrages what it loves. This is the contradiction of modesty, which is the more fierce the more passion it hides, and the more timid the more capable it is of love. Modesty wishes to be desired, forestalled. My pride the same. My soul is not virile; it is feminine; and in the presence of destiny, life, society it blushes to ask and to offer itself. To intrude myself is as instinctively repugnant to me as an effrontery. To ask the public for glory, my country for esteem or honor, my family for sympathy or aid, my friends for assistance, life for pleasure, a woman for happiness, covers me with confusion and seems to me a disgrace. To pursue wealth seems to me shameful. I do not know how to ask except from a single being, God, and to ask only one thing, abnegation, and I pursue nothing while striving to desire only one thing, my duty.'

---

[1] A new proof of what we consider an illusion about himself.

The subtlety of this page makes us think of the admirable chapter of Joubert: 'What is modesty?' But there is in Joubert's modesty something purer, more poetic, and almost more religious than there is in the modesty of Amiel. The latter preserves, alas! a somewhat meagre, bourgeois character. The nature it repressed often avenged itself by sly revolts that distracted Amiel and gave him imaginary terrors and, his modesty intervening again, he did not dare question any ordinary doctor, who would probably have reassured him. It is true that a half-century ago sexual hygiene was very little understood, and the most childish prejudices had the force of truth. Amiel tried often to glory in this almost involuntary chastity and to see in it the sign of a superior life, but when he is altogether sincere — which is not always, in spite of his desire to be so — he emphasizes its ridiculous and lamentable character. If we took this 'Journal' as an example, we should see that there are useless virtues, but this impossibility of consummating, from which Amiel so often suffered, has never been a virtue. In reality he had to be courted, but he was courted and without result. He says that his soul is feminine, but it happens that when a woman is pressed she gives herself, and he never gives himself, not even to this Philine, who was the best emotion of his life and whose story we shall read here. His incapacity, not only to take but to be highly stimulated, appears in a singular manner in this story. A good deal has been said of the Germanism of Amiel, but it remained in his brain; at no moment do we see the least effusion, the least romanticism dawning in him: all *Schwärmerei* remains unknown to him. After a walk with Philine (June 28, 1859) he writes calmly: 'Besides I profit by this, for I can continue my mild studies in feminine psychology.' The phrase is shocking. So many precautions lead to dryness. Amiel was lacking in lyricism. We see from his example that reason can end in a catastrophe. Wisdom has its shipwrecks which are more ugly than those of madness. But the good genius of Amiel was on the watch, that obscure force which drove him to tell everything. From so much pettiness this good genius succeeded in forging a grandeur; a grandeur that is inherent in everything that is sincere, in everything that becomes profound by force of truth.

. . . .

I shall not relate here the details of this sentimental adventure which lasted so many years, since it is entirely explained in the following pages. Amiel entered upon this adventure without great desire and left it without great regret. He found in it what he preferred before everything, a certain atmosphere of tenderness and adoration. But whatever we can say of his egoism, it remains evident that he brought to this friendly liaison a solicitude, a grace, a half-devotion that made him passionately loved. It must be said also that the women who cherished him were either divorcées and widows, like this Philine, or old maids, and that he chose them, perhaps, precisely to avoid the danger of adventures that might have embarrassed him. However that may be, this Philine certainly adored him, and for long years. She was not angry with him for having so soon and so irrevocably renounced physical love with her, and for having preferred to return to the basis of friendship; nor was she angry with him for having even more cruelly refused to bind his life to hers. He had been for her a sort of demigod through whom she lived. She attached herself to him, like ivy to a solid tree, and perhaps one of the reasons for her long intimacy with Amiel came just from the fact that she was able to give him the sensation of strength and energy, which was very necessary to him. She hid her own inner weakness from him and there was nothing for which he could have been more grateful to any one. She wrote him admirable letters, a few of which are long posterior to their amorous crisis, like this, for example:

'*June* 6, 1868

'My paradise on earth would be to live with you; a hundred years would not be enough. I should have to have eternity. To be with you, morning, evening, every hour; to surround you with my care, to cherish you, to be your secretary, your reader, your sick-nurse, your friend, your sister; to rest at your feet; this would be my dream and my felicity. That is why I am weak at the idea of separating from you, you, my treasure, my joy, my happiness, my soul, my all.'

'*June* 10, 1868

'I shall be ambitious for you. I must have a book from you every year. For the rest, I shall live where you wish. We shall travel or remain at home; all places, all dwellings are the same to me provided that we are together and that I live under your roof, provided I share your life and I am sure of not dying alone, of not seeing you die alone.'

'My unevenness of temper would disappear the moment I no longer had to leave you. With you improvement, self-perfection would be endless, satiety impossible, discord inconceivable. You will never know my full worth until I am able to express in my life all that I am. You have surpassed even my dreams and I am rather afraid of dying of happiness than of not being happy, in entering your life for always.'

He has jotted down himself a great number of things she said to him, half through a taste for losing nothing of his emotions, half through a sort of naïve fatuity, touching enough in this man who felt himself at so many points on the margin of life; and all these phrases bear witness to a moving devotion. When one reads them, moreover, one feels a certain stupor in realizing that Amiel was able to remain insensible to such accents and that he never allowed this being what she desired more than anything, to become his wife. From these conversations, which are unpublished, I shall quote a few very significant fragments:

'Friend, you will never know my full worth until my fate is settled. I should have only one aim, to which everything would be subordinated. You do not know yet how I can love. If I ever bear your name, I shall write it some forty times a day to enjoy my delight and to savor it over and over. I shall be ambitious for you and more so than you.'

'I must also have a cloudless intimacy, an entire confidence, and every day an hour when we open our hearts, ending in confession and prayer.'

'All my correspondence, my journal, and my thought will be open to you without reservation. You can try me all over, you will find only love everywhere.'

'I know what must be carefully avoided with you, that is the slightest violation of your rights or the slightest violation of the truth. You cannot tolerate usurpation and strategy, even to an imperceptible degree. You would not willingly be constrained or deceived. I accept this; I wish a husband who would be master and I wish to give myself entirely.'

Conversation of August 3, 1868

'I feel the freshness of hope and the transports of a young girl. If you knew all the plans that I had made! I should have preserved you until you were a hundred. Here and now I renew the vow of 1861: from far or near, in life and in death, daughter, sister, slave, wife, friend, according as you wish, according as you can, I am yours. If you are ill, wherever you are telegraph me and I will come. Whatever service you need performed, make use of me, you will find me ready. Count upon me at all times, in every place, in every circumstance. You will see of what devotion I am capable and you will learn what an affection can be that is put to the proof.

'I am a little fanatical, a little idolatrous, something of a fetish worshipper. I love, perhaps, more than it is lawful to love, but she will be forgiven much who has loved much.'

'*August* 31, 1868

'In ten years if, impossible as it seems, you are still alone, promise to let me take care of your old age. If you are married and are taken before your wife, I shall do everything to attach myself to her and to aid her as a widow, whether in the education of your children or in the publication of your works.'

And on three or four occasions:

'I implore you, stifle me while I am against your heart. I so long to die there. Life without you is utterly insupportable to me.'

'Do you know what I was on the point of doing Tuesday, during the night? I was very ill and the doctor was extremely anxious. Bathed in the sweat of anguish I got out of bed to open the window and receive on my chest the mortal stroke of the night air. Suicide was a powerful temptation to my intolerable suffering. But later I kissed every line of that letter which destroyed my life as it did my hope.[1] It was not you that I accused, it was fate.'

'If ever you read my journal, you will see that your image has never been attacked, that I love you always more, from month to month, and that not a shadow, not a suspicion, not a cloud has traversed my love, which has become a cult, a fanaticism, an idolatry.'

---

[1] Amiel had evidently just refused to marry her.

'Oh, how passionately I have desired to be your slave, after the Oriental fashion, in order to be able to serve you, even if you were married to some one else, in order to be your property, your thing, and to receive everything, even life, from my adored being who, whatever he may do, will never be wrong in my eyes.'

'*September* 24, 1869

'Permit me, if we must separate, to let myself die. Life no longer has anything that can hold me. Even now, already I no longer feel myself good for anything except to serve you.'

'I become more foolish every year. You seem to me always more enviable, greater, better. You are the model husband, the ideal husband, and after having glimpsed my paradise I cannot attach myself to anything else here below.'

'I used to have robust health, now events have made me frail and sensitive. Sleep, appetite, courage have gone from me. With you I regain them almost immediately, but without you I can do nothing.'

'In a year from now, if you have not married, you absolutely must admit me to your love. I want to work with you, protect you, prolong your life to a hundred years.'

'Two babies, and after that all my time, all my strength will be consecrated to intellectual work.'

'I feel in myself treasures of life, of zeal, of ardor which are neither spent nor impaired. You do not know the litanies of tenderness with which my heart overflows, and which I only address to you in solitude so as to respect your liberty. I have no longer any strength of soul, any control over myself. I am conquered and captive. I am mad with love and every year the disease grows worse.'

'Outside of you and away from you, everything means nothing to me, nothing means anything to me. You are with me sleeping and waking, when I am alone and when I am in society, when I write and when I read, when I speak and when I think. I am yours every hour, every minute of the day. It is senseless, idolatrous to love so. Eg. says to me: "I have been madly in love, but not to that point." '

'Eg. has preserved piously a waistcoat of blue velvet that you wore at Berlin. She will give me half of it; I have given her one of your cravats. And we have decided that if one or the other of us should die we should be placed in our coffin with half of the blue velvet for a pillow and the cravat about the neck. As for me, I have also the turquoise daisy and the garnet sachet.'

'In my hours of desolation I have felt better if I put in my mouth some of the little relics of the garnet sachet.' [1]

'Oh, to bear your name, that name which I prefer to all the names on earth! There would not be a prouder, happier, more delighted woman than I, nor one more grateful. And how I would make you atone for lost time! Your monitress would even persecute at need. She would no longer allow the distractions, the discouragement, the languors, the faltering that have so often paralyzed you these last years.'

'*January* 31, 1869

'[Jotted down from memory] Oh, my first, my last, my only love, I am submissive, resigned, ready for anything. Your will shall be my law and my joy. I shall be your sister, your friend, your comrade, your servant, the servant of your wife, anything you wish. Say to me, "Go," and I go; say "Leave me for a month, for a year, forever" I obey. Make me live in a garret, impose upon me all the privations you please; so long as I am with you I shall be happy. And if for the sake of your happiness I ought not to see you any more or to approach your path, I still accept.'

---

[1] Much could be said about this form of love which merges into primitive magic.

'To travel, to work, to write with you, to be your secretary, your reader, your confidante, your nurse, your defence, these would be my delights. I can also be your accountant, your treasurer, and spare you all these cares of practical life. Make use of my devotion in all ways. The more you ask of me, the happier I shall be. My life, my strength, my mind are equally yours. I am your thing, your property. I am waiting for the opportunity to be your last resort, and if all else fails you at no matter what moment you knock on the door of my heart you will find it waiting for you.'

'Forgive me for being so foolish; but in spite of everything, with every step I take the more I feel myself vanquished, dependent, and my bondage increases with my admiration. But what I want now is your happiness, not my own. I do not know what I should become without you. Only one thing could make me inconsolable and that is the thought that you were unhappy. Actually, the mere idea that you might be ill in your solitary dwelling sometimes prevents me from sleeping, and if it were true I should surely commit some fearful imprudence in order to reach you.'

'I no longer, almost no longer, hope that you will call me to you; I should die of joy first. And yet if ever we should live together I should find a hundred years too short to exhaust that happiness. But I drive away this too beautiful dream.

It is the mother, the friend, the man-friend whom you would find in me.'

'I want to help you valiantly to make a home for yourself, for your two pressing duties are to establish yourself and to undertake some great work.'

'Oh, thank you for all that you have been to me, for all that you are to me, for the infinite good that you have done me since I came to you. I owe you all the happiness that I have experienced in this world and all the good that can be in me. Remember that you are everything to me, that you are the motive, the second intention behind all my actions, that it is with your books, with your letters, with your counsels, with your image that I pass through the days and the weeks. So you should take care of yourself, take yourself seriously, because one soul at least depends entirely on you and delights only in you.'

'*September* 27, 1871

'[Litanies] My dear love, my only one, my good treasure, my well-beloved, my consoler, my confidant, my master, you who alone on earth have brought me up, corrected, supported me, to whom I owe all the happiness that I have had in this world; you can ask everything, expect everything of me. I am your work, your property, your thing. I belong to you body and soul, heart and will. I will be faithful to you even unto death. For twelve years you have been the interest, the centre, the motive, and the substance of my life. I would give everything I have, I would give another ten, twenty years of suffering and martyrdom in order that you might be happy. In what capacity it may be given me to live near you, as nurse, as secretary, as reader, as servant, so long as I can see you, hear you, take care of you, surround you, my heart will be content. If you would take me with you for a few whole days quite by ourselves I should be glad to die afterward. Every year I love you more, I become more crazed, you are more necessary to me. Forgive me for loving you so much. Forgive me the trouble, the difficulties, the sadnesses that I have brought into your life. I am going away because of this. I desire you to be free. I do not know whether I can endure exile, but it matters little to me; without you, away from you, I am no longer alive. The best thing would be for me to die quickly. I shall lie at Clarens, since that is the earth in which you will lie.'

'As for you, you must live, you have a splendid work to do. You should leave an imperishable trace of your passage on earth. You should display a talent which is rare and still at the height of its power. In order to do this you must be happy; you should have a home. This is the first and the most pressing of your duties. The provisional sterilizes you.'

'This winter at Geneva disturbs me prodigiously, because of your health. Promise me:

'To take good care of yourself;
'To arrange better all your material conditions (sleep, nourishment, warmth, etc.);
'Not to stay on if November and December are too hard on you. You have been coughing for four years. A winter like those that you have spent already would do you irremediable harm.'

'Think of Eg. or of Ser. Consider the question well, as concerns the former from the point of view of health, as concerns the latter from the point of view of the budget. Then try to get married towards the New Year.'

'And do not wait to cross the Alps until the climate of Geneva has destroyed you.'

'If you are at Geneva I recommend you besides:
'1. Not to hide yourself away any longer. Go out into the world. Do not avoid concerts, theaters, or evening parties. For this be careful to have a suitable wardrobe always ready.
'2. Frequent the society of men more. People complain that a man of your worth wastes himself in feminine prattle and runs away from his peers.

'3. See little of Ur. This will be wiser and more prudent for you both. (Ur. cannot be your wife, and a free liaison would put you in a false position. Moreover she already loves you so much that some misfortune would surely follow.)'

'Once married, you may wipe me out of your life, while you keep nothing but an affectionate memory of me. I shall love your companion and your children. But my task here is done and death will take me soon. You will never know to what degrees of madness my love has risen. The scraps of paper that bore witness of it were reduced to ashes in the first days of September, when I thought that I should never see you again and was settling my accounts with the past, on the eve of my departure from Geneva for Germany.'

'When I think of your future I say to myself, "It is better that I should go"; but when I think that I shall never see you again I am filled with sorrow. Another thing that you will never know is the number of nights that I have spent in weeping.'

'Whatever happens, whatever people tell you, whatever appearances may be, never doubt me.'

'You owe me nothing, it was I who came to you, and for twelve years you have been my benefactor. The good that I owe you is incalculable.

It is you alone in the world who have brought me up, corrected, supported, fortified, purified me, taught me all noble things and all beautiful joys.'

'I have been afraid at times of adoring you. If I cannot live for you with you, I shall live for you without you. I should wish to die in your arms and give you the last sigh of a heart that has beat only for you. If I cannot die with you, I wish to sleep not far from you, in the same cemetery, and wait with the other for the other life, for I cannot conceive even heaven without you.'

These litanies, as Amiel mockingly calls them, continue through long pages; he copies them again himself with the same complacency. And he never wearies of them, for when he finished this work he put some of them into verse — detestable verse, which I shall take pains not to quote out of respect for his memory. It does not seem, however, that he had perceived the depth or the beauty of the feeling that Philine had for him, for he follows these conversations with this extraordinary note:

'In short, it seems that... absolutely cannot do without me, that *she hides it from me out of generosity* [1] and that she is afraid of curtailing my free will by letting me see all her tenderness, all her passion. But from time to time something escapes her that proves that her life turns about this thought.'

---

[1] The italics are mine.

This note is of a fathomless naïveté; it proves to what a point Amiel lacked the sentiment of love. We suspected it already. The unfortunate thing was that he should spend his whole life seeking it when he was as incapable as this of feeling it. In a man of such lofty clairvoyance this was a curious aberration. Perhaps it was in him, as in many, a stubborn and blind fidelity to a youthful ideal, never attained but never regulated or criticized. But what was this poor dream of a young man beside the beauty, the warmth, the depth of this actual love which he scorned?

We shall see the end of this long liaison; it is melancholy like all ends. We do not know what became of Philine, do not say that she would have given Amiel happiness and peace. Amiel had no need either of peace or happiness, at least not those that Philine had at her disposal. He needed that inner torment which gave birth to his nobility and without which he would have been a mediocre and timid small-townsman, he needed to obtain from himself that cosmic contemplation which was his true form of happiness and of which the colorless routine of a narrow home would no doubt have deprived him, he needed above all to preserve in his spirit those contradictory and diffuse states in which his passionate desire for the inner truth found such fields of expression and observation. The real Amiel was no longer Amiel himself; it was in his 'Journal', everything for him was subordinated to this immense enterprise. Prodigious example of a man who cut himself off from life, in order to record at his ease the image of that life!

EDMOND JALOUX

PHILINE

April 2, 1859

Might this be the answer of Providence? Is this love that seeks me out the offered cure, the needed strength, the solution awaited? The anonymous writer of March 13 and 16 (whom I was not able to reach through a notice in one of our newspapers of March 25) has written to me again. It appears that she was near me at Saint-Pierre. This invisible surveillance of a good genius has something beneficent about it; it is the shadow of Antigone protecting the blind Œdipus. Woman is the born consoler. This letter has a resigned sweetness. She believes she is repulsed and retains the veil; but she wishes to leave a memory without bitterness and without reproach. What unnecessary regrets, due to an inexplicable delay of the post! The unknown begins really to interest me, all the more that I recall distinctly a person of sympathetic countenance who blushed as she offered one of my neighbors a footstool; this person had a charming air. If this is Antigone, Antigone pleases me greatly. I thought I read in this face sensibility, decision, thought, spirit, and grace, and this face accorded with my three letters, signed with the sweet name of Marie. — Unhappily, the letter of to-day is a farewell, and I see no thread of a clue to lead me out of this mystery or to let me resume the adventure; for I know less than nothing about my young reader, nothing at least that can help me find her. I must dream on this; the night brings counsel. Who knows whether this is not a salutation from happiness, a last smile of youth, a last invitation of fortune, the ultimatum of love? You have been taught by experience and should no longer foolishly relinquish or reject the affections that are offered you. Your timorous and proud nature would never take the first step; therefore a faint summons is not an unfavorable symptom: quite the contrary. Besides it is your history. So far, you have received declarations (five or six times), you have made none. You respond to sympathy, but you do not solicit it. Life has respected and preserved your pride; here again you appear in this rôle, which is odd but which can be tolerated as poetic license. Was not Jean-Paul overwhelmed with feminine attentions? That great example can cover an analogy and excuse it, in my tiny little sphere. What a beautiful thing, after all, is the feminine soul, which admires and wishes to make happy that which it loves. As for me, I see and revere God in this happening, and this deeply moving reflection disposes me religiously.

Received a letter from Ed. Lyan, dated from Brownsville, at the sources of the Mississippi. He has been ill three months, is rather discouraged and tells me of the new gold-bearing regions of Pike's Peak, which are being opened to the cupidity of emigrants.

April 7, 1859

. . . I return to our abandoned house with a certain feeling of emptiness and desertion. I believe that the unavailing search for the invisible correspondent has something to do with this. It appears that she does not read either the 'Feuille d'Avis' or the 'Journal de Genève.' Alas! *qu'y faire? enfin voilà!* says the Vaudois song. An affection that we lose is always a virtue that withdraws from us, and a strength that leaves us. — Besides I have lived at random, without facing duty squarely, without carrying forward the work that was necessary, and things I have forgotten are always faintly reproaching me. — All is night and silence, the peace of death. I have just re-read those three letters, *opera interrupta*; decidedly I have a feeling of regret. Certain little things that displeased me at first have faded out and this story of a heart has become transparent and touching. Its accidental breaking off was not a solution and I am angry at the way chance can defeat intentions and defraud happiness. A fatality of the post! What a wretched dramatic contrivance! But a trick that would be hissed in the theatre has not been disdained by destiny. Everything serves to humiliate and mock me. — However, who knows whether the ridiculous obstacle is not providential? Unhappily things can only be judged by their results and events are the enigmas for which we do not have the key until it is too late to use it.

April 8, 1859

The affair is resumed, and I experience, as always, two opposed impressions. The first has been rather disagreeable; neither the note received nor the means proposed appealed to me at all. The second impression has restored me. I reflect that she could scarcely make a better suggestion, granting she has not understood that in asking for an address I only wanted to express my thanks by letter and that any indirect address would have suited me. She has prudence in her tenacity and courage in her feminine discretion. Without being strongly attracted I am interested. I am put off until Monday; we shall see. In this matter I am not conscious of egoism, or irony, or fatuity in myself. So I can go forward, for there is possibly good to be done, and I am prepared for every disappointment. The advances made by fortune are not necessarily a snare, and one might regret having repelled them. Why always doubt and distrust? renounce and avoid? Much better to be more logical. You demanded love as a stimulant. Love appears; is there any necessity to suspect and reject it in advance? No, listen to it, welcome it, rather; and not condemn until after having seen and heard.

April 11, 1859

I felt myself quite exceptionally stupid to-day, both in the morning (a bad note took me four hours) and in the evening when my tongue was paralyzed and my mind extinguished. An occasion that arouses and exhilarates others completely stupefies me. The projected meeting has taken place. Experienced (and I believe for the first time) all the anxious agitations of a rendezvous; during the hour that preceded it, felt the feminine poetry of these battles with destiny. Then darkness came, the rain falling as I desired it, the hour arrived to be amiable, grateful, touched; I have been flat, cold, prosaic and stupid enough to eat hay. Is this not enough to disgust one with oneself? The mysterious unknown seemed to me charming through her veil; she had all the calm and assurance that I lacked. The rôles were slightly reversed. With all the superiority of position, I have been completely worsted. Why? Always through timidity and distrust of myself, through lack of vitality and virility. The dread of ridicule, the fear of doing wrong, the horror of decisive action, the agonies of the imagination which destroy the real through the image of the possible, everything combines to deprive me of the strength demanded in the present instance. I am never at grips with reality, never serious, aroused, willing, possessing. Hence my moral impotence. My claws are clipped, my fangs filed off, my mane shorn: the lion is only a bow-wow. Desire and will characterize males; I seem to have lost my sex. My general softening comes perhaps from my complete abstinence. Unhappy the virgins who are not so through religion; they descend to the level of eunuchs. Unhappy the day-dreamers; they allow everything to be lost.

April 14, 1859

I had a good impulse yesterday; tried to get hold of the rudder of my barque again and arranged a large number of small, neglected matters. But the inner demon possessed me once more. Oh! misery, and misery of the vilest, the lure of voluptuousness, and a voluptuousness without ardor; ugly dreams, bad night.

How strongly I have felt that purity was a sort of heroism, that virginity was a sort of sanctity! Fidelity, chastity, innocence, all the unblemished virtues, all the angelic graces have appeared to me in their incorruptible beauty, and the feminine ideal is surrounded with a double nimbus of gold. The lower one is, the higher is heaven; the more evil one is, the more desirable the good appears; the poorer and more destitute one is, the greater and more excellent seems the inner wealth.

April 15, 1859

Am I going to obey the banal dynamics of sentiment and desire what is refused, after having almost refused myself what was offered to me? Alas! I fear it. The heart is only a contradiction. It wishes and does not wish, and I do always the same. Since Thursday I have waited in vain for a reply in every post, and regret comes after stiffness, melancholy after indifference, emotion after dryness. In short, I think a great deal about the invisible friend since I repulsed her and chilled her. One appreciates only what is lost, loves only what ceases to love, sighs only after the inaccessible and the impossible, when one is senselessly organized like me. Another result of limitless distrust; you cannot believe in the good fortune that comes your way, and you have a thousand reasons for persuading yourself that the present is of little importance and that reality deceives you. Thus in all the decisive circumstances of my life it is always too late, too late when my eyes are opened. My proud resistance to destiny has always destroyed my clairvoyance and made me trifle with happiness. I have always been afraid of the irrevocable, of the *Jacta est alea.* And probably I shall always be the same, for this time I was warned, I had decided not to be ungracious to the advances of fate; and yet instinct got the better of me, habit made me act stupidly, I seem to be ashamed when a thing gives me pleasure, I hurt it and break it to prove to myself that I care nothing for it; I have a positive fear of what attracts me and a horror of what I need. This anguish in the presence of pleasure or happiness I have described in 'La Perle':

Nothing is fain to die. The soul,
Tormented by infinity,
At the first glimpse falls back, aghast,
Trembling, dreading banishment.

The soul feels that it will be betrayed, that it will no longer belong to itself, that it may be crushed, that its fate depends on another, and it trembles, it distrusts. It says like the young prisoner:

'I do not wish to die yet.'

It dreads fascination, charm, illusion. It does not believe either in its own instinct or in that of others. It dares not make the *salto mortale*, it trembles before love, because it knows love is also the king of torturers. When one has been loved, without loving oneself in return, one trembles at experiencing the suffering that one has involuntarily inflicted. Nemesis veils Providence from us, and in order not to give hostages to fortune we turn away our eyes from its smiles. I always begin badly, and, after all, I do not grow bolder for undertaking anything that offers nothing in return, and the annoyance of always having stupidities to atone for disgusts me more and more with every beginning.

One question: what would you do if an unexpected letter came to reassure you? You would be less indifferent and examine with good will and gratitude the nature of the fate that sends your destiny. Amiability, hope, and sympathy, this rôle is not so difficult. Let us wait.

April 18, 1859

How many revelations for a single day, and how many tasks they impose on me! I am caught at the same moment on two entirely different sides, as director of conscience and as confessor. That is a good deal when one is not a priest and the penitents are two women. But have we not all the charge of souls? How much I have felt the tragic depths of destiny, while exploring to the bottom these two existences, how strongly I have felt mutual help to be the law of souls! Thank God, my responsibility gives me strength, and the priestly function, which has been confided to me unexpectedly and against my inclination, has communicated to me a few of the virtues of the rôle. At least it seems so to me.—I have also learned what a kiss can cost, and how maternal love can become redemption or damnation according to the case. But it is the younger of the two widows who has chosen the good part. Two personal disenchantments for me; two invitations to self-sacrifice: a fruitful day.

Working to get my time free. Arranged various affairs. But what afflicts me is the condition of my eyes and my head: sensitive and weak. Obstacles everywhere, alas!

April 19, 1859

Replied to X, placing her on her guard and making conditions about our conversations, which, however, attract me, for there is no loftier seduction for man than to initiate, liberate, and model the feminine soul which opens lovingly to the sacred word and calls and awaits light and help. *Das Ewigweibliche zieht uns hinan.* At heart X is my neophyte, it is from me that she has lit her candle and received consolation. In this mysterious transmission of lights, in this mutual exchange of the influences of life, she turns toward me as the heliotrope turns towards the ray of sunlight. I do not take credit for this phenomenon of which I am only the place and the occasion, but I can affirm it. And this phenomenon is surprisingly attractive. To redeem a soul is something: Saint Peter even makes this good work cover a multitude of sins. Let us only beware of pride, and refer this marvel to some one higher than ourselves. We have only the usufruct of life, we receive it and pass it on without possessing or creating it. *Let us bow, therefore, before the master of destinies who, in order that we may understand Him a little, grants that for a few days we shall be invested with His divine paternity.* Let us also recall as a warning that A. L. after having hailed in my poor self 'the spirituality of her being' has been reduced to the vulgar passion of jealousy, so difficult to the feminine heart is the true disinterestedness of friendship.

April 26, 1859

. . . Letter from X; she has taken fright; nevertheless, we must see each other again. Here, as usual, the fear of having done wrong flings me into a sort of melancholy. An ultimatum always inspires me with an anguish of regret and the weakness of doubt. It seems to me that I ignore good fortune, that I reject a favor of Providence.

April 27, 1859

. . . I feel how inconstant and vulnerable one is with an unattached heart. One floats like a banner to every wind: like the needle of the electrometer, one yields to all the currents, to the lightest attraction. Every chance electrifies or repulses one. One is at the mercy of beauty. Meet with a charming face and you are abashed; a beautiful glance and you dream, a wandering ray of love and your whole being vibrates and quivers. If it were not for my apathetic somnolence that calms and assuages everything, I should suffer like a young moon-calf of twenty, for I have the same symptoms, the same vagueness of soul: the spring also sighs in me.

'Love and be loved, there is no more;
It is the law, 'tis why we are;
And he whom love consoles is strong
To brave the world of things and men.

'But he who is not loved must be
Defenceless against destiny:
A traveller without a goal,
All things must fret and wound his soul.'
(PONSARD, *Les Charmettes*)

May 2, 1859

. . . What am I to think of another walk taken between eight and nine this evening? Another singular situation! After all, I am rather glad of the experience. It disciplines me to strip the poetry from an event. Take away the mystery and you destroy the enchantment. It is none the less bizarre to become the confidant and almost the confessor of a young woman of twenty-six, pretty, intelligent, melancholy, who does not wish to love any more or to marry, but who enjoys frank conversation. I shall end, no doubt, by considering her as a cousin, as a comrade. Today this was not yet possible for me. Nevertheless I have not had a tenth part of the emotion of April 11. Amorous agitation has given place to friendly benevolence and psychological interest. When there is no longer any mutual pretension between a man and a woman, no more coquetry, love is hardly possible. This is the point we wish to attain, and we have advanced far in our first attempt at peripatetic philosophy. The matter is piquant. This situation appears, moreover, to be in my destiny.

May 16, 1859

. . . Long walk with X (through the Grands-Philosophes, Champel, Florissant, La Paumière, and Malagnou). An amorous nightingale was singing not far from the country-house where Cécile died just ten years ago. We talked about her; X knew her well. I was told of the anxieties of the day and of the preoccupations of the month. My singular rôle of confidant and fraternal counsellor continues. I do not hide from myself that it exposes me more than is convenient; for from the outside it resembles an intrigue, and it is tiresome to have the inconveniences of a situation of which one has none of the advantages, nor the desire for them. It is annoying to have the air of a gallant when one plays the part of a curé, and to appear in contradiction with one's life, with one's principles and position, when there is nothing to it. And who in the world, among my friends, acquaintances, and students, who might meet us at ten o'clock in the evening, by moonlight, on unfrequented and shady roads, a young woman on my arm, would imagine that I am purely and simply an affectionate moralist, a disinterested and unpretentious friend, who is consulted in cases of conscience? This is all good-natured and honest, no doubt, but is it not also imprudent? My conscience does not trouble me, concern for my future does. This little affair, distorted by ill-will, could place me in the wrong in an easily foreseen situation. And as the dangers are by no means mutually shared (X is unknown, divorced, and a widow), as I have no responsibility on that side, I have no right to play so stupidly for such high stakes.

May 25, 1859

(Morning.) Monday evening, a walk with X. I have been consulted on a proposal of marriage. I replied as father confessor as best I could. Shall I succeed better than with Jpf., four years ago (I think)? In any case I have been as generous and disinterested as possible, and I shall have nothing to reproach myself with except chivalrous foolery and loyal bonhomie. — Moreover, it seems to me that if pride were put to the test it would have the strength to kill in me the rivalry of affection, at least in the case of a definite engagement; a rival would freeze me sooner than make me jealous; contempt would cure me of love, if not of affection. I expect so little of others that I am ready for anything. It is not so much disillusion and disappointment that threaten me as serious doubt, bitter isolation and apathy. I do not count on anything, that is why I am weary of everything.

I dread happiness as a snare, impulse as an ambush, joy as a treacherous bait, and all hope as a sort of Pandora's box, full of regrets and sorrows. Whence springs this limitless distrust of fate, the necessity to live always with myself, and to rely only on myself, that is to say on nothing? From early disappointments? From a general, inner protest which, when one's deepest desires have once been disappointed, is unwilling to fall back upon any paltry compensation? Faint-heartedness? Ingratitude? Incredulity? Indecision? . . . What does it matter? This mistrust cannot be combated except through the love of God and the zeal for duty. Awaken your conscience, reanimate your faith; that is the only remedy. You always forget it. . . . As for the walk (as far as Vilette) it was cordial and agreeable. The cousinship is established. I feel as calm as with a comrade; pure benevolence without a shade of emotion, desire, dreaming, fatuity; indulgent and grateful sympathy, in short, simple friendship, has taken the place of everything. This is the true position from which to observe philosophically, to question and reply lucidly. I could have spoken of the most delicate subjects with the most entire innocence; I felt that there would have been no secrets from me. But through discretion and indolence I have not wished to turn any of these advantages to account. And at bottom I esteem myself for it. And the woman to whom I shall give my heart and my name will esteem me more, for I shall have nothing in my past to hide from her.

June 3, 1859

Yesterday a walk from eight to ten in the evening with X; I think I gave her pleasure; I know I experienced it in this intimate and trusting conversation. Accompaniment of nightingales and frogs. Night quite dark. We did not meet anybody. She paints flowers, she draws landscapes, she speaks German and English, she has read much, she writes well, she opens the depths of her heart to me. This has indeed its sweetness and its charm. And I almost allowed myself to be touched and prevailed upon to pass from good friendship to tenderness. But memory and foresight restrained me, and I believe also generosity. I remained a simple comrade.

June 13, 1859

This evening brilliant moonlight. Walk with X. I begin to form the habit of her and to acquire a vague need of her, very vague, however, for what is there here for me? My imagination is not excited, I have neither pretension, nor hope, nor desire. This is an exercise of disinterested good will, which finds its secret reason in a remote imitation of love. The charm of affectionate confidence and feminine friendship is all the salt of these relations; it has sufficed, hitherto, to maintain them. For me, however, it lacks many things, in particular more intellectual substance, for, once the confidences are exhausted, what can one do with a young woman of whom one is neither the intended, nor the suitor, nor the lover, if such Platonic intercourse is not liberally nourished by the intelligence? And as I am neither curious, nor deeply stirred, nor very much attracted, nor very much interested, our conversation leaves much to be desired. Actually I could derive more profit from this singular position if I sought to acquire knowledge by questioning and examining it. My exaggerated discretion and my indolence make me waste my time and ignore the opportunity. I must force myself to do this, for one can draw advantage from everything. Thus, while rendering the expected and demanded service, I can husband my resources and conjure away boredom, the dangerous and mortal enemy of relations that are a little artificial and very calm, like these.

June 17, 1859

X is responsive; one more tenderness that I have succeeded in averting, one more inclination that I have been able to nip in the bud. How many sacrifices to what will never come, to the unhoped-for and unexpected ideal! I have done right and yet I sigh; for there is melancholy in every farewell, even if it is only a farewell to the shadow of happiness. My nature is made so that it strives to create a desert about it, and yet cannot endure the desert. It discovers and collects all the reasons for not acting, and yet cannot console itself for inaction. It thwarts everything it desires, denies itself everything it covets, repels what it summons, outrages what it loves. This is the contradiction of modesty which is the more fierce the more passion it hides, and the more timid the more capable it is of love. Modesty wishes to be desired, forestalled. My pride the same. My soul is not virile; it is feminine; and in the presence of destiny, life, society it blushes to ask and to offer itself. To intrude myself is as instinctively repugnant to me as an effrontery. To ask the public for glory, my country for esteem or honor, my family for sympathy or aid, my friends for assistance, life for pleasure, a woman for happiness, covers me with confusion and seems to me a disgrace. To pursue wealth seems to me shameful. I do not know how to ask except from a single being, God, and to ask only one thing, abnegation, and I pursue nothing while striving to desire only one thing, my duty.

June 20, 1859

A bad day; yielded to temptation and chilled a friendship. Re-read that blackguard, Martial, and conversed stupidly with X on our twilight walk. Why do erotic readings immediately disgust me with love? Because they sully it. They separate the senses from the soul, and bring shame upon the one and vexation upon the other. — Thus bad books are the enemies of women; the sensuality of the imagination impoverishes and menaces the tenderness of the heart, and bad dreams despoil lovable reality. — Always the same fault; always the same fear of a positive existence, and the fatal attraction for the chimera, for the useless, for that which dispenses us from living and acting. The terror of the real turns the adolescent towards the solitary joys of sensation, and men towards the solitary joys of reflection; there is an affinity between these two tendencies, which proceeds equally from timid ardors, from a life without an outlet and without hope. The desire to be self-sufficient contains in principle all the bad habits and two orders of temptation: the temptation of the body and that of the soul, and two sources of corresponding sins. This is the curse of the solitary individual. And when you have all the solitudes at once, of the spirit, the conscience, the heart, the senses, when you have no confidant to whom to open your soul, not a being with whom you dare to weep or who can give you strength and courage; when from delicacy or generosity or wisdom it is always necessary to be restrained, silent, reserved, this curse attains its effects most surely. 'It is not good for man to be alone,' said Jehovah at the beginning of history; and this sentence has lost nothing of its redoubtable truth.

Alas! I am even more alone; for, while allowing each one to lead his own life, I always forestall the expected and inevitable desertion, and I withdraw before I am abandoned.

June 29, 1859

Measured my weakness of memory and my intellectual grasp: I preserve only vague impressions, not the precise forms of things observed or read. With the weakening of my vision, which has become short-sighted and dull, all my perceptions have become feeble and my memories cold.

After supper a walk with X; much more cordial and affectionate than the previous time, probably because these meetings are going to end. Besides, this perfect confidence touches me. I have been told about the matrimonial quest of the suitor who has arrived from Germany. She feels little inclination. We talked about divorce, polygamy, second marriage, literature (Huerbach, Monnier, capit. Maurice). She repeated my piece on 'Fidelity.' There is certainly the *sprig of marjoram* in these somewhat singular relations. A rather tender feeling of protection is awakened before this dependence and attachment. It is, in short, the rôle of chivalry, courtesy armed in behalf of woman, with a delicately amorous touch to it, as bait or pretext, which circumstances demand of me and which I supply. It is not so hard. Besides, I profit by it to continue my mild studies of feminine psychology.

Visit after noon with my sister, L. Was told of her pregnancy. I was unable to make myself congratulate her. I do not know what constraint prevented me. Half from embarrassment, half from reserve, I came away without being able to open my mouth. The habit of hiding one's secrets, of restraining one's need for expression makes one taciturn to the point of being unable to talk when one wishes it. Moreover, I am like this in respect to everything; I am afraid of opportunity as of an abyss, and I always stop short on the brink. I am absolutely lacking in a sense of the opportune, in boldness at the proper moment, in decision. However well marked the opportunity, I always fear deception and regret; I always hope for another occasion, a better moment. In short, *I always wait*, that is my stupidity after having been my motto and the refrain to my song.

July 4, 1859

Departure of Fi. and her sons for the Righi, of Fy. and her mother-in-law for Cartigny. Here I am alone for a week to lead a bachelor life. Lost much time in household arrangements, hanging curtains, etc., things unendurable to a man and agonizing to me; but my poor sister has too much to do in her own household to relieve me from all these annoyances.

Yesterday baptism of Ch.-Eugène-Franç. Gz., at Saint-Pierre by the child's godfather himself, that is my brother-in-law. After the ceremony Aunt F. came to dine with us. In the evening, at the G., a family dinner: 21 persons, to wit:

4. Father and mother, Aunt Al. and Eu.;
5. My two sisters, their husbands and I;
3. Aunt Fanch. with Jy. and Le.;
3. Cousin Bt. (the godmother), Cousin Cgn. and his daughter;
4. Mer.-Los. and Bd., two couples;
2. M. and Mad. Fr.

The child does not seem very strong. His mother, who nurses him, tends to flesh and has little milk. Our three younger women are already matrons (Laure, Caroline, Fanny Fr.). Aménaïde was as always, alert, amiable, and affable. Why the deuce isn't she ten years younger?

To-day a twilight and evening walk with X. As it is the last one for a long time it was longer and more cordial than the others. I have really found much sweetness in this feminine friendship, so confident, so impulsive, and now become tender. It soothes the heart without troubling it and fortifies it without enslaving it. There was a moment, however, when I wondered if I were not a ninny. But I remained faithful to my rôle of a Puritan. It is hard, perhaps, not to know the charms of possession, but the annoyances, the possible remorse and regret, have always kept me from a too passionate desire. Moreover, it seems to me far pleasanter to bestow some happiness than to give cause for tears. I have heard two inner voices, that of vanity which, to avoid being gulled and to satisfy its curiosity, wished to take, and that of consideration for others, which has resisted the natural attraction of sex so as not to risk giving pain. I have listened to the more generous, and at bottom I have done well. One never regrets a good impulse. — We did not return to town until a little before eleven o'clock in the evening.

July 5, 1859

Nothing is more refreshing, says Laténa, than to have escaped an idiotic action. We need refreshment very badly. For three days Geneva has sweltered in the dog-days. It is two nights since I have been able to sleep and the daytime is really painful. I am thirsty for the mountains.

Lunched at the neighboring café, dined with Cousin Bt., worked with her on the family book. — Last lesson at Jargonant (above Vigny) and afterward took tea. As we walked about the estate, the conversation became lively. Of the four remaining pupils, the two Americans, the Misses Bl., are going to leave, as the two D.s of Basle did a few days ago. These continual changes distress and annoy the master; they chill and paralyze the lessons. I shall probably get no further in that direction. Another disappointment of the heart, for I had hoped successively that the correspondence of March and later the house at Jargonant, would perhaps bring about the vaguely desired meeting with that which my heart seeks and of which I have need, a love or a companion.

July 6, 1859

Another night without sleep. Read a portion of 'What Will He Do With It?' (Bulwer) and 'La Mionette' (of Müller). — Received letters from my sisters, a letter from Lyon (Mad. E. W.), a letter of repentance from X. — Lunched at the café; dined at Aunt F.'s, who leaves to-morrow with two of her daughters for the waters of Brides in Savoy; paid a visit to Blanv., who also leaves to-morrow for Salins (near Brides); supped at L.'s, where one must always eat more than one desires, as they are offended otherwise. Useless visit to Mad. G., the house of the Pâquis being empty.

Made various attempts at refreshment (orangeade, lemonade, ices, beer, aërated waters, bath in the Rhone) every day. All of no use. After all, it was a cup of black coffee that toned me up most and gave me a sense of well-being. — Talked with various persons who have passed the summer at Genoa, at Naples, at Cairo, in India. They maintained that our heat, though lower according to the thermometer, is more oppressive to the body. In the shade we have 28° Réaumur; but even the nights are hot and breathless.

July 7, 1859

Dominated almost all day by the obsession of pleasure. This nauseous heat permits only the sensual man to live. What captivity! It is the state of soul of the Negroes and of the passionate races of the tropics, and there is something humiliating about it.

Wandered, solitary, in a bad hat, shabby clothes, ashamed of not having a summer wardrobe, thanks to my insurmountable laziness. In the evening had supper alone at the Treiber *brasserie* and walked along the lake shore below Cologny, trying to drive away my erotic melancholy by walking. But the contrary happened, and I returned overheated to my bereaved dwelling and my little celibate's chamber, murmuring these scarcely Platonic verses:

De l'amour énivrante flamme
Je ne te connais qu'à demi;
Jamais sur le sein d'une femme
Mon front de rêveur n'a dormi.

Veux-tu me dire adieu, jeunesse,
Sans qu'un jour du moins la beauté
Oubliant tout pour la tendresse
Entre mes bras ait palpité?

Exiges-tu que sans me plaindre,
Ignorant toujours le plaisir,
Je laisse au fond du cœur s'éteindre
L'ardeur folâtre du désire?

Est-ce donc mon sort, sur la terre,
De ne rien saisir qu'à moitié,
Et de la femme, doux mystère,
N'aurai-je appris que l'amitié?

July 8, 1859

This morning I was certainly idiotic. I only understand it now when I think over some words spoken and some things done. The above piece of verse had been read before me by the eyes of a young and pretty woman who did not at all disapprove of it, and I have not dared to guess what this signifies. In the matter of avowals, I am convinced only by direct evidence — or by even more than that. It is, moreover, one of the inconveniences of a hermit's life that it keeps one naïve to an unimaginable point. One accepts things at their face value and without interpreting them. — In short, I have experienced some new impressions, still poorly disentangled, that can be summed up this way: things are not the hundredth of what one dreams them when one has imagination. Difficulties, pleasures, sorrows are lessened by the substitution of the real for the shadow. Perspective enlarges everything and contact diminishes everything. 'From a distance it is something and from close by it is nothing.' In consequence, one must either cut short all desire by renouncing everything that gives birth to it, or find calm by abolishing the unknown. Absolute severance or experimental depoetization, two means of attaining the object. Between the two one does nothing but waste one's time and consume oneself without profit.

July 9, 1859

Last lesson of the academic year (much applauded by my pupils); received a letter of farewell from the ladies M.; settled my account with X. Everything ends to-day, occupations, labors, hopes. I have been deeply moved all day. I had hoped that I should become a man and that I had found my Dame de Warens. It has come to nothing. Calm, slightly egoistical prudence has carried the day against affection. One is neither tender, nor ardent, nor passionate, nor devoted. One is cautious before everything, one calculates calmly, and one risks only one's foliage, not one's flower. Perhaps it is better so. We have ratified the comradeship, and I have equally, it seems to me, regained my inner liberty through renunciation. I have missed an important experience, but I have had another that I did not expect. I am punished for having dreamed formerly of feminine friendship, and punished through its implacable realization. I remain with the curiosity of the senses unsatisfied, and my virile backwardness retains all its absurdity. No matter! A solution is always soothing, and this evening, while drinking my solitary mug of beer at the Nusser *brasserie*, and here at night without a light, I have rejoiced long and loud, like a man who has had a narrow escape. I have also come to realize why George Sand considered scandalous the woman who gave herself through duty alone and refused herself to love. There is an outrage to natural law in this.

July 10, 1859

Left at eight o'clock for the mountain, by way of Sierne, Veyrier, the lower slopes of the little Salève and Mornex, and in a splendid midsummer sun. (Did I have an hallucination at dawn? I do not know, but I think I recall distinctly having come to the window, having seen the sky overcast and listened to the rain. I even reflected that this change of weather was just in time for our travellers, who return this evening; and it seems, nevertheless, that there were neither clouds nor rain. I went to bed again, somewhat disappointed, then at half-past six I found a magnificent day and I dressed.) Rediscovered the feeling of light-hearted elasticity, of joyous liberty, of jubilant independence of my student care-free days. The Salève wore a transparent veil of bluish gauze, the vestment of all fine weather. Impression of nature in holiday attire, of a very lively sabbath. Went up past the stream of the faithful who were coming into town from the suburbs for morning worship. I was attending the concert of this gayety of fields and sky. Thick, and superb vegetation, the hum of life in the grasses, leaves and air; dense shade, warm and nostalgic. — At Vilette took a short cut through the orchard and along the brook. Made the trip from Sierne to Veyrier with a wandering young beauty who was going to see her nurse; pretty in face and even in turn-out, fresh of costume, no doubt some shop girl. I made her chatter a little to see what she was like, and I learned successively about her name, her address, her visits to Neuchâtel and the Val de Travers — learned more than I wished to know. A something in the timbre of her voice, in the most insignificant phrase, revealed at once vulgarity and lack of culture, even under the fine natural grace and the charm of youth in flower. The herd of eighty little cows, the idiot cow-girl, the rural cavalry. The Egerian spring. Rebecca without crinolines on the edge of the well — On the slope of Mornex overtaken by the pastor L. who took me in his carriage. In return I listened to his preaching (Maison Lambalet) on the blind man Bartimeus, naïve and cordial. Talked with M. Dt. on the edge of his pretty property. — Visit to the G.s; I stayed from noon until four o'clock. Cool on the terrace. Mlle. Blanche absent. On the other hand I find my student Wg. (who is there constantly) and a governess from Berlin to see that German is spoken in the house. The outer skin of this domestic life was lifted before my eyes and I saw the flayed figure beneath. The view has nothing beneficent about it. This home lacks the oil of affection, the aroma of piety, the balm of confidence, in short, the charm of intimacy. The son aspires to a stand-offish independence, the mother no longer has anything but bare authority without persuasive sweetness. They are somewhat satiated with one another. And Madame G. is in a state of dreamy indolence; she thinks of nothing but the convent. A little living religion, practical faith, serious Christianity and the whole situation would be changed. After having been plunged all the week in a worldly life, in pagan naturalism, I return to the religious point of view and to the moral feeling for life, even to the Christian stand.

A distinct change, however, which I notice since the last crisis, is how greatly the sacred horror of every sexual relation has diminished in me. The springtime sentiment of innocence is unrestraint, the natural instinct for pleasure that is not reflected in the acquired or conventional conscience, the spontaneous attraction of possession tend to replace the timorous fear of love. The coat of mail of Puritan customs, the hair shirt that allays precocious thoughts and anticipations, grow slack and fall away like loosened armor. I become again like a bird, like a savage, like a child at the beginning of puberty. Is this a good thing? Is it a bad thing? Is this being freed from artificial opinions? Is it, on the contrary, being caught by deceptive passion? Should one resist, should one yield to this impulse? Is it quite simply an indication that one must marry in order not to burn, as Saint Paul said? We shall see. But beware of casual slips.

Through the after-dinner heat walked back to town, following the zigzags of the roads: Étrembières, Gaillard, Malagnou, La Chevillarde, Grange-Canal, Jargonant. Not far from Gaillard, I found youth in the waters of the Arve, here little children, there the young boys, farther on the village girls, and all in the costume of Adam (the last, at my approach, hid in the bushes, laughing under their scraps of clothing).

Visit the M. ladies. They show me the daguerreotypes and photographs of former pupils, and supplied the biographies that go with them. Comparison of the various English, German, American, Russian nationalities. I revise a few of my ideas on the Americans. The English have as a rule more solidity. I regret more and more not being able to meet again the two ladies from Schaffhausen on their return from Italy. Something tells me they would have pleased me: their portraits and what I hear of them makes me think so.

At eight o'clock in the evening the house on the Cour Saint-Pierre is repopulated. Fi. and her sons come back from the mountains (the Righi), Fy., the grandmother, and domesticity come back from the country, and myself from Salève: a great gathering to which are added the pair of turtledoves from the Chanoines. Eight days of adventures to tell one another. The Alpine excursion has been a great success and the whole group looks well.

July 11, 1859

To take away the attraction of mystery, to destroy the charm of the unknown, to free myself from the excesses of the imagination, the uneasiness of curiosity, and the provocation of dreams by directly attacking the feminine reality is, I think, what I wanted to accomplish last week. I hoped to find calm again through indifference, liberty through reasoning, freshness of the physical organism through the suppression of tumultuous dreams. It was a cure for desire that I was seeking, not its excitement. To see a nude woman and to possess her, to cause the urge of sex to emerge from the domain of desire, to acquire a peaceful knowledge of it by restoring it to its simple and mediocre reality; to purge myself of a troubling illusion, an ill-founded agitation, an uncertainty that provoked vain imaginings, through the method of Goethe, such has been, I believe, my instinctive motive. — It no longer seems to me that a woman, a wife, would be very grateful to me for an absolute continence in which she would not believe, and that it was absurd to pay so dearly for a ridiculous situation, that of being her pupil and not her monitor in the initiation of Venus. I told myself that it was not certain, moreover, that I should marry, and that my ignorance in such matters was harmful and perhaps stupid for a writer and a teacher. In short, I was ashamed of my virginity, which gave me neither physical peace nor moral force, nor even the inner dignity of the man who has made a vow or who makes a sacrifice. The only remaining barrier was this: my pride forbade me venal beauty, probity prevented me from dreaming of a married woman, loyalty of a virgin, honor of any sort of surprise attack. There remained a Madame de Warens, a widow who, through free consent, through affection, through attachment and devotion, or through pleasure should grant me her favors and deliver me from the phantom of pleasure, without abasing me and without humiliating herself. It was, I believe, exactly the initiation of Rousseau, due to a friendship untouched by jealousy, the freeing of the senses through the kindness of a woman philosopher. I believed I was on the point of undergoing the same experience; and with a little less natural coldness, a little more generosity on the part of the friend who was in my arms, this service would have been rendered me. — But the barrier remains. I shall never violate a resistance that is offered seriously. My mad impulse stops short before what is right.

Besides, now on this paper, which endures everything without hypocrisy and without reserve, I ask myself if this liberation is permitted, if it is moral, if it is happy? Is the sacrifice to Venus legitimate outside of the idea of generation and this latter outside of the idea of marriage? Is it wise to remove, even in the cause of liberty, the poetic nimbus, the touch of mystery from a woman, from love, from sex? Does this not destroy the delicacy, the flower, the modest grace, the ineffable secret of a marriage that is truly pure and virginal? If pleasure for its own sake is a natural right, if it has had altars raised to it and if the religious conscience has often consecrated or excused it, from the Christian point of view absolute purity, virginity outside of marriage, angelic modesty are recommended as the excellent state and the duty of the faithful, whose body should be the temple of the Holy Spirit. Nevertheless, the question remains somewhat obscure, for union is the aim of love, and love is divine. But the union from curiosity, for pleasure, which accepts no unity, which assumes no responsibility, is not that of love before God. It is true that union before God blushes and seeks the shade, but this modesty is not shameful, it is praiseworthy. Union without fraud, without seduction, but momentary and without consecration, is called in the morality of religion by a very brutal name, fornication.

Thus, from the natural point of view, it is quite simple to satisfy the instinct for pleasure; from the civil point of view, when no right is infringed, between free and grown-up persons, it is not a misdemeanor; from the moral point of view, it is the subordination of man to nature, a sort of forgetfulness of self, an abdication; from the Christian point of view, it is an impurity, a sin, perhaps even an egoism, for it means setting a bad example, preaching, in principle, the triumph of the lower passions, braving the will of society and the Church, which desires continent celibacy and chaste marriage. — And from the point of view of the future it may be possible that, in spite of appearances, the vexation of desire may have more value than the coldness of experience, and that it may be sinful presumption to arrange for one's peace of mind after this fashion.

Moreover, why be unfaithful to yourself, so late? In your inmost heart you consider it just to bring to a wife what you would ask of her, the first fruits of love. Has this ceased to be beautiful, holy, worthy of praise? This is all very guileless, perhaps, sheer simplicity. But so much the worse for vanity and false pride; it is fair and it is generous. Do not strive to corrupt, to weaken, to discourage yourself by sophistry; struggle against temptation. Restore and reanimate these exacting principles; you will dread less being a fool and a dupe. Moral life is a combat; one scruple the less is one protection the less, one danger the more. Do not forget it.

I was rapidly becoming self-interested, egoistical, sensual, frivolous. It is well that this check should have recalled me to other thoughts. My good angel has opposed me for my good. I hope so at least.

July 12, 1859

Yesterday the house was full; this morning all have gone away. Only Fi. and I are sleeping here, and I, too, feel as if I were on a trip and lead a bachelor life, eating at restaurants although sleeping among my own belongings. Received a visit from Br. and paid a call on Hg. The father just arrived from London (magnificent water-color by Robertson). I learn that our good Aug. has steadily increasing heart-trouble, and that they want to send him to Düsseldorf for his eyes.

This morning I awoke at four o'clock. The gross food of the *brasserie* (ham and beer) has driven me again to gallant literature. Everything seems to conspire to the same end. *Vae solis!* Oh, the fresh water, the tonic, healthy, chaste life, and the fatigue of long walks! I must leave the enervating plains of Capua for the cold heights.

(Midnight.) A day suppressed from the calendar of active life. I put aside every plan and read from morning to evening, without object and at random. Like a roving butterfly, like a libertine, I have thumbed only ribald pages and indecorous authors. I made myself drunk with amorous adventures, as if to rid myself of the theoretical desire for them. The tropical warmth, the overrich food, the idleness, the solitude, turn one's thought to pleasure. But this time I have been able to resist the test of these ardors, and read without suffering for it. I have looked through Bernard, Bertin, Bernis, Colardeau, Parny, La Fontaine, Ovid. Felt the difference between them and measured the distance from high spirits to rascality, from salacity to gallantry, from eroticism to attraction, and from attraction to tenderness. The senses, the imagination, the heart, the soul can all be drawn into the sphere of action, of love; but love can also be concentrated on lower planes. The first two forms of love are eminently transitory and egotistical. It is possible that from the point of view of pleasure there is an advantage in having traversed these moments separately, by means of practical analysis, in order to realize the full value of the synthesis when one is blessed by meeting with it. This is also what the majority of men do, by means of *houses*, passing affairs, mistresses, intrigues, and liaisons of all sorts which the passion and the skill of Aphrodite have been able to create. Not having availed myself of any of these outlets (through pride, awkwardness, fright, delicacy, and habit), the fermentation of my age, of the season, of my temperament, sometimes troubles me. Abstinence murmurs, continence revolts, modesty is silent, principles grow vague, nature boils over. Which does not prevent all this fire from going up in smoke, and this intemperance of imagination from evaporating in reveries. — One thought makes me uneasy: is it not braving a terrible disappointment, is it not risking too much to attempt marriage under the illusions arising from ignorance as to what is the real worth of possession? Is not the worldly point of view right in thinking it better to have sown one's oats, satisfied one's curiosity, appeased one's fits of passion? When the suitor, the lover, and the young lad exist in the husband, do not the solemnity and security of marriage suffer before long? Should not the husband have experience and the wife innocence? Well, notwithstanding all these prudent objections, which are at the same time convenient excuses, it seems to me that the woman in whom one has faith enough to make a comrade, should find it extremely sweet to be the only woman, the whole sex, the whole initiation and consolation of a man. It is immensely rash, no doubt, to risk everything on the hazard of a single head, to place all one's stakes of earthly happiness on one frail and unknown heart; but this heroic confidence is the very beauty of marriage. It is mysticism, it is faith, it is courage. For that matter, the woman does this also; and man should maintain his superiority over woman even in this voluntary sacrifice. He should deserve her esteem, veneration and respect. And if he does not obtain it he can at least respect himself. If happiness betrays him, if he has given himself to a woman who is unworthy of him, it is in God's hands! He will have done his duty.

He can, head high, look sorrow in the face.

I have even had already a sort of recompense. I have been able, this evening, in the moonlight, far from any habitation, to support chastely the experience of having near me, on the grass, a young woman who has told me all her secrets, more than she would tell a mother, and whose only security was my honor. I have cleared up my doubts, which were still numerous. We have talked heart to heart. We shall be nothing but friends. I have been well pleased with X this evening; she seemed to me utterly frank. Nothing less would have sufficed to define our ambiguous situation. I have also learned many things useful to a novelist concerning the first weeks of marriage. It is understood that she speaks to me as to a confessor or to an elder sister. This is original and charming. I derive instruction from it, without tears and without shame for her. Finally this is what she prefers and what gives her happiness. I am convinced of this and I conform to her wish. So we have returned to our starting-point, so far as our relations are concerned (see April 19, May 26, and June 2), only with more intimacy and familiarity. Besides, I am not at all amorous; I am friendly and cordial, though touched by the irresistible feminine appeal. Her attachment has caused me to reciprocate it; thus kindness and gratitude, tender astonishment and a sort of sweet emotion, mingled with curiosity and interest, form the basis of our friendship and the fundamental tone of the emotion I feel. I am not at all dazzled or tormented; she is not at all necessary to me; but this affection does me good, this confidence touches me, this sympathy appeases me. In the void in which I exist, she has been able to give some savor to my existence. And it is so salutary to be able to give some happiness, as I know, thanks to that trick of my good angel. She has not caught or enslaved me, not even temporarily. She has not wished that. So much the better, perhaps. It is impossible to establish the real value of this sort of tactics and they lead necessarily to respective accusations of wounding ingratitude and to shocking exactions. So long as our friendship lasts I must renounce everything of the sort. And yet! ... But this is enough.

July 13, 1859

(Half-past seven in the evening.) Gave my day to Byron. Re-read 'Don Juan' and read 'Cain.' I feel now a sadness full of anguish, and my heart is stricken by arid desolation. I feel tired out, despoiled, deserted. Is this the effect of that Satanic poetry? Is it the melancholy of loneliness? Is it disgust with myself? In any case it is a poignant, heart-breaking sensation, a sort of inexplicable dejection and despair, the feeling of lost happiness, of inner nothingness, of eternal gnawings, of anxiety without cause, of ceaseless restlessness, of endless discontent; it is the terror of an existence without love, the dread of a world crumbling in ruins. I do not know what unutterable and indefinable thing it is that oppresses me like a nightmare. I cannot grasp the monster or master this fantastically sorrowful sensation that brushes my forehead with its bat's wings and petrifies my heart with its hideous breath. I feel something like the nausea of a nervous woman. — To-day I had for a neighbor at table at the *Coquille* some one (W. R.) who revived a sorrowful memory; saw a wedding announcement that has given me a disagreeable emotion (M. D.). Twice to-day I have been forced to look at happiness, to recall a dream, and to measure the emptiness of my heart. Moreover, apathy has once more spread its leaden mantle over me. How far I am from the mad dissipation of these last days! It is my heart that chides and weeps by turns. And conscience and reason and the soul? All my thwarted aspirations? The whole disconsolate procession of disappointed illusions, dead hopes, forgotten duties, begins to go into mourning in me and to file past, in a funeral procession, like a vision of ghosts. If these sounds in my breast are not the hisses of the serpents of Eumenides, they are stifled sobs of regret, nameless sufferings, infinite desires that groan in the night of my sadness. Vampire of spleen, is this one of your visits?

(Eleven o'clock in the evening.) It is not good for man to be alone! This is the moral reflection that always springs from my ennuis. Despondency, evil thoughts, languors, aridity, melancholy, dryness, hardness, emaciation are in turn the effects of this fatal solitude.

To-day, visit from the poet Juste Oliver, who has escaped from Paris for a few days. He is still the mountaineer and Vaudois. — Short letter from Dt. — The Peace, so suddenly signed the day before yesterday between France and Austria, is very much discussed here. The old people are satisfied, the young are furious. Call on Jul. Bdt.

This dreamy moon drives me into the house. It hurts me, for it makes me feel my secret wounds, and I flee so as not to see it. The sight of happiness or what recalls it used to comfort me; to-day it destroys my courage.

July 30, 1860

(9 o'clock A.M.) It seems that at five o'clock in the morning I was singing in a loud, strong voice, while I was sound asleep. Decidedly, I cannot conspire or commit a crime; impossible to conceal it. Sleep itself would betray me, supposing that I slept with remorse.

On awakening, possessed by dreams of sensual pleasure. Woman unnerves us by haunting us.

That is just why I thought of getting done with the whole business. *Initio; initiatio; finitio* (a convenient barbarism to end with). And the confounded opportunity occurred to my thoughts, with Rabelaisian locutions and forms: X wandered about La Prairie. Pleasure drew apart from all the rest. One thought only of Mylitta and her madness. But it also seemed to me as if it were an imagined inclination, a former solicitation, a remembrance that tempted me, rather than an actual impulse. The imagination provoked the senses, not the senses the imagination. Why? Because the natural crisis has been passed, the opportunity lost, and irresistible instinct has given place to calmer reflection. And also because the heart is elsewhere, because I am just back from the mountains and feel various points of support. It is loneliness and discouragement that are evil counsellors. A busy life, a satisfied, or at least a comforted and lightened heart are sure protection.

(Noon.) I have just been studying a few chapters of Schliermacher, Fichte the elder, Fichte junior, on the subject of the relations between the sexes. It is surprising to find how insufficiently the essential things of life are explained by the theoricians and the moralists. The novelists are much nearer the truth. But even the novel only imperfectly instructs us on these things that hold the most place in reality. It is for this reason that every one is always groping, beginning over again, discovering laboriously what will be of no use to any one after him. That is why the *Art of Life*, practical wisdom, makes little progress. The relations of man and woman are the axis of private and public history, and, thanks to a sort of universal conspiracy, the shadows of ignorance always envelop them. Love is still in a state of savagery, and has not lessened the fatality of chance and the unknown. Experience in this matter is never capitalized; friend does not help friend; parents are no aid to their children. The art of life in common is still in as frustrated and rudimentary a state as at the beginning of the ages. Still, if the mystery were a chance for success or happiness! But no. The traps, quagmires, and pitfalls of the dark road are carefully hidden from their successors by those who went before. We hear only general curses or vague hymns; nothing useful, positive, precise, experienced. — Is this from modesty or malice? Because nothing else is possible or from perfidy? Why always conventional moral or pious phrases, instead of real truth and eternal laws? Is it because truth is so ugly, so terrifying, so sad that illusion and error are worth more than it? Is society a pact for mutual deception, a convenient exchange of false money, a nest of swindlers, a gambling house, decorated with politeness and embellished with false appearances? This is not possible.

(Evening.) Call upon M. F. M. on account of

Adrienne. Call upon Blv. Madame was indisposed. A communal *Vogue* at the Pré l'Évêque; a merry-go-round, a duck to be sabred, your eyes blindfolded, uproar and tom-toms.

Dined at Onex with G. R. left by omnibus from Lancy at five o'clock, returned on foot at half-past eleven; a cloudy moonlight night. Found up there G. P. and his wife, who dined with us, then the neighbors De. and Be., Mlle. R. and her brother. Heard that Mr. Lamb was at Brides and had pleasant things to say of my aunt and her daughters. The whole company went with me, in spite of the chill (for we have had a fire, on July 30!) and the wet roads as far as the junction of the road from Onex with that from Lancy. — On the way talked in the omnibus with Emma R., who was going to Bernex with her brother.

Wedding of Mlle. L., whom I had noticed at the German Christmas party at the Hôtel de la Métropole, with a Bernese of forty, very rich, a man of independent means. She abandons her school started two months ago, and will travel for pleasure. Adrienne would like to fall heir to what she has left; unfortunately there is small chance of it. — Two new figures: Mad. Te., younger sister of dame Am., and her sister-in-law, Ad. R. What do I think of them? Mad. Eugénie is much like her sister in features, the sound of her voice, manners, with a touch more of vivacity; she is a smaller edition, less pretty and less sweet. But the naturalness, the gentleness, the simplicity are the same. Brought up together at Onex by their father. French Protestants, with the polish of Geneva, both childless, small, attractive, they still have the air, give the effect of little girls, whose slenderness and silvery laughter they have. But I greatly prefer Mad. Amélie, who has more grace, reverie and elegance in her flexible person, and especially in her great pure and attractive eyes. — Mlle. R. has much more wit, intelligence, activity, energy and talent. She is a much more distinct and original personality. But she dreads all dependence and wishes to live her own life, cultivate her tastes, think her own thoughts. What must attract her most is the brilliant, intellectual life of the women of the great world. Italy, salons, studios must be her dream. A husband would only be the pretext. Sensibility is not her forte, sacrifice not her weakness. It is an æsthetic and resolute nature that refuses the yoke and does not wish to be restrained. Her mind interests me, but she in no way touches the heart. Besides I have as yet only a vague intimation of her nature. What seems to dominate there is a certain impatient disdain of the male sex, and a secret denial of its insolent superiority. Independence and indifference are complicated by a little rebellion and bitterness. It gives her lively pleasure to put in the wrong these ugly, bearded animals who usurp the authority and government of human affairs. Moreover, one finds them wearisome, vulgar, dull, unpolished, and even a little ridiculous in their pretensions. All this I surmise, for we have not talked of anything; but I have the feeling that Mlle. R. intends that one shall have to make more of an effort to please her, be more courteous, more ingenious, more witty, and more gallant than our husbands are, and that one shall have to reckon with her, with her ideas, her demands, her refinement, and her convenience. She must disapprove secretly of the informality of our men and the too facile acceptance of our ladies. It is not her rôle to be a woman-comrade. She does not accept these ways and draws back from them to do as she likes. This is my impression of her, after reflection. There is some good in this attitude. But with her the beautiful prevails over the good, and taste over tenderness.

September 2, 1860

(Half-past eleven o'clock.) A disturbed night, heavy rain, bad sleep. I am just back from church (Martin, Saint-Pierre); heard poorly, sleepy and dull. In the pew ahead of me was a cherub with long, blond hair, negligently curled, an attractive boy of five, pretty as a little girl, from whom I could not remove my eyes. The paternal instinct and the appeal of feminine attractions stirred in my heart and urged me to love, even while the voice of the pastor brought sleep down upon my eyelids. Purity, tenderness, domestic intimacy spiritual union spoke to me in far louder tones than did the official preaching. I was absent-minded, indifferent, apathetic, benumbed, save towards one thing, and this thing was affection, perhaps even love. — I feel, like Goethe, that when I witness noble tenderness it is as sweet or sweeter to me than that which is offered me. I felt myself melt with sympathy for this little group of cherub and mother, while the father had the air of a short and vulgar porter. Was it the poetry of maternity and infancy that moved me thus? I think so, for I did not know or care to know these persons. It was a contemplative, æsthetic, religious pleasure, stripped of egoism and desire. I believe it was religious, because I felt in it a sort of admiration, of contemplation, and adoration for the life of nature and for the divine goodness. It was, at bottom, the way that women feel, just such a caressing and instinctive benevolence as softens the glance of every one of them in the presence of innocence, weakness, childhood and beauty; it is gentle pity, loving sympathy, expansive charity, that enjoys the happiness of others, joins in it, shares it, and blesses it. It is the opposite of envy. Perhaps it is through this that I attract the confidence of children and animals, and that I win the hearts of women? — I once asked the Marc. children why all children, everywhere, were drawn to me? 'Because you are kind,' was the unanimous reply, 'and because you pay some attention to us!' — I am kind, I do not seem very happy, I have some talent and some grace; that is enough to make those whose hearts are free think well of me, in short, to love me, without desire at first, then with the wish for a response, with hope of holding me, of keeping me fast, of winning happiness by giving it. . . .

September 3, 1860

Dreamed again of women. One idea has occurred to me. Towards the end of life, do the memories of hearts that have signalled to you appear as sweet or sad or arousing remorse? Evidently I have been loved, without knowing or wishing it, more than once. I have, then, caused suffering, and a good deal of it. But have I deceived, have I tortured people knowingly? Consciously, no. I have been blind, stupid, incredulous, so far as passion was concerned; I have never suspected in advance and I have had difficulty in being able to believe, on proof, that I was dangerous, that any one could form an active attachment for me, when I was merely amiable, friendly, and kind, without feeling a special preference for any one, or any agitation. I have done wrong as a hedgehog pricks, without suspecting it. My naïve belief in feminine friendship, my lack of pretension and my feeling of personal independence have prolonged my simplicity and thickened the scales over my eyes. The accumulation of facts, however, has convinced me of my mistake. The refined companionship and charming conversation of women, so inoffensive, instructive, and fortifying for me, is harmful for them. One cannot understand them without having them give themselves whole-heartedly. One cannot show them any chivalrous and sympathetic attention without having courtesy seem courtship to them. Poetry is a snare for them. Affectionate curiosity captivates them. Gentle and discerning kindness fascinates them. Their imperious need is to be understood and loved; they yield to whoever enfolds and penetrates them spiritually. And it seems that I fulfil to some extent these two conditions. For truly, I cannot imagine why the most dissimilar women take me for a confessor, for a friend and counsellor, unless it is because they find in me what they are seeking, an affectionate observer, a light or a support.

To help each other to live is good,
To be understood is sweet.

This verse expresses, perhaps, what they feel and desire, and as it is true of me, they feel a practical gratitude towards me. Unfortunately for them, their hearts have a jealous, exclusive instinct, it tends to absorption, it desires the absolute and unique union, marriage unshared by any one else, the ideal husband and lover; and then trouble begins, for gratitude becomes love; love does not admit disparity, does not perceive inequality, and, because it is satisfied, believes it is able to satisfy, because it has found, it believes the other reciprocates, as a matter of course. It is thus I explain to myself why many women, incapable of arousing love in me, for all sorts of reasons, have felt it for me, without me and in spite of me (for example, the haughty A. L.).

Besides, while we love *woman*, under these various forms, women love only the individual man, the unique and particular being. They respond to friendly liking by passionate love and to simple friendship by impetuous enthusiasm. — I understand (very late) why they need so much tactful handling, moral protection, and social defence. I understand what it is to lose rest, to lose one's heart, to become the prey of an involuntary attachment, to feel an unreturned affection, to see one's life flowing away through a heart-wound, etc. What seemed to me a poetic fiction, a literary exaggeration, what people laughed at in my presence and what I did not believe possible, save in regard to an Adonis or a man of genius, to heroes of the sword or of passion, I know now happens to every one, that no man is unable to inspire a lasting love in a woman and consequently to make some one unhappy. This saddens me and does not flatter me. The air of discretion that A. L. mocked in me, and of which I was not aware, was thus wiser and more humane than she believed.

Perhaps what tempts women is also pride, a rivalry to make the conquest of Hippolytus, and to humiliate that common enemy, the celibate. I have, no doubt, the air of a man who asks nothing better, but whom no one has been able to charm, to satisfy, and to hold. This spurs them on, for it is like an affront to all and a chance for each. But here I become impertinent, and, what is more, I believe that this time I am wrong, at least in regard to the women of my world. It is through their virtues, not their defects, that I have a certain power over them: it is on my good side, not on my bad, that I interest them. What touches them in me is that I appear good; what attracts them is the finesse, the breadth, the liberty of thought; what elates them is that everything beautiful, excellent, and noble, stirs my heart; what fascinates them is that they can explore my nature in all directions and that I remain for them an enigma, an abyss, and a mystery; what captivates them is that they divine a secret melancholy, a hidden suffering; what makes them weak is that I have an air of strength; and what fills them with confidence and ease is my sympathy and my disinterestedness. Sincerity, delicacy, discernment, intuition, nobility, the unexpected, discretion, humor, tact, poetry, solidity, variety, all these things that mean so much to them, they presuppose and suspect in my faulty personality. Hence the attraction they find in intimacy with me.

September 4, 1860

(11 A.M.) Letter from Eg. There is no comparison between her and any one else, for she is the person to whom I mean most in the world, and hers the heart that loves me most perfectly. But each should reap what she sows in me. No one, therefore, has more rights over me than the *blue rose*, and with her I am in debt. Am I then only capable of affection and not love? No, I know that deep disquiet of the soul, but here I do not feel it. In my heart there is tenderness and pity, but no passion. I am a friend, but free, and an affront, a painful scene could, I believe, detach me from any of the hearts that attract me now. At bottom, I do not feel my life bound absolutely to that of any one, though I have many ties. Perhaps I slander myself; at least do I know myself well? If certain heads were turned, do I really know what I should become, how I should feel? Carelessness makes me forgetful; forgetfulness, ungrateful; ingratitude, blind. Could I emigrate? Could I live alone? Could I renounce my friends, my affections? No, the truth is that I only lack a supreme passion, an absorbing and dominating interest. I am affectionate, but not a lover; friend, but not a husband; drifting, not fixed. I attract more than I am attracted. I am wandering, restless, suspicious, changeable; consequently dangerous and weak, cruel without wishing it. I allow too willingly my wishes to be anticipated and my-

self to be cared for and cajoled; though it is true that I do the same spontaneously for others, for children and the ill-treated. To sum up, I no longer hope for a great love and I am satisfied with its small coin, the life of the affections and the exchange of kind and tender cordiality. — My misfortune is to be too objective, too impersonal, too disinterested, that is, not to have a marked preference, a positive inclination, a definite and decisive taste. I am too much man and not enough the individual. Is this the result of philosophy? Is it due to an aptitude for generality, the species, the type, the theory, and contrary to a practical disposition? Perhaps. Moreover, to know satisfies me, perhaps, even better than to possess, to enjoy, to act. My strongest taste is for watching, understanding, contemplating. And the theory needs to be universal, panoramic, spherical; it refuses to be shut up in a special case. It is *life* that I wish to experience, rather than *my* life. I consider myself as only a particular and passing example. What happens to me is only an experience, a case, a phenomenon to be utilized. My thought is infinitely more exacting than my will. Decidedly, psychology is my hobby and perhaps my vocation.

(11.30 P.M.) My preparations are finished. In a few hours I leave for Bale — the library has asked me for a third edition of 'La Cloche'; the Department of Public Instruction for a course at the

Town Hall. — Dined at Plainpalais, the housewarming of my cousin J. Bt.'s new apartment. — Called on Eg., who seemed to me terribly faded in spite of her beautiful eyes, but who was delighted at all my prospective plans for work. Made up my accounts.

Felt, for the twentieth time, my lack of presence of mind and memory, the necessity for perfect order. One ought to have his trunks always ready and his affairs brought up to date.

September 25, 1860

(10 A.M.) Woe to him who arouses sleeping dogs or the torpid imagination! My thoughts, yesterday, followed the Italian slope and allowed themselves to be mastered by the seductions of Cyprus. Re-read Parny, Bertin, La Fontaine until after midnight. Disturbed sleep. This morning re-read Ovid and Apuleius. The appointment missed yesterday (the letter only reached me this morning) had something to do with this agitation, as well as an excess of black coffee taken on the journey. However that may be, Venus has haunted me as if I were a young man, and a gnawing curiosity concerning sensual pleasure has tickled my imagination, as it did Saint Anthony's. It seems to me that the more discreet, continent, scrupulous I am in practical matters and in the face of reality, the more licentious reading tempts me. My ignorance of living woman makes me

blush less when, in the company of the erotics, I feel myself a man, young and passionate, capable of the sports of Aphrodite and the transports of the senses. Ashamed of my actual innocence, and almost proud to discard it in spirit, it happens with me as with women who suffer from over-modesty; I take my revenge inwardly; I feed myself on forbidden pleasures in the secrecy of solitary reading. In such a case possession ought to mean freedom. Chastity is therefore purer than continence. One cures oneself of thirst by drinking, and of the ardor of desire by the satiety of conquest. Woman should liberate us from woman, in the same way that electricity loses its tension, by contact... at least when this contact does not light in us the Greek fire of concupiscence which lays hold of our bones to consume us. What is strange is to observe the increasing facility with which moral obstacles resolve into smoke before the urgings of natural instinct, until they end by seeming merely conventional and purely fictitious. I am experiencing, slightly, the phenomenon of the *Crisis* (Feuillet), that sort of inner revolt of youth that is about to die, and that fears it may have been the dupe of its own wisdom, its restraint, and its privations. I have had neither wife, nor mistress, nor passion, nor affair; I have especially avoided sensual pleasure and let the golden age pass; have I not been a fool? Such is the thought that besieges the celibate of thirty-nine, in his solitary room, on his sleepless pillow. And when he has a woman friend, herself a love-child, a widow, tender, ardent, who abandons herself to his arms and follows him into the shrubbery in the moonlight, he wonders if he is not absurd to protect her longer from himself, to refuse himself what she longs for, to forbid himself voluptuous pleasure? The memory or the presentment of the disgusts, regrets, remorse, and vexations that follow the yielding to carnal appetites and punish the careless giving-in to the temptations of nature, scarcely succeed in holding him within the bounds of austerity, under the law of abstinence. — There is no more light in him, no longer a fixed point: everything wavers.

(11 P.M.) To-day, rained almost all day. Browsed through Delay's old second-hand bookshop. Much thumbing of pages. Read a large part of two recent biographies: of Landamman Pidou (by Vulliemin), and of Bonstetten (by Steinlein); also the 'Proverbs' of Solomon on women. — Calls: on Car., on my sister L., and on C. (Aunt F. is a little better this evening). — Showed some engravings (Luther) to my nephews.

The story of Bonstetten has made me reflect, somewhat, on my present and my future. I have felt that I was wasting my life, and why I was wasting it. This animated and full existence aroused my envy at many points. I stagnate in solitude; I should expand with sociability. Geneva was the paradise of Bn., as for me, I am exiled and forlorn here as he, Bn., was at Berne.

September 26, 1860

(10.45 P.M.) A magnificent moonlight night, and I finish my thirty-ninth year sadly. By a singular coincidence I have to-day dismissed, broken, or seen (I thought) take wing three affections that had their own grace and poetry. Now I am alone, stripped of everything, perhaps facing nothing, the past liquidated and the heart empty. This morning wrote to Jpf., this evening a walk with X, and on returning met (at least I think so) Eg. on the arm of the suitor who is courting her. To Jpf. I wished what every woman seeks. With X, at La Prairie, I became disgusted with sensual pleasure and had a glimpse of the falsity of erotic poetry; the possibility of gratification took away all my appetite for it and I return from this experience with a melancholy heart and a dissatisfied conscience. The meeting with Eg. (at least I supposed it was she) at ten o'clock, in the moonlight, caused me another painful disillusion. It seems to me this evening that some virtue has gone from me, or that the halo has just disappeared from life, before my eyes. — My sister Fy. has left for the country. Our Aunt F. is very ill. — In short, I feel myself isolated, impoverished, despondent, disillusioned. I reap according to my sowing.

Eleven o'clock has struck. A profound, absolute silence reigns in the street and in the town, as if it were a cemetery; a silence of death so strange that I might believe myself deaf, if the sound of my pen on the paper and of my watch on my desk did not prove that I still retained my hearing. This funereal stillness matches the state of my soul, which also is silent and dumb. Nothing seems alive any longer, either within or without me. This is the void, oblivion, nothingness. I watch like a mummy the march of time, and joy withdraws from me as does the light from the valleys after the sun has set. My eyes are dry, my imagination withered, my heart cold, my soul arid; there is nothing left in me but phrases, and scarcely those. I cannot even weep. — Well, my fate does not matter; I wish at least to pray for others, for my family, for my friends, for the living. As for me, I am half dead; may God have pity on the dead!

September 27, 1860

Is sensual pleasure only a fiction, and feminine attraction only an odious deceit? In truth, I should be tempted to believe it. The imagination and the heart create all or almost all of it. Instinct deceives, Venus lies, temptation cheats, desire abuses. Always the snare, the trap, and irony surround man. The motto for existence should be 'continuous deceit,' for there is constant disillusion, fraud, repeated falsity and trickery against the candid heart, against the ingenuousness that lets us hope and the simplicity that leads us to expect. — But this is a great to-do over an uncertain conclusion, because of a mere, morose intuition. Have you indeed the right to judge what you are ignorant of, to decide merely from appearances? No, you must be in great measure wrong. What the deuce! Any widespread superstition has a basis of truth, and a burst of laughter cannot prevail against the follies of the amorous passion and the universal voice of lyric poetry. No matter; I find that so far as I am concerned reality freezes me, not to say disgusts me, and if the ankle awakens desire the moss-rose, itself, extinguishes it and drives it away. — Besides, it is my habit to make everything impossible for myself in advance, through over-imagination and idealism. Ever after, the real appears insipid and laughable. This is how I have destroyed before my eyes not only the joys of existence but my existence itself; I do not take myself seriously; my position, my gifts, my opportunities, make me shrug my shoulders; my personality inspires me with neither interest nor respect, save momentarily and on reflection. Ordinarily I always laugh at myself, I take small account of myself, and I care greatly for nothing, because everything seems to me ridiculous, or rather because I am not worth the trouble of any real endeavor and expect nothing fruitful from any effort. Disapproving of myself, whatever I do; never more than a quarter agreeing with myself, having no confidence in my faculties, in my will, in my aspirations, I feel myself flaccid, weak, inwardly dissolved. And I drift towards the epicureanism of *far niente.* Irony leads to indolence, distrust produces cowardice, faint-heartedness engenders despondency.

The bad effect of this half-experience is that it tends to disenchant me with marriage, and to depoetize woman for me, the only two things in which I still preserved a secret hope.

(6 P.M.) This morning there reached me a large package, sealed in wax, with the initials L. W. This was an admirable knapsack, with a shoulderstrap, embroidered in wool, in a dark design, brown, black, and gray, in good taste, adorned with eight pockets; in brief a model sack, invented by the ingenious affection of the little fairy whom I thought I met yesterday in the moonlight. On receiving this beautiful present for my birthday, I have been divided between joy, uneasiness, and sadness. The note that accompanied the gift contained only two lines, and these two appeared to me full of effort, as if to hide a complaint or a reproach. Then I was disturbed by the handsomeness of the present, when I feel more and more that separation is inevitable, that it is necessary to say adieu, that we should not live together or even continue the very

cordial relations that we have sustained these last years. Her mother wishes her to marry and she is right. As for me, I do not find in her more than a few of the conditions that I desire in my marriage; education, health, and resources are three insurmountable obstacles. I should have liked to detach her gently from me, by exhibiting myself in my mistakes, in my dryness, in my ingratitude, in my moral weakness, in my independence (not being able to call it infidelity, since I never asked or promised anything more than friendship). I doubt that I shall have succeeded; in spite of the walk I surprised yesterday (even if my eyes were not deceived).

I have replied with gratitude, but I have made one condition to my acceptance; for I intend that the knapsack shall be *ours* and not *mine*. Poor Egeria, no matter what I do, I must make her suffer, for the only thing that she wishes of me is the only one that I cannot give her.

(7 P.M.) Call from Alph. G., who spoke to me about the 'Revue International.' He said it is going to be reorganized, and the 'Libre Recherche' will also be at Geneva. — Physical woman is perhaps only a snare and a delusion, but the feminine heart is a treasure. I have proof of it and that, at least, is certain to me. New proof: a humble and submissive letter from X, who begs my pardon for the scene at La Prairie and blames herself for my distress. All this works

a modification in my feeling. I begin to renew relations with myself and to see as I used to see.

Call upon B. the pastor; talked about Dand., Cougn., Bouv., Cherbul., Dub., etc.

(Midnight.) Thought of ways for making the real woman once more poetical to me, and of making reparation to nature, or of enlightening myself once for all as to the true value of sensual pleasure, so as either to know its graceful charm or to unmask, for my own benefit, its hideous falseness. I waste too much time when I remain the sport of so fundamental an uncertainty. It is best to free myself from this chimera and return to the real, to escape from the hallucinations of continence and the intellectual inconveniences of the celibate. What is the value of attraction? What is it that we can reasonably expect of a reality which the imagination, perhaps in mockery, makes us believe intoxicating. Is it necessary to let one's life be troubled by desire, if this desire is only an illusion pure and simple, a positive error? Is it not ridiculous, moreover, for a man to be without experience, when it is his part to be the instructor when the time comes? All these thoughts have pursued me, after having answered X chivalrously, and I have looked at the friezes of Schwanthaler, re-read a few songs from Don Juan, in order to harden myself against the emotions that always tend to carry me away too quickly.

September 28, 1860

(10 P.M.) I am far indeed from the prudery of my youth and in appearance very free and very unceremonious. The difference is, however, less great than it seems. Theoretically, I have greatly diminished my timid ignorance and my missish embarrassments. I no longer experience the same bashful confusion at allusions or on reading or hearing voluptuous tales; the modesty of my ears and eyes has become much less susceptible; feminine caresses and kisses have finally emboldened me a little and made me less of a simpleton. But practically I am not yet a man; I still belong to the confraternity of dreamers, seminarists, white monks. Now this is a stupid position to occupy at my age; for if old maids are bores, old virgins of the male sex are perhaps laughable. One reasons about life like an idiot so long as one has not known that which decides the fate of individuals and often of empires. One has a false idea of a thousand things so long as one has not passed through what Byron calls:

> *Thou gate of life and death — thou nondescript!*
> *Whence is our exit and our entrance, —*
>
> (*Don Juan*, IX, 55 st.)

I must, therefore, take the bull by the horns, no matter how great my repugnance, at the first opportunity. If you have remained puerile, futile, foolish, it is partly because of this long infancy.

If you are often tempted by books of gallantry and erotic poetry, it is because you have not given nature its due. If you wish to become somewhat more serious and virile you must marry, and before marriage you must clear up this matter in order to avoid a frightful disappointment. Odd counsel, perhaps, for your birthday, altogether worldly, but not without good sense, once mutual consent and desire are understood. A mutual reparation to make to pleasure, so as to judge it sanely while reducing it to its proper value: this should be your watch-word.

(11 P.M.) The invisible wind has changed, sensual miasmas have melted away like the mist over a marsh. I have had to think seriously of my evening course of lectures, and work has restored my spirituality. Wrote two or three business letters, among others to the bookseller, K. Saw our registrar. — Read the thesis of Dand. (on the 'Apologetic'), the best of three published last season on the occasion of the vacant professorship. This evening, called on Lec., whom I have (wrongly) neglected for a whole year. — It seems to me that the sentiment of duty, of activity, of the useful and serious life is returning to me. From nature I return to morality. Appetites give place to conscience. I climb up the mountain and I find again the bracing air and the energy that I have lacked for many days.

Fy. has returned this evening from Cartigny;

the Vguets. have left for Frankfort. — Rain, lightning and thunder, at seven o'clock. — Called on my sister L., who was very jolly and kindly. Good Aunt F. is no better: there has been a consultation of St. with Rill.

September 29, 1860

(9 A.M.) This morning read Edmund Scherer's article on Alb. Rilliet (translation of the N. Test.) and his farewell to Geneva. I should like to be either the author or the critic. Both are successful, have done something and made names for themselves, while for a long time I have taken the road that leads nowhere, and have in a sombre frenzy, as if it pleased me, pulled up my flowers, destroyed my seed, wasted or killed my gifts, sterilized my life, squandered my savings and my memories, conspired against myself, against my success, against my name and my race. I have, so to speak, pursued and sought out with a diabolical instinct the means to annul myself, to make myself barren, powerless, useless, and I have almost succeeded. Actually I am despoiled of character, of individuality, and of memory; I have no object, no intellectual capital; I have neither wife nor children, nor home nor any longer youth, no credit, no influence, no tact, no fortunate prospect. My rage is glutted. And whence did it spring? From the shame of having a desire and from the fear of not being able to satisfy it. Distrust of fate

and weakness of will, that is what has made me entirely negative, what has driven me into indifference and inaction. So as not to be refused by fate, I have asked nothing of it. So as not to be humiliated, I have wished for nothing. So as not to be conquered, I have not fought. So as not to be mistaken, I have affirmed nothing and made no choice. So as to remain independent, I have forsworn all ambition and renounced all power. — *Zweifel, Verzweiflung, Diabolus.*

COVER OF NOTEBOOK 44

(Santificatio.)
(Ædificatio.)

Der Wahre Glaube ist der Einklang aller Kräfte
(ENNEMOSER.)

Kurz ist das Leben,
Ernst ist das Leben,
Leben ist eine Kunst.

Das Grösste Glück selbst, habe jeden Abend
Stark überwunden, dadurch, dass du dich
Und deine Seele hoch darüber stellst.
(SCHEFFER.)

Feiger Gedanken
Bangliches Schwanken
Weibisches Zagen,

Ängstliches Klagen,
Wendet Kein Elend,
Macht dich nicht frei.
(GOETHE)

Dein hochstes Leben sey, zu leben Gott bewusst;
Darin ist zweierley: gottwissend, gottgewusst.

Dass du dich wissest stest von Gott gewusst, gekannt,
Gemahnt, gestraft, geprüft, geliebt und Kind genannt.
(RÜCKERT)

'You wish to do without me, to live without me,' says God to each of us; 'go, my child, attempt it! I restrain no one by force.' And we proclaim our independence and go forth to a life that is free, unrestrained, without a master, and lo! independence leaves the heart empty, the world ends in arousing disgust, life seems arid as a desert, and the prodigal child returns, ashamed, repentant, to knock at his father's door and say, 'There is no peace save here. I was wrong, forget, pardon, have pity on my error.'

For years, now, I have wandered the steppes, restless, thirsty, tormented, because I was alone, because I do not feel God near me and with me, because my religion has evaporated and I have no more faith, no more courage, no more love, no more enthusiasm! Discontented with myself and sad, I sail at random, adrift on the river of the days, detached from life, expecting nothing from death. My pride no doubt revolts at beginning over again the insipid and everlasting business that I have so often experienced, read, re-read and heard preached. Or perhaps discouragement, the feeling of my incurable weakness, prevents me from renewing the prayers and promises, a hundred times offered and forgotten. Still, I have no true peace, no resignation, no energy because I doubt. And I doubt because I dread to decide, to affirm, to resolve, and because I always fear being duped.

September 30, 1860

(11 A.M.) Yesterday, meditated on my mother tongue, on the Comic and the Marvellous, the three subjects that tempt me most for this winter. Then called on Str. A glass of Danzig brandy with golden flecks in it warmed me, then a solitary walk in the moonlight brought my mind back to the forbidden subjects; the lights in the drawing-room of L. W. made me think, I don't know why, of some family reunion and prelude to a betrothal. Then I dream of La Prairie and, on coming in again, the 'Art of Loving' by Gentil-Bernard finishes me.

Woman is certainly our angel and our demon, the best and the worst of this base world, that which gives us life and death, happiness and despair. From her comes peace and trouble, virtue and vice, ecstasy and remorse, hell and heaven for man on this earth. She is the Temptation, the Enigma, the Abyss, the Curse, and the Blessing, because she is unknown and because she determines our fate. Capable of everything, source of everything, mother of everything, her breast is like Pandora's box, it conceals all sorrows and all human joys; but at the very bottom there is, perhaps, hope. We cannot exist either without or with her; she is our anxiety, our desire, our fear, our support, our terror, our anger and our love. We are besotted without her, her kiss enflames us, her embrace unnerves us. The safest thing is to flee her in youth and marry her at a ripe age, for otherwise she devours and consumes us instead of soothing and strengthening us.

(10 P.M.) Dined at Pré l'Évêque with Aunt Al. and the Gz., the two Cavg. ladies and Cousin J. Bt. Amen. is leaving for Athens and Eug. for Constantinople. There was a family council as to the desirability of letting Eug. go. On one side Aunt Al. and Car. disapproved; all the others pointed out first, that the agreement was signed, and next that the plan was worthy of encouragement and full of good opportunities: a friendly Swiss firm, handsome salary, favorite occupation, well-known line of business, a fine climate with the sea always at hand (and it was sea baths that saved Eug.), etc. Eug. will be in the Lebet firm and will travel in the Levant (Smyrna, Beyrout, Cairo) in connection with watches and jewelry.

Letter from Gust. Ch. (under the name of Amadeo Carbonaro), dated from Geneva. He is working on caricatures for the 'Carillon,' and asks for a loan. Mother and son are having the same adventurous career; but I fear that the latter will end in exploiting me. His adventures please me little, and already he is borrowing from me.

Call on the Blv.s; Signor Enrico is going on a trip to Marseille. — This evening our two little boys revisited the menagerie with Fanchette and gave us a flaming description of it.

Heavy rain ever since two in the afternoon. — Three games of chess with Amen. — I find I am somewhat nervous and deoxidized, little fit for work but disposed to foolery and jesting. Thought about economizing my strength and my nervous force for my work.

October 5, 1860

(9 P.M.) Called on the Blv.s, to congratulate them on the marriage of their daughter with the Architect Ch. S. A bad night. Went to bed at half-past one in the morning. Lilith persecutes me. Temptations. Rhymed a Priapean poem: 'Bacchante and Satyr.' A wonderfully fine day. The house flooded with sunlight. Spent a great deal of time out of doors. Fr. and Fy. spent a few hours in Geneva. From two o'clock until nightfall took a walk (by way of Villette, Sierne, and Pinchat). — Translated into verse Milnes' poem: 'She never loved but once,' which I have from Lsw. This poetry has again saved me from sensuality. As in the legends of the Middle Ages, my demon and my good angel are playing at dice for my soul and drag me now in one direction, now in the other. On my walk the blue sky, the radiant world about me, and above all the little pink paper I held in my hand won the victory. This evening

I am ashamed and melancholy before these verses of de Musset:

Un jour tu connaîtras peut-être
Le prix que vaut un cœur aimant
Ce que l'on gagne à le connaître,
Ce que l'on souffre en le perdant.

Realized it was not good for me to be alone.

Thought of my offences against my friends, my neighbors, my country, and myself, of my forgetfulness of my duty and of God. My eyes tired and a sense of general lassitude. Lack of alacrity and of objectivity through lack of purity.

Magnificence of the lake seen from the English garden. The departure of the Hirondelle. Several foreigners.

A very fine article by Prév.-Parad., (*Débats*) on the 'Theory of the Novel,' à propos of George Sand. An edition of Weiss ('Universal History Through Works of Art'). Have not exchanged a word throughout the whole day. Have read and written almost nothing. Mumbled forty-eight lines of verse as my whole day's work. I am wasting my time with my lamentable virtuosity, and I dare not calculate the number of useful hours I spend out of the twenty-four, for I should be ashamed of the result. In short, it seems to me that I continue to behave like an ostrich, hiding my head to escape from danger and refusing to look at what disturbs me. In this way I neglect everything: Reading Club, correspondence, present affairs and future courses, calls. I have no time for anything. The reason? I force myself to nothing. I make no demands on myself. I make no distribution of my time, have no plan and no aim. All is heedlessness, indolence, indifference, disorder, living from day to day, out of pride and sloth, so as not to be the slave of necessity, of my plans. So my incapacity steadily increases, for I prate without acting and blame myself without attempting reform. Shall I drift into fatalistic epicureanism through moral weakness?

What did we talk about yesterday on the excursion to Salève? The chair of apologetics. Steinlen, Roman cacography. The Napoleonic régime. The Vinets, uncle and nephew. Protestant timidity and the sovereign assurance of the artist. The minister, Manuel, and his ingenuity. Sainte-Beuve and criticism. Taine and his formulas. — Versailles and the future residence of the Sch., who are leaving Geneva. Rilliet and the translation of the New Testament. The etymologies, especially the period of Galliard. Comedy, the Marvellous, Fashion, Language. Evening courses at the Town Hall. English hygiene. The supine and the gerundive. Social hydraulics. The Papacy and its condition at present. Bouv. and Dand.

What have I to do to-morrow?

October 6, 1860

(11 P.M.) Wonderfully fine weather. This time I have made little use of it. Worked a little in the morning, received a call from J. H.; he brought me a friendly and intimate note from Mad. B. P. of Berlin (whom I used to know at Charnex), a warm-hearted and lively grandmamma.

But what am I to call the experience of this evening? Was it disappointing, was it intoxicating? Neither the one nor the other. For the first time I have received a woman's favors, and frankly, compared to what the imagination assumes or expects, they are a small matter. It was like a bucket of cold water. I am very glad of it. It has cooled even while it has enlightened me. Physical pleasure is three fourths or more desire, that is to say, imagination. The poetry about it is worth infinitely more than the reality. But the keen interest of the experience is essentially intellectual; I can at last reason intelligently about woman, without that semi-silliness of ignorance or that faulty idealization in my thoughts, which has embarrassed me hitherto. I regard the entire sex with the calm of a husband, and I know now that, for me at least, the physical woman is almost nothing. The moral of the affair is that the affection, the sympathy, the attachment of a woman is her all, and that the addition of her last favor does not notably (indeed hardly sensibly) increase her value. As to woman herself, I have not learned as much as I hoped. At bottom I am stupefied at the relative insignificance of this pleasure over which they make such a stir. I even begin to understand something else, which was quite beyond me, how when women can be had for the choosing, voluptuaries sometimes seek pleasure elsewhere. My dominant impression, then, is calm and liberation. It is thus that I begin my life as a mature man almost on the anniversary of my birth. X came to me in my apartment. We had to go through with it so as to return to our normal relation. The pretty widow was as I expected, and now I am even better able to put myself in the place of a woman. It is all profit.

October 7, 1860

(11 P.M.) Nothing has changed in my general point of view through my instructive adventure. At the price of my first-fruits I have bought some useful illumination; I have discovered that, at bottom, all the scruples and the embarrassment were on my side. X was joyous, discreet, and put me at my ease for the present and the future. My final conclusion is still this: attraction and pleasure are after all the least valuable of a woman's gifts; her heart is worth a hundred times more than her charms. For the intoxication of beauty one must turn to the sculptors and painters, and for physical pleasure to the poets. X is pretty and well made, and yet I said to myself: 'Is that all!' Fortunately

there is more, or marriage would be deliberate trickery and it ought to be only a noble sacrifice. Just now its real significance is more vivid and distinct than it was before, and celibacy seems less defensible to me.

Listened to a sermon by Naef at Saint-Pierre (moderate and serious). — Walk with Prof. Ch. — visited the exposition of fruits and vegetables at the Electoral Palace.

Dined with Car. with the Ams. of Pré l'Évêque and my cousins Cav. and B. — The Midolle album. Conversation about Athens and Paris. — Called on the Blv. Two games of bowls. Talked about early marriages and the ascendancy of man over woman, etc.

Supped with A. — Showed a few sleight-of-hand tricks to the young pupils, Gengine, Machinka.

Met X this morning on La Treille, all smiles and graciousness. What exhausts the man nourishes the woman. For her the pleasure of love is like dew. And when she is reassured against shame, her instinct is to rejoice. She wishes to give herself, she needs to be taken. *Sint ut sunt.*

October 11, 1860

Uneventful day. Lost a great deal of time. Only a few useful hours from 10 A.M. to 1 P.M. — Classification of languages. — Errands. Had my hair cut. Talked with the business agent of the Chaps. Stopped at the wood-yard.

Disagreeable overcast weather, snow on the Jura, dismal rain and wind since ten this evening.

Laboriously arranged my little room and started the fire to receive X, to whom I am giving three notebooks of 'Allerley' so that she may copy out for me the portions suitable for printing. She showed me some very pretty drawings in pencil, pen, and sepia. A little collation prepared by myself. As she left, a disagreeable accident on the stairs, which makes me feel all the inconveniences of these furtive relations where the game is not worth the candle. To risk compromising two persons because of two hours of purely literary conversation is hardly reasonable. The boredom of solitude makes us bold.

Pleased with the 6th and displeased with the 11th. (11.30 P.M.)

October 12, 1860

(10 P.M.) Snow lies white at the foot of the Salève and the Voirons; it fell in the street this morning, mixed with rain; a lamentable sight. We have had no summer, only a few days of autumn and now the harsh weather is beginning, for I shivered this morning at my desk, and this evening, in order to keep warm, I had to wrap myself in my plaid and put on my winter slippers. Classification of languages. — Prévost-Paradol: 'History of the Jews.' — Visit to the Mint. Wrote Eg. Tried a new restaurant (Richet, at the Fusterie).

But, in short, lived alone, taciturn, absent-minded, busy, indifferent. It seems to me that I am changing and petrifying. My prolonged effort to do without others appears to have succeeded at last, and only too well. I feel at this moment no passionate need, no keen desire, no strong emotion. Enthusiasm, passion, ambition, even conscience, all seem asleep. Only the instinct of well-being and curiosity persists. Whence comes this state of mind? Is it the Philistinism that arrives with one's fortieth year? Is it poetry vanishing on being possessed for a moment? Is it egoism growing in solitude? Is life growing dull from failure to exercise one's best faculties, from lack of interest, energy, and aim? I do not know. But the effect is certain, which is that love, marriage, existence appear to me prosaic, banal, and tedious. If I am not blasé, I am at least satiated. Perhaps it is ingratitude. Illness, mourning, material cares will speedily disturb this spiritual calm. It would be better to offer it to heaven and return thanks. This state of the soul is favorable for study. Let us profit by it.

October 14, 1860

(10 A.M.) The thirteenth finished badly. Implacable Venus torments a solitary man, even when there is no desire or imagination. Just as the stomach and lungs imperiously demand food and air, another of our organic systems insolently de-

mands its nourishment and makes mock of our objections as well as of our reticences. The instinct of sex works in us without our will; Nature calls upon us to satisfy its rights, its desires, its commands. Its aim in this case is the cessation of the individual life and the entrance into generic life, the identification with another. This combustion of the ego, this abandon of the individuality, this total forgetfulness of self, I have never felt in its full sweetness except through poetic admiration or through moral or intellectual emotion, but even then, never, I think, to the depths of my being, to my very marrow. Neither ecstasy, nor rapture, nor intoxication, nor amazement have yet snatched me from the consciousness of myself, have conquered, overwhelmed, and absorbed me. I am ignorant of trans-humanization, and I only know impersonalization. This momentary death, this holocaust of the destroyed individuality, I only know through religious experience. I have been able to feel myself at one with God; no other creature has ever given me this complete impression, and yet this is what love does, true love, powerful and despotic, love as sacrifice, love as enthusiasm, love as beatitude, which makes one experience infinity and realize the impossible. I have been loved like this once, I think, but I have never met the mistress of my fate, my Beatrice, or if I have met her (for I have felt the prophetic shudder that announced the death of self and the birth of divine love), I have turned aside and recovered my imperilled liberty. The ideal imagined has always made me laugh at the reality. Or else the shame of being conquered, the embarrassment of an avowal, the terror of asking, the hesitation to receive a confidence, the impossibility of acting without advice, the eternal distrust of fate, of my neighbor, of illusions, of myself, obstacles, annoyances, mysteries, the unknown, the uncertain, have always stopped, discouraged, and chilled me, and it has always seemed simpler to stifle my hopes than to satisfy them and to remain a celibate rather than to find a companion.

(10 P.M.) I am sleeping at Cartigny in the room with two alcoves under the hospitable roof of my sister Fy. — At 8 A.M. I expected Eug. to walk with me to Cartigny. The frightful weather made the trip impossible. At noon carried over to L. (who was returning there with her husband, by carriage) the letters and papers that had accumulated in the kitchen. On returning I found the horse, *Gentil*, before the door and Jean hunting for the keys to the cellar. I helped him lay in his supply of wine and do other errands; then, since a ray of sun had come out, I slipped into the wagon while he took his place on the seat outside, and off we went! Shivered on the way. Cleared up a series of misunderstandings. The children stifled me with kisses, caresses that did me good. With their elders there were a few little matters to be

settled; my discretion makes me considered oversensitive; what would they think of my indiscretion? We are entering on a régime of mental reservations and unfavorable interpretations. It is annoying. But it is one indication the more of my irregular position; that my sister has enough on her hands; that it would be troublesome to her to have to care for me in case of illness; in short, that I ought to provide for my future, without embarrassing the daily life of a family to which I am in the main only a supererogatory annex. And in the main this is just. Although I try to disappear as much as possible and not to disturb any plan or arrangement whatever, I feel that my stay has been long enough. Ten years have exhausted the sum of good will and I ought to make my own life.

A call from Pastor Vig. — After tea the Str.s left. I am staying on. Played with Henry. Talked with the ladies. Fires everywhere. Bitter cold in the bedrooms.

October 22, 1860

Fog in the morning, fine in the afternoon, moonlight and fog in the evening. First day of the semester; made poor enough use of it.... Wrote to Marc. Monn., and to Fel. Bov. — Read 'l'Aventurière' by Augier; 'Toute Seule' (by Plouvier); 'Travelers in the Orient Today' (Phil. Chasles), 'Saint Marin la République.' — At La Paumière this evening, X gave me some freshly made copies.

We discussed delicate subjects. I am tentatively confirmed in many things that I believed. Ovid was not mistaken and Tiresias was quite right. (11 P.M.)

October 29, 1860

(Noon.) Morning consumed by trifles; sorted letters and papers, polished off some verses of 'La Cloche,' reviewed my manuscript for the next 'Collection.' — Only two things of any interest. At Les Bastions, I caught an admirable autumn effect; through the distant openings appeared a sky of velvety gray, avenues strewn with leaves that had fallen in the night, foliage that was golden, red, or tawny, a calm and melancholy view with resigned perspectives, typical of how life must appear to a woman of forty or a man of fifty. — Made anxious by a note from X announcing an indisposition. A forgotten point of view occurred to me and revealed a wrong of which I had never thought and a danger risked through sheer carelessness. Every infraction of customs, usages, prohibitions, and prescriptions of public opinion leads to its own punishment. The strong soul makes expiation. Must not forget this impression, these scruples, and this enlightenment.

(5 P.M.) We have little Louise G. with us, a miniature child of thirty-one months, chattering, singing, dancing like a tame canary. She is very fond of our home. I have played with her, coddled

her, and petted her a little so as to see her roguish and joyous little face smile. She seems like a living toy; she is a microscopic little woman beside whom Jules looks like a windmill and Henry as tall as a Patagonian. Also she repulses their caresses as if she feared being crushed by their clumsy boyish movements, while she comes to my knees and plays with me willingly. In that pretty little head, with its fair and naturally curly hair, ideas are already buzzing and pictures interest her greatly.

(6 P.M.) C. C. W., C. V. Alt., Jpf., Lsw., X, my sisters, my cousins, and a few elderly ladies (Mesd. Lg., Cst., etc., etc.,) through their confessions, revelations, or intimate confidences, have helped me to understand the feminine nature by enabling me to verify my direct intuitions and progressively to check my general hypotheses by particular cases. All the plastic arts, medicine, literature, satire, history, observation, have been of use to me as well as innumerable conversations and personal experiences. Thus my curiosity is almost satisfied and its edge dulled. The restlessness of ignorance and desire has given place to a contemplative interest. I know what I had need of knowing, and perhaps that is the best state of mind in which to approach marriage, without dangerous illusion or prejudicial repugnance, with calm, maturity, and wisdom, at once indulgent and understanding. Childishness and vain imaginings, confessed apprehensions and foolish

hopes, all the disturbing monsters of the imagination, tend to disappear. It seems to me that I see more simply, truly, and clearly. Good judgment has come to me late. What does that matter, if it has really come! I attribute much less value to many things that seemed to me essential, of prime importance, or at least most desirable; I am inclining towards the practical life. Am I approaching the autumn of life? Is this the ripeness of summer? In any case the solstice is passed, that is certain. I am at the September of life and the equinox seems to me the symbol of my inner state. The ardors of youth lie behind me. I have laid in my store of necessities and they are already beginning to spoil. The return may be begun or deferred according to the strength or weakness of my will. Strictly speaking, Nature grants me, by right, some ten years more of which I can still make what use I will. It may be a decline, if I let myself go, or a period of usefulness if I collect and concentrate my efforts. It is time for the harvest; anything not sown, grafted, and watered at the proper season can no longer be considered. One must cut one's pattern according to one's cloth. Your duty is to draw out what is within you, what you are able to give, and to resign your secret desires, your vague ambitions, your useless fancies. Look your fate in the face, measure your strength, calculate your chances, reduce your aspirations, control your will, determine your aim, simplify your life and work. In this way you will still be able to do something, the best thing that is still possible for you.

(11 P.M.) After supper, more distractions; I let myself be drawn into turning over a pile of borrowed photographs; Müller's 'Sylph' (or rather hierodule) led me to the Phallopheries and to the 'Mythological Dictionary' of Wollmer, then to the 'Archeological Dictionary' of Rich, going from article to article, and to the 'Encycl.' of Pictet. Thus I spend two hours pecking at the flowers of these erotic subjects to which the imagination is naturally provoked by the sight of the petulant nymph crowning a spiritless god. This casual excursion slightly resembles the foolish day-dreams into which the 'Symplagas Baedicans' of the Glyptography cast me one evening in Munich. The so-called nymph renders significant homage to the god of Lampsacus, and her expressive smile, combined with her effusive gesture and the inflection of her attitude, leaves no doubt of the prayer she is addressing to the protector of gardens.

The subject is passionate and even obscene, but with the nuances that voluptuous art can still give.

The children have been intolerable this evening. Call from Jules and his wife.

October 30, 1860

(Noon.) Rose early. Call from Marc. Monn. How much better women are than ourselves!

What a time of *höchste Zeit* it is for me! He is leaving for Paris with two volumes and a comedy. His articles to 'La Presse' and to 'l'Indépendance' have brought him in a thousand francs a month, but he had to write seven times a week to one of these sheets and three times to the other, fairly long letters.

At ten o'clock gave my opening lesson; dissatisfied with it. Lack of memory, presence of mind, and ease. A large audience. I must become capable of fluid and premeditated improvisation, and do without notes, the only method that is satisfactory and the only sufficient safeguard.

(5 P.M.) 'L'Illustration' mentions my translation of 'La Cloche'; two lines of print after a year of waiting. What a reward! And how that encourages one to apply to the Parisian critics! For four or five days we have been under a gray melancholy roof of clouds. It is like a motionless bank of fog suspended at a certain height above the city. That sky makes one understand the gloomy doctrine of predestination, which it resembles and beneath which it was written, said Prof. Chz. It is the reason for the great number of suicides that occur in Geneva, said Cell. the younger. To it we owe the general harshness of character here, which without being evil gives rise to a thousand evils and which without making us stupid causes many stupidities. And to think that four leagues from here, or a little way up above,

there is resplendent sunshine and that this month of October is superb everywhere! Isn't it enough to put one in a rage? To remember that these wretched dark days, melancholy and dull, count for us as weeks of fine weather, doesn't it drive one into an ill humor?

With Mad. S. D. looked over a lot of portraits (and visiting cards) of important people of to-day at Paris: the Court, the heads of the Empire, the official world of Paris, from the Empress to M. About. They are all quite unattractive, except Persigny. Returned the photographs from Schauer (Berlin) except seven or eight which I am keeping (those of Meyerheim and Kretschmer). But admired again the smiling intrepidity of the pretty sales-girl in regard to frivolous subjects and gallant pictures. It is curious to notice the difference between true naturalness and the elevated phrases of the maidenly romance, between the woman and the novelist. The explanation of the *sylph*, which she asked of me, did not even make her blink, and in the absence of other customers, the erotic sheet did not seem to have been opened. Yet the frivolous nymph seems to be dreaming on Priapus' neck of the fifteen joys of marriage, without the bother of a husband? Then how believe in the lowered lids and timid airs of the modest dove of the romance! The innocent assume fewer airs. They do not even understand; I have been able to verify this. I am tempted to believe that purity of imagination is as rare among girls with a little temperament as among boys, and less common with grown women than with mature men. The matter of love absorbs them quite differently from us; and Nature has wished it so. I have passed entire months and, when I was quite young, entire years without having sex play any important part in my thoughts, but it is always there in the mature young girl, under one disguise or another, for example, under that of repulsion or terror, confusion and anxiety. I have seen X change so quickly that it has enlightened me as to the value of affectations, appearances, protestations, and resistance. I have recalled some of the frank confessions of Ninon de Lenclos and other women of the eighteenth century, who somewhat betrayed the state secrets of their sex. — The great difference that I notice in myself, in this matter, is that the cycle of physical pleasure appears to me as a natural and universal phenomenon and that I judge it with philosophical impartiality instead of seeing in it, as formerly, a delirious temptation or an indecent shame. — The naturalistic point of view now takes precedence over the moralistic. But the latter is returning little by little, for Nature is only the symbol of the spirit and the illusion of the senses is only the pathway to the realities of the soul. Pleasure is only a kindly contrivance of Providence to help us to fulfil our destiny and to divine true happiness. The end of the pleasure is to bring us out of our egoistical singleness; but egoism persists so long as there is not true love, and there is no true love without voluntary sacrifice. The desire to make another happy, and happy according to the law of Nature, the will of society, and the divine intention, that is the sentimental principle of marriage; its rational side is the execution of justice and obedience to the moral law. *To give a woman the opportunity to exercise the virtues she bears within her*, to call out the forces and ripen the faculties of which she is the depositary, to open to her the conjugal, maternal, social, and human career for which she was born and towards which she is driven by the instincts of her nature, the impulses of her heart, and the longings of her soul, is a good action, a fine task, and almost a duty. A woman needs to make happy the one she surrounds with her affection, to give herself, devote herself, to expend herself entirely in her tenderness and love. She would like to be broken like the bread of life and poured in consolation, hope, and energy into the veins of the being whom she protects, and so long as she has not been able to satisfy this profound need of her nature she seeks, suffers, and pines.... As I write these lines I think involuntarily of one for whom they seem expressly meant. I have definitely refused a hand that has long been held out towards my own, a heart that had concentrated its ideal in the perfection of love and its happiness in complete sacrifice, a soul that was consecrated to me, a life that wished to exist only in my life, my thought, and my will. I refused out of caution; just now that seems to me to have been an act of harshness, a fault, a folly, almost a sin. All the obstacles and objections seem to me cowardly and insignificant, from the point of view of the soul's right; for such an affection constitutes a right, a divine right. That infinite constancy, that unlimited power of patience, of support, forgiveness, hope, that unshakable faith, that angelic tenderness return to my thoughts like a lament and give birth in me to regrets that have a shade of reproach, almost of remorse. Poor Egeria, in refusing you the joy of devoting to my service all the treasures of your loving heart, I wronged you, I wounded you, I wounded justice, I mutilated myself, and I augmented your affliction by the feeling that kindness had been foolishly slighted, a favor of heaven rejected, a happiness uselessly crushed; that a divine and sacred thing had been rashly destroyed without profit to any one. Can an attachment so indestructible, a passion so intense and pure be treated as something accidental? Are they not entitled to respect, to wonder, to admiration? Ought one to destroy what one could never create? Is not such a marvel more beautiful and rarer than any work of art? Is there not vandalism and impiety, as well as downright stupidity in scoring them off as a mistake; in trampling them down as if they were weeds? It seems that *she* has loved me since our first meeting, twelve years ago; if my friendship was not able to prevent the birth and suffering of this love, why should it have finally broken and destroyed it? Uncertainty, anxiety, and apprehension rise in my heart. All the more that to-day, at Plainpalais, I passed a lady who seemed to me Egeria's sister.

(11 P.M.) Called on my cousin Jul., who is also dissatisfied with my celibacy. With Jules read a 'Satire' — and the 'Epigrams' of Boileau. — The Grzs. came to see us this evening. — A solitary walk to La Treille.

I think I have not been to the Reading Society for ten months. I neglect the Reviews, the News, the booksellers and antiquarians, my friends, my correspondence, visits, reading, business. How do I spend my time? In trifling with my nephews, my dictionaries, and my intimate journal. At the end of a few months or a year it seems to me that I have done absolutely nothing, and meanwhile my hair falls and the days pass, age comes and folly remains. At bottom I am not living, and I grow old twice as rapidly.

November 1, 1860

My second lesson, more satisfactory than the first. Reading: Taine, Carlyle.

Rained all day. I feel my voice is already hoarse and a cold starting in my chest. — Arranged all the papers of my portfolio in files, and carried them to Blv., who advises against publication under present conditions. We read over a few selections that were new to him and I left him the collection. Read eighteen of the fables sent in to the competition of the Department of Literature; they seemed to us by the hand of Chz. and Roehr. In short, they are weak and mediocre.

With Jules read two 'Satires' by Boileau and his 'Chapelain Décoiffé.' This morning wrote a letter to Eg. in which I let my grievances appear, although I avoided harshness and useless wounding. I am putting off until Sunday an even more categorical letter, which costs me a good deal. Tried over on the piano with Mlle. Blv. and with Schubert's music my words for Goethe's 'Erlkönig.'

My kind X sends me my 'Allerly,' with fresh copies. She is barely well again and speaks to me vaguely of very severe pain and a distressing indisposition. This zeal and this discretion touched me. She is worth more than I.

Moreover, have been beset to-day by terrors, and a cloud of sinister prospects have pursued me into the secrecy of my thoughts. I have acquired a disgust for what used to charm me, that is, for delicate and gracious relations with women. I see that my childish fear of these things was a prophetic intuition. For a few flowers one finds a thousand thorns.... Distrust had spoiled my life. I attempted recklessness and the result was even worse. First I stifled the voice of Nature; then, for having yielded to the urge of instinct, I committed fault on fault. It appears I have wounded a series of hearts, wronged the lives of several, and that after having lived as a Joseph until I was thirty-nine I risk appearing a devourer of women, a hypocritical seducer, a bad character. How the penalty seems to vary with individuals and how prompt and swift it is with me! My unsociableness was, therefore, due to the instinct of self-preservation. My present anxieties have taught me a severe lesson. It is not enough not to seduce; one must not let one's self be seduced, nor perhaps allow one's self to be courted and sought out by women. One must protect them in spite of themselves, avoid and repulse them. You would not have believed or guessed it. You supposed the woman was responsible for herself so long as she was instructed, warned, ripened by years and a knowledge of life. It is only partly true. You certainly had reasons to imagine yourself far from dangerous to the sex, and yet Mad. P., the Berlin grandmamma, was right. It is ridiculous to say it, but you must watch over yourself and repress your sympathy which has often brought grief to your too sensitive fellow creature. A woman who is understood believes she is loved, and she willingly interprets the attention as a promise. Women must have far fewer moral categories and inner cells than we, far fewer nuances, shades, and forms of affection, especially in regard to the attraction they feel for the other sex! For my part, I have a long chromatic scale of varied inclinations, ranging from indifference to actual love, even between friendship and conjugal attachment. But I see that women find this very hard to understand; that each sign of interest appears to them a preference, almost a declaration, and all but a proposal of marriage. We are evidently not made alike. Whence illusions and unexpected sorrow.... More arguments against a virile celibacy. It does small good and often causes suffering in those around us. If women are very irritating to men, a man almost always makes a woman suffer, even without wishing to do so. Life sometimes seems to be a contract of mutual persecution between the two sexes. A good marriage seems the most profitable way of crossing this valley of anxiety and misery. But I scarcely dare hope it for myself or ask it of Providence, for I am not worthy of this happiness, and I am afraid of fate. (11 P.M.)

November 2, 1860

(10 P.M.) I am overwhelmed with distress. Everything I have to do oppresses and disturbs me. The Academy, the Town Hall, the Institute, business, family duties, disturbances of the heart, anxieties about the future, present perplexities, all this pursues me. My room bores me, I have begun to have a cold, and I have no plan of work;

my correspondence is in arrears; in short, a thousand things weigh upon me, and the consciousness of my weakness, my mistakes, my blunders, my debts, tightens my throat and makes me drop my arms. What are my Dead? They are my golden days, my hopes, my gayety, my inner peace. I see day and light nowhere; my days and weeks are squandered in weak, contradictory movements; I am as enchained as Gulliver by fifty spiders' threads; I am divided, irresolute, floating, torn inwardly. I am equally lacking in spirit, strength of will, and any evidence of intelligence. I feel disgusted, discouraged, tired of my own existence, weary of defending myself, afraid of every undertaking, as always mistrusting everything. What an insupportable person was this Sir H. F. A. when he lived as a professor at the Academy of Geneva! Weary of the struggle, I should like to bury him.... This anxiety is pure cowardliness and horror of effort.... My will, weak, timid, fragile, is as afraid of everything as a gazelle. What would I not do to avoid action, to spare myself a decision or a determination? To avoid sacrifice I renounce, not to have to defend myself I hate myself, so as not to be conquered I abdicate; to allow fate no hold upon me I reduce myself to a mathematical point; to avoid living badly I try not to live at all. Cowardliness, laziness, discontent, anxiety, all that goes with weakness, all that results from hesitation. I am afraid of being mistaken. I dare not assume responsibility, risk my present, my future, my pride, or my timidity in a battle, in a promise, in any sort of work whatever. My confidence is always at zero. At bottom I feel myself alone and my ultimate point of support not really one at all. I distrust myself even more than any one else; I even think (this I hardly dare confess) that I distrust my conscience and perhaps God. This pneumatic vacuum, this inner inanity destroys all my strength. I live, I love, I write, I jest all more or less on the surface. It seems to me that in my depths there is nothing but doubt, night, and cold. ... No, that is an exaggeration on my part. I believe in the moral order, I believe in a general Providence, I even believe in salvation; only I do not know whether lack of courage is at the bottom of my skepticism or if doubt is the father of my discouragement. At the beginning a *punctum saliens* of individuality is a spontaneous force, an obscure but energetic act of the will; reflection has almost destroyed in me instinct and will; the intelligence has sublimated and volatilized the peculiarly moral being. Can that be the explanation? I must have concentrated too much on understanding, on contemplation, and must have weakened even more that already weak organ. I must have administered poorly my spiritual patrimony. I must have atrophied an inner system. I must be a human being without will and in consequence an abnormal fragment of space and especially of the virile sex. The truth is, that at present I feel more pleasure than indignation in dissecting my misery. My sense of honor seems to have passed into my head. To be aware of what takes place in me is the great matter. The critical passion has consumed all the other instincts; psychological curiosity wishes to console me for all moral mishaps. Is that right? No. Everything that unfits us for life, everything that engulfs conscience and betrays its needs, everything that flatters our favorite weaknesses is wrong; it is an offering to our idol, a concession to our egoism. This tendency is dangerous and its punishment comes quickly. It destroys our power for good.

(11 P.M.) To-day I have written many letters: to Am., to Mad. P., at Berlin, to the architect Jun., the lawyer Gtz., at Mfr. Looked over the family papers. — Called on my cousin Bt. and my sister L. Have not opened a book and have read only the newspapers. — Made a few arrangements for winter, the fire, the carpet, changed the position of my bureau. — None the less I am still in a provisional state, without positive plan or regular habits. — Stimulated my nephews by showing them the paper 'l'Écolier' that I founded in the fourth class at school. Jules took fire.

November 14, 1860

(10 P.M.) After my conversations with X, I am much enlightened on a whole series of things that

it is important for a man to know, and I have lost many harmful illusions or at least much embarrassing ignorance. But I also realize better the value of health, youth, good humor, and a good conscience, of a woman who is simple, sweet, natural, and courageous. However, what is best is always what one has not got; that is, when one has a mind, like my own, inclined to distrust fate. — Thus I should like to have a woman to form and develop, now that I can have them already formed; and I should discover the bad sides of wealth, relations, distinction, and culture in proportion as I met with them. My mind labors to find reasons for abstaining, to discourage and disgust me with action. The fear of making a decision makes me welcome all vetoes which I receive as liberators.

April 2, 1861

A magnificent day. As I was about to set out for Montreux, I was invited on an excursion to Régny (Savoy). I accepted. We were four, M. Zoll, a geologist, and Hg., two professors, my student, H. Faz., and I. Started at half-past ten in the morning and returned at half-past nine in the evening. Rested at Mornex, at the *Pierre aux Fées*, at the inn at Régny, and at Chêne. Keen interest in the conversation and views. A geologist, a jurist, a numismatist, and a philosopher; gayety, a charming landscape, buoyant air, bright sunshine; such were the ingredients of our pleasure. This trip has cheered, exhilarated and revived me. (Midnight.)

April 3, 1861

(8 A.M.) Let us take up again the memorial of yesterday's trip, especially since it is raining in buckets and to my great displeasure I find myself shut in.

Picturesque impressions: 1. The blossoming plum trees at Gaillard. — 2. A sun burning hot through our felt hats. — 3. An odd landscape on the slope of the little hill Salève, very varied in color in spite of the absence of verdure. — Dined out of doors, under the pavilion of the Croix Blanc, beside the house of Ed. Mun. — The rapid descent along the Vierzon; a path-brook. — Sensations in the brigands' gorge; the scenes and settings of an opera. — The field of curious boulders (*toto ialo*, doggies of stone!) delightful prospect from the *Pierre aux Fées*, Druidic and Celtic impressions, beautiful clumps of trees, a wide view in all directions over a large open plain, enclosed in a circle of mountains almost entirely white, the limpid and exhilarating atmosphere, a multitude of narcissus, scyllas, and violets; running waters, the tower of Bellecombe, the changed appearance of the Voirons; the superb Bornants, the effect of a half-crumbled crater of snow. Four dominant colors; blue sky, white mountains, the faint green of the plain, and all the brown or russet lines (forests, hedges, slopes) — the flooded path enclosed between two hedges. The poor inn at Régny, tidy outside, miserable within. Sour wine, café au lait, frosted cakes. — The highest summits pink in the setting sun. — The lugubrious appearance of the Arvre, at the bend near to Vierzon. Distant sounds of cannon, coming from Étrembières. A quarter of an hour before reaching Moillesulaz, the army corps divided, and two went on ahead, walking more quickly.

Conversation: I. M. Zoll. (from Saint-Gallos), who has returned from Styria, where he has been working for two years on a geological map of the northern Alps, spoke to us; first, of Gratz (university, polytechnic school, factories, and topography), of the Slav population (dirty, defiant, debauched, and lazy), of the climate (very continental); second, of the rocks and their distribution; of coral islands—there are three kinds: those that edge reefs, those that form bars, and atolls; Darwin's theory; 1000 in number, some of them as large as Switzerland; third, of volcanic mass and the constancy of its volume; fourth, glaciers, the glacial period, moraines, polished rocks, glacial scratches, moving glaciers; fifth, as a teacher at Venice (of geography); sixth, Europe stifled by the Sahara and the Gulf Stream.

II. H. Faz talked about the antiquities of the country; consular currency, Mr. Longchamp's luminous proof of the religious symbol of the family, on the back of the medallion, the hoax of 'This is the road of Asses' (by which MM. Mérimée and Maury were caught); the antiquarians De Gingins, Troyon; the archives of Berne and Lausanne; of the Frenchmen Alex. and Aug. Bernard; Cæsar's wall; Dam. and Chenev.'s debates in the department of Moral Sciences. — Mad. G. and her frivolity. — Gal., genealogist of the Faz.'s. — Articles by Sainte-Beuve and Xav. Marmier, on Sayous and Lake Leman.

III. J. Hg. applies the Hegelian theory of the comic to the little pigs of the Lausanne market. — The archeology and philosophy of history. — Ritter's geography. — W. Scott, Scotland, the country of individualism, of modern liberalism, the Puritans, the English and American Revolutions, German Protestantism, Calvinism; the Reformation under cover of the Roman idea; Ch. de la Harpe at Lausanne; Molière, Destouches, Beaumarchais; the peoples of Africa; Mlle. Clémence Royer and her pedantry; Feuerbach and the essence of Christianity; Rome and its relations with the conquered.

IV. H. F. A. spoke of mental maladies (examples from Geneva — origin and varieties — blighted educations, etc.); of nationalities and the problems that attach to them; of metempsychosis and of the immortality of the soul; the destinies of humanity, civilization, fatherland, language, Switzerland; — of excessive individualism; of Calvinist cemeteries and churches; of purgatory and eschatology; is the basis of history might or justice? The narrow limits of our liberty;—protectionism.

Summing up: Z., the geologist, is the most limited but the happiest of the four; H. F., the scholar, is intoxicated with youth and study; his delight is inexhaustible; he is troubled only by stirrings of precocious ambition and by eyestrain. J. H. has read most and has the most positive individuality. H. F. A. is the most negative and the most critical, the most changeable and the least happy; his only compensation is that he is also the most psychological and has perhaps greater skill in analysis. — These days of intellectual sociability are precious and helpful. They stimulate all the faculties and *re-invigorate* thought and the general vitality.

July 14, 1861

(8.30 A.M.) Dare I set down the ideas that visited my pillow this morning at daybreak? Why not, following Montaigne's maxim. I felt I had the conjugal point of view. I understood how purifying for a man were the caresses of a loving woman. A virile generosity replaces the fever of desire or the superstition of physical pleasure. Pity for nature, reconciliation with the real, progress towards truth, the shedding of a dangerous illusion, maturity of vision; there is revelation, initiation, advancement in this point of view. It frees one also from false delicacy, false disgust, and false idealism that spoil the enchantment of things and sicken the imagination. In addition it reassures the man who feared to reach satiety through possession. I feel myself better off, better prepared for a common life, more sympathetic, more obliging, more tender. The moral hurt that in my childhood gave me a precocious and sinister idea of sex — can it be that it is remedied only now? I have returned to simplicity after thirty years of distortions, temptations, and anxieties. What a singular Odyssey! In the case of others, the first infraction of purity destroys them; with me the first infraction of continence cures me. — This experience forms the psychological basis of one of George Sand's novels, the scene of which is laid in the Roman countryside and the name of which escapes me. 'Daniella,' I think. I had been struck by this conception, but I did not believe it to be true. — This fact also seems to prove that I did wrong not to marry earlier; I distrusted myself too much. I feared I should begin to hate constancy once I had promised it, and I dared not count upon myself in unknown circumstances; it seemed to me that I might become despotic, ill-natured, jealous, egoistical through anger, disappointment, and disgust. To-day I am more hopeful. If trickery or ill-will make me implacable, it seems to me that for the other failings of the weaker sex I should find I had, at need, patience, gentleness, support, indulgence, and kindness. Moreover, I believe in help from above. In short, the faith women have had in me appears to me worthier of attention and more clairvoyant than I had imagined until now. They could not all be mistaken in *the same way!* Besides, in this case the prophet would strive to make the prophecy succeed; for if my pride prevents me from defending myself against those who think ill of me, or from seeking to win their esteem, on the other hand, my heart attaches me to whoever believes in me and forbids me to betray the confidence shown me.

July 19, 1861

Radiant weather, an excursion to Begnins, a bachelor supper with Dr. St., with Fr., and his colleague Brt.: this is how I spent my day and seventeen cloudless hours. — On the train made the acquaintance of the painter Zimmerman, a pupil of Calame, on an artistic expedition to Gsteig. The delights of liberty, the blue air, speed. Got off at Gland and climbed up the paths to Begnins, the first village of the lower Jurat. At the Écu Vaudois, a large, square, substantial house, at once an inn, town hall, prison, and communal wine-shop, I did not find the Grd.s I had come to see. Wife and children had accompanied to the station the father who was going to Geneva to be vaccinated. Recalled memories of my uncle and godfather, who, when he was already very ill and his legs swollen, passed several weeks in this same house, on this terrace shaded by plane trees. Here we met Marie, Eugène, Aunt Fanch. All that little group is scattered now; some are at present in Savoy, another in Egypt, and two are journeying in the country of the dead. — Entered through a gap into the deserted and shaded enclosure about the ruined château of the village. I sat down on a worn bench swallowed up in tall grass at the foot of a walnut tree that drooped its fresh foliage over the southern angle of the terrace. An immense view unrolled before my enchanted eyes, stretching from the Alps of Chambéry to those of Fribourg, with a green and smiling country lying in front of the lake which was itself in the foreground, and with the colossal pyramid of Mont Blanc as centre and summit. Passed two or three beautiful hours there dreaming, looking, and sleeping; listened to the gurgling and chattering of a brook that slipped through the grass, the blows of axes in distant vineyards, the songs of the larks. The air was so limpid and so sonorous that I felt I had grown younger and possessed a new and keen sight and hearing. Peace, well-being, and tranquil serenity enveloped and bathed me completely, and I felt the intangible beauty of this vast nature penetrate my veins, fill me with calm, and awake in me the benumbed sense of happiness. A honeymoon should be passed in the Canton de Vaud. All things here caress, smile, and console. One has only to yield one's self to the charms of this nature which makes one forget one's troubles, which invites to silence, leads gently to ecstasy, and encourages tenderness. I have come to understand better than ever the Vaudois temperament, and I have gone over in my imagination many parts of the country about Lake Leman. Here I have lived in the midst of poetry, in the midst of an idyll. Inevitably the *little fairy* passed through these memories, in which she held so large a place. She understood so well the poetry of the setting, the charm of the picture, and the enchantment of an idle day passed out of doors, at the edge of the forests, in sight of the blue curve of the lake. Over these different slopes, about Aubonne, Lausanne, Savigny, Gourse, and Montreux, she has scattered the invisible rosary of the graces of the heart, the spotless pearls of the soul, the imperishable roses of pure and divine love. That love, of which I was the object, has made this enchanting country a sort of sanctuary for me, and my mind is vaguely aware of the wandering ghosts of some twenty mornings when the subtle ether of the ideal life cradled and refreshed me as if I were a dweller on Olympus, and when my heart sang the praises of heaven and earth, as the nightingale celebrates the festival of spring. How would it have been if I myself had adored instead of only being touched, if I had been personally impassioned, instead of being merely softened and sympathetic, if all these joys, instead of being only garlands of grateful affection, had been the celebration of actual love, the solemn and final hymn? Thought also of Gyron, of Charnex, of Villars. — To sum up, tender, deep, peaceful love, truly conjugal love, could not find a better countryside, a more propitious Elysium, for hours of expansion or relaxation than the Vaudois country.

July 20, 1861

X speaks of a happiness unfelt until now, of a calm ennobling cheerfulness that creates a thirst for goodness: and she wonders what she can bring me in return. She has every good instinct; a plant full of possibilities that it is an honor to cultivate. (9.45 P.M.)

July 22, 1861

(1 P.M.) Scribbled letters all morning to G. P., at R. and to the 'Étoile de Villars,' to Mme. Web. Sent off the letter to Nebraska at the same time. — Met by chance a whole string of old acquaintances; Papa H., who is back from Italy; Aug. T., who has come down from *Les Avants*; the exuberant Camp., who has arrived from Berne. Also read a mass of papers with articles by Paradol, Saint-Victor, Kertbing (on Heine), etc. — Dined alone. Translated for Fri. a letter from his pastor, director of a house of refuge for girls, from which three giddy young persons of Geneva have escaped. The sap of life, a thirst for emotions, the need of

love, an impulse toward the unknown, expansion, contagious ardor, everything thrusts me violently outside of myself and cries to me, 'love, act, give yourself, while it is day, while there is still some youth in you, before the hour comes when you will say to yourself, sighing, "I no longer take pleasure in it!"' Let us respect this instinct and if possible satisfy it.

(7 P.M.) Wrote to my sister L. — Read several Essays of Montaigne. Looked over 'Contemporary Greece.' In short, the day went to the devil. — Entirely sentimental. Learned almost nothing.

(10 P.M.) Supped alone. Walk to La Prairie. Met poor Dlle. Val. of S. who was being taken out by two nurses. It was pathetically sad. A moonrise that blazed like fire through the gap at the foot of the Mole. Phœbe was entirely round and turned to silver the lawns wet with dew, while her mysterious rays sifted through the dark shadows of trees and hedges. X, oppressed with an indefinable happiness, no longer felt the need of conversation, but only that of looking and feeling. She was indisposed and let herself be petted with the sweetness of an affectionate child. We spoke, however, of the 'Marquis de Villemer,' of the difference between passion, desire, and tenderness, of the tendency to lose one's temper and of the means for mastering it, of the liberating conditions of life. In short, she radiates an inner joy because she feels herself understood, accepted, and taken as she

wishes to be, since she has what she desires and asks nothing more. She finds she is entirely changed, she says, and did not believe that any one could be so happy. I have acted as her protector, delicately but not with impunity. The experience costs; what matter, so long as there is no egoism. Now I am talked to more frankly than a mother, a sister, and a husband. I read one more heart almost like a book. The deciphering of the feminine mystery remains, after all, inexhaustibly interesting. The doctor, the consoler, the guide, the master, the confidant, the initiator is always the same to women; it is the man they love. Strength, light, health, energy, and repose, they find it all in him; he is the idol, the half-god, the magician, the sun of their existence. They would like to be able to adore, to devote, and to surrender themselves all at once. They belong unreservedly to whoever holds the key to their secret life, to whoever can pronounce the sacred formula of 'Open, Sesame.' They are his who can understand them to their depths. To be understood, to be taken, to be penetrated, to be possessed. That is why they hide, flee, and conceal themselves passionately. Their liberty is lost with their mystery; from that moment they are conquered; the fate of a woman is in the hands of a master. What will he do with it? A woman wonders with submission, abnegation, or terror. The tragic crisis of her life is being decided. — A chorus of voices heard from afar, probably the Orphans out walking. — The unknown and touching devotions of humble perseverance and uncomplaining courage. — On our return her foot was lighter and her step quicker, although she had set out with languor and weakness and it was a critical day. A little happiness cures everything and makes everything endurable. The trouble that is really insupportable to a woman is an empty heart. For her to love is to know and to will, it is health, courage, and gayety. A letter she loves placed over her heart does her as much good as a shield or an elixir, and serves her as an amulet or a talisman. I admire the workings of Nature and I bless God.

Yesterday morning I wrote something like this: 'Women sometimes solve in play problems that men only formulate with effort. Thus with the strange problem of a love-friendship, vainly pursued all his life by the Genevese philosopher, Lesage, and to which you have instinctively found the key. This is because instinct is a twin of genius and the feminine heart is a nest of adorable instincts.' It seems that this letter has delighted her. — I let live and help to live. She is grateful to me.

July 23, 1861

(7 P.M.) I am full of a sort of gnawing restlessness, a real discontent with myself to-day. Why? Because I have done nothing worth while.

Looked over Montaigne, nibbled at two 'Satires' of Juvenal (VI and IX), ran through Martial, read the July number of the 'Revue Suisse,' sought in vain for a mislaid notebook, fell back into the fearful folly of days aimlessly squandered and of low curiosity recklessly followed. — Called on my cousin J. B. — But, in short, I feel agitated, empty, ashamed, vexed, and anxious; and the cause is that I have shoved duty aside and refused to recognize my task through horror of any decision or determination whatever. Therefore, with great effort I have obtained nothing, and all my action has remained sterile. — Alas! sin on sin. Sensuality, discouragement, laziness, cowardliness, forgetfulness of God, confusion, sorrow, and remorse. — And the origin of all this? An act of folly yesterday evening which spoiled something beautiful. An injury is done me without its being even intended. — The death of carnal pleasure means the increase of life; its awakening is a menace, its triumph a half-murder. — 'There is something of a Delilah in every woman,' said Daniel Stern.

July 24, 1861

(Morning.) (Scattered thoughts:) What is libertinage? The selfish search for carnal pleasure. What constitutes it, therefore, is egoism. Love suppresses libertinage because it is love; that is to say, the opposite of egoism. This is the touchstone of the purity or impurity of caresses.

What lowers, debases, or even soils physical pleasure is enjoyment; what can ennoble it is its conversion into study; what entirely purifies it is its metamorphosis into offering and sacrifice; always the same principle. The flesh is inferior to thought and thought inferior to charity. — The scrutiny of one's self spoils everything, forgetfulness ennobles everything. — A fraud against nature constitutes what we call vice; and the debasing of nature what we call infamy. — Ovid and Parny sing the praises of carnal pleasure, Juvenal and Grécourt of vice, Martial and Sade of infamy.

Why is it that gluttony and drunkenness are less corrupting than carnal pleasure? Because they attack honor less. Why is sexual pleasure shameful? Because it ought only to be sacred, and through frivolity it borders on sacrilege.

Why is love proud of itself and generation ashamed? Because love is generous and celestial, and generation appears brutal and carnal. The pleasure which attaches to it and assures its execution is just what humiliates and dishonors the soul.

Why is it that the last and highest proof of love, and the most sublime of works, that of creating man, are joined by Nature to the vilest and most sordid functions of the body? Is it to dignify these functions of the lower man? Is it to prevent the pride of the spiritual man? Is it to establish human fellowship on the basis of pity and humility? —

No; the true point of view is faith in Nature, filial reconciliation with her, pious submission to her ends and to her wisdom, gratitude towards her, and the conviction that she has hidden in the woman for man and in the man for woman every good, every consolation, and the joys they need to traverse life together, and that in the two of them, and in their mutual relations of every sort, are summed up the secrets, contrasts, correspondences, all the verities of the universe so far as they are intelligible and accessible, so that in a united and complete existence they possess an abstract of the world, the quintessence of history, and a summary of Nature. It is in this religious thought that I recover the equilibrium disturbed by my imperfect experience, followed by lax reading. From the top of a loftier peak one understands the mistakes and wanderings of one's own path. Reason alone is always right, and the inner freedom consists in returning to reason.

July 25, 1861

(3 P.M.) In Les Bastions read 'Eugénie Grandet' (Balzac). The first impression (after George Sand) is disagreeable; it is a decline in style. One passes from the music of poetry to the harsh and discordant prose of reality. Balzac does not support or exalt one into 'the divine sentiment of the immortal harmony of things,' of which George Sand speaks ('Mare au Diable'). He does indeed speak

of women with enthusiasm and of true love with feeling, but what he says is always crude; it lacks delicacy and nobility of taste; it does not cause one to see or to feel beauty. It magnifies, analyzes, and exaggerates only the real. B. draws everything in high relief, an enormous artistic energy, a violent and striking rendering, but little idealism and no peace. With him temperament preponderates greatly over soul and conscience. He has many ideas and especially is rich in observations, but no convictions, principles, or faith. He flays, he dissects, he galvanizes; he is always the keen and energetic producer, the bilious, despotic man who wills, who devours, who succeeds. But I infinitely prefer George Sand. She respects life; she scales those high summits, eloquence, contemplation, and passion; she consoles, she soothes, she cheers, and she elevates. The former is ambitious and imperious, the latter grave and enthusiastic. B. is a seeker of gold, G. Sand is a sibyl. The first is a talent, the second a soul; and while the one instructs you through the pitiless study of the ugly and trivial, the other refreshes you through the discovery of the beautiful and great in divine and in human nature. To sum up, G. S. has an ideal, that is to say a religion and an inner form of worship, and her task is the construction of a better city, of a nobler world than the one that lies under her eyes: in a word, she is a poet, B. is an investigator.

July 28, 1861

At last to the theatre. Heard Mme. Ristori in the French piece of Legoubé, 'Beatrix.' I came out in tears and left hastily so as not to have to speak to any one and hear crudities and banalities *à propos* of a strong emotion. Decidedly, every day I am becoming more feminine; feeling is the centre of my life. All the rest is only a distraction. A pretty head in a box, a touching novel, a pathetic drama, eclipse every other thought for me; I even await any letters whatsoever with a sort of fever. In short, I am in a state of desire, in a vulnerable, uneasy, amorous condition. That is what I have got by resigning successively all ambitions; I am at the mercy of my heart, I depend on a dream, I long only for a love that should finally fill my soul and my life; and yet I do not hope. — I have made many mental reservations against Mme. Ristori's presentation *in French*, against that theatrical, declamatory performance, against the Italian accent, the lack of finesse and wit in the simple and familiar parts; I was disappointed in twenty ways by the author and the action; but no matter, emotion overcame me towards the end. The heroism and fatalities of a great love subjugated me irresistibly; and this name of Beatrix, and my unconfessed dreams, and the poignant situation, and Ristori's admirable acting of grief and passion, finally brought me under the spell. The tragic essence of a lost love appears ever clearer to me in its reality and its intoxication, the depths of life seem ever closer to poetry. Art, grief, beauty, happiness, assume a meaning for me that is ever clearer, grander, and simpler. In short, it seems to me that I do not stand quite still, and that if I decline in mental faculties, in memory, productive talent, power of conception and attention, still I am developing morally, I understand better human nature, the secrets of life, and the nature of the passions; my mind becomes commonplace, my soul becomes more sympathetic. I seem to see a cycle in the evolution of my last thirty years. Beginning with conscience, then expanding into thought, I am returning quite simply to the heart.

July 31, 1861

I found X, who had been secreted in the mysterious pavilion for two minutes, and I murmured to myself the pretty verses of Monnier: *The woman who loves you is a faithful doe*, etc. Felt that delicious sensation of being at home, in the nest where one is awaited, desired, and caressed. The shadows were discreet, and the sky, swept clear of the mist and clouds of the day, sparkled with stars against its black velvet. Having come hurriedly, I was very warm. She wrapped me in her light cloak, which was ample for two, and there, like two fledglings on the same twig, we talked softly of all that interested us, of her pleasures and her annoyances, of my plans for travel, of Mme. Ristori, of the different sorts of affection, of symbolism, of different sorts of kisses, of education, of what we had just been reading, of the transformation of love into friendship, of the reasons that recall her to Paris in September, of her little boy, etc. We returned by the light of the Milky Way, very cheerfully, though stealthily. She, too, is anxious for me to marry and for me to continue giving her my lessons in style and my literary confidences. With me, she says, she no longer feels the least shadow of constraint and reveals herself entirely to the bottom of her soul. It is true that there is a notable change in this direction and that she has gained a great deal in frankness. She also feels much wiser and calmer than she was two years ago. In short, I think I have done her good, while I have helped her win her lawsuit.

August 1, 1861

A charming letter from X which does my heart good. She squares our reckoning and clears up our situation in the grand manner, with delicacy, justice, and loyalty. It is the handclasp from the saddle, the farewell wish, the parting blessing. After all, there is one soul that has kept in line, logical in her will and her behavior, capable of rectitude and friendship. She surpasses my hopes and consoles me for other shipwrecks. This note increases my gratitude and my esteem.

August 4, 1861

Climbed up alone to Leonilla, at the hottest hour of the day (2 P.M.). Magnificent weather; Mont Blanc appeared brand-new. The country about Tronchin was splendidly majestic. Mountains and foliage seemed to delight in the blue air and to be intoxicated with the sky and with joy. At Leonilla, I found M.'s two sisters who had come from France to rest at Monnetier: and Mad. Lucie L. dressed like an Amazon and almost attractive, much more so, in any case, than as a young girl. It was she who was destined for me by her sister. She pleases me better now than formerly. But what gladdened me especially, after the kind reception of the parents, were the caresses of the little girls. I was thirsty for tenderness and kisses. As if Loulou suspected it instinctively, she kept coming back to my knees. Her childish blandishment charmed me more than I dare say; and when on my departure she accompanied me as far as the lower hedge, I kissed her almost with effusion, although in all innocence. — There is, however, something mysterious in the attraction of a kiss; I know two or three young girls with ardent hearts, for whom I have some attraction, and who do not inspire me with the shadow of desire, while that little girl would make me like to cover her with kisses from head to feet. — With the years philosophers always become more sensitive to the charm of grace and always more mad about beauty, that symbolic epitome of every excellence, that intuitive summary of every perfection. At forty I shall end by feeling like a youth, that is, by being in love with all women and perhaps the slave of all loving eyes. This frightens me a little, and yet, after all, my heart grows forward to meet all tender emotions as if it were impatient to fulfil its destiny and were demanding its share of youth and happiness.

August 5, 1861

Letter from X, 'full of a deep joy that finds no expression.' After all perhaps it is her gratitude that attaches me most to her. It is so good to make people happy. Only this gratitude makes my heart too soft, and the indifference or ingratitude of others seems to me harder afterwards by comparison. Experienced in return a real outburst of tender cordiality. — The instinct for life with a companion is still stirring in me. A taste for love, marriage, and paternity solicits me so long as I do not stop my ears. I should like to clasp to my heart whoever loves me a little, that is, whoever I can strengthen, delight, console, and understand. To share one's being, to open one's heart, reveal one's life, pour one's self out: through the gift of one's soul, to be multiplied in the widening circles of existence, that is the desire, the hope, the cry of the creature that has attained maturity. Love, in all its forms, that is the great thirst that persecutes me.

(Later.) Called to La Prairie. Same impressions as to our meeting last Wednesday. Protected by the triple covering of the pliant cloak, the overhanging foliage, and the starry night, we cheered each other with intimate conversation and opened the casket of our secret thoughts, to mingle them as they blend the odors of two perfumes. I talked of my present plans, of my adventures on my travels, etc. She spoke of her present life, of the changes of her heart, of her quiet, intense happiness on the balcony with its climbing vines and a certain letter on her knees, etc. A little gleaming worm shone in the darkness beside us. He saw nothing that was not upright and fastidious. The feeling of perfect possession gives reserve and true purity. Complete surrender brings one back to innocence. I could, I believe, have undressed that charming woman and have done it as chastely as her mother. The senses were conquered and the attraction was all the stronger. I felt that I was also causing happiness, and this delicate experience pleased me. X spoke again with effusion of her serious joy, of the bitterness of her short married life, of the restoration and expansion of her life since I have helped to direct her studies and her tastes. In short, we were entirely satisfied with each other. Intuitively I penetrated her completely. She confessed it. This intussusception of the feminine nature is, I think, the most subtle pleasure that a loving woman can give a nature like mine.

August 6, 1861

(8 A.M.) A sensation of well-being and lightness on awakening. Everything said to me: 'Profit, examine, make up your mind and go.' X whispered in my ear, yesterday evening: 'Start your trip, absence no longer disturbs me. Besides, I want you to marry; it is a crime that you have no children to bring up, and a misfortune that you have no home of your own. You have done me a great deal of good. My life is disentangled, my future clear, my ideas and aspirations are higher and better, especially more settled. In granting me your esteem you have given me a strength that will not be spent for some time. I do not wish to be jealous and I feel that I can still become more truly your friend. I feel completely at peace to think that I can tell you everything, even my worst stupidities, if I commit them, and that with you I shall always find indulgence, discretion, and advice. In short, if I dared I should bless you.' These words, which have been the reward of my pains and which have poured balm on my soul, gave me a sense of buoyant exhilaration. The impression of deliverance of which she speaks, deliverance from any painful mental reservation or anxious presentiment, reached me also. She was happy and I the same. Two hours passed thus, I don't know how, mingled with those delicious little caresses without which a woman cannot express or utter the happiness overflowing from her

heart and which is the only natural tongue of passionate or childish affection. Curled up on my knees like Loulou, she watched with me the sparkling of the Milky Way. It was enchanting. — Happy those who have loved young and have found early the woman of their youth! The whole impure troop of unconfessed and evil lusts, of carnal desires and immodest dreams, of irritating curiosities, of forbidden thoughts, is spared them. Economy of strength, time, effort, and innocence.

(Scattered thoughts:) The kiss on the mouth is a poetic hymen. The crescendo of tenderness is only possible through the gradual spiritualization of intimacy. — Love is not entirely free from remorse unless it is certain of esteem and unless its violence is completely blended with gratitude and admiration. — He knows little about woman who has not seen her submissive to the depths of her will, giving herself humbly, ardently, tenderly, with her whole being, like a child to its mother. She would like to be transubstantiated into him whom she loves. Love is the exaltation of life, and tenderness is the crown of love. — Love is the suppression of distance; in its essence it is unification, identification, fusion. So long as you feel yourselves two, love laments. This means that perfect penetration is reserved for the soul, which alone solves the problem of the double unity and the single duality, for once and always.

(11 P.M.) New coincidence. X wrote me that

the swallows at her window this morning seemed to her much less happy than she and that her lightness of heart was inexpressible. 'It is as if we were together.' To-day intense heat. Bath at Arvre. Call from H. G., who brings me the salutations of Prof. Lepsius of Berlin. — Reading: W. Reymond, 'Literature of the Second French Empire.' Ruckert ('*Liebesfrühling*') 'The Goldseekers of the Rhine.' — Cavour on Napoleon III, etc.

Called on the ladies Web. — Supped with them and my family at Jules. — Mad. W. considers MM. B. and Jules very much changed, and me, on the contrary, the same in the sixteen years that we have known each other. — The indescribable exhilaration of this morning quiets down; I return gradually to my usual ordinary state. Perhaps it is natural, but it is regrettable, for it is a loss.

August 7, 1861

(9 A.M.) Poor Robinson Crusoe, where have you been? — On awakening, an inner voice addressed such a question to me. Realized with confusion that for a long time I have given up my life as a man, that I have become a stranger to the general life, to the movements of literature and science, to theology and philosophy, to the political and religious transformations of my country, to the progress of my academic specialty, etc. I no longer have any masculine conversation or any virile correspondence, I have no circle of friends, I neglect

the reviews and the libraries, I do not publish the least article. In short, I have become a complete stranger to myself, allowing all my precedents to be lost, shutting my eyes to my intellectual decadence, and to the flagging of my curiosity and will. I learn nothing and I forget; I do nothing and grow torpid; I dissipate myself and become stupefied; I grow illiterate, bewildered, powerless. — What is my sole interest? Affection. My single occupation? Writing letters. My sole object of study? The feminine heart. Here I am again back in the unicellular life of a sentimental schoolboy. — Whence comes this enormous narrowing of existence? From disgust complicated by pride and lassitude, aggravated by discouragement. So as not to confess what I lacked, I have become hard, narrow, and absent-minded. So as not to yield to grief, I have denied it, since I wished for all or nothing; when I had no further way of using my faculties, I drew in all my antennæ, I abdicated. In my bog of apathy, only one thing has stayed above the surface, an *ignis fatuus*, love. A whole series of amorous dragonflies have flocked to burn their wings on it, and to offer me what I needed, their devotion. But I desired only one companion, one passion, one attachment; and not finding what I sought, never finding in one person all the qualities of a wife after my heart, I have had the long and difficult task of dealing tactfully with these feminine affections of diverse origin and of attempting to change them into friendship. I have been confidant, confessor, comforter, director of women. This makes one generous, considerate, vulnerable, and even if one finds sweetness in the experience, it uses up one's strength. Besides, my sympathy, which identifies itself with its object, has in this way made me effeminate. My intimacy with children and animals, my intercourse, pen in hand, with myself, all these debilitating habits have paralyzed and annulled my virility. No more ideas, no more production, no more radical changes. I have occupied myself with absolutely nothing but practical psychology, and have even these observations any practical and impersonal value? My horror of the useful has sterilized everything. Besides, I have lost the power of undivided and prolonged attention. I have only become more acutely sensitive, more perceptive, more intuitive, more penetrable to everything. On the other hand, I have even less originality and less character than formerly. Just what am I at present? A contemplative booby, that is attracted, carried away and polarized by everything, but that can no longer determine, affirm, or realize himself, who doubts whether he has an aim, a conviction, a tendency and dreads any responsibility whatever.

In short, it seems that I derive entirely from Montaigne. No more effort, struggle, or definite plan, but an indolent and compliant vacillation of the soul, which is content to extend its sympathy and to observe its own impressions. — Diminution of the serious life and of moral severity, abandonment of religious practices, disappearance of any positive form, of any settled formula, of any fixed habitation, reduction to a fluid, floating, gaseous state of thought and being. There is the balance-sheet of my losses. The profit is that I do more justice to talent, virtue, and genius; that I understand better the life of men; that I am better able to love, and advise and forgive; that I am more genuine and more open to truth. I have lost in individual originality, in social credit, in knowledge, in hope; but perhaps I have gained in wisdom, in wisdom of judgment at least, for I am neither more prudent nor more skilful in my personal conduct. — An effort of the will costs me as much as ever; for I can only will through love and, for lack of hope in fate or confidence in myself, I have no special ambition. Fortune, passion, power, glory, happiness under any form does not seem probable and accessible to me. On the other hand, I should be ashamed to fail in an effort that had no illusion, or to be satisfied with the second best or to sacrifice myself ridiculously to one who made sport of my sacrifice. I can see no possible career in Geneva or France, no future for my effort. Three things only tempt me: to do good to those who need me, to have a family to my taste, to develop intellectually and to understand creation ever better. Love and understanding, those are my desires. — They would not be impossible to realize if I had a little more faith and will.

(4 P.M.) Impression of detachment. X returns the Review she borrowed (May 26th) and excuses herself from seeing me to-day. (Has received the *invita Minerva*, as I had the presentiment.) Arranged my books and papers. Turning over my portfolio of souvenirs and my files of correspondence, I could feel rising from them the nostalgic perfumes of the past, full of regrets and melancholy. How many abandoned essays, broken relationships, destroyed crystallizations! The folder of wedding announcements also recalled some painful or even sorrowful emotions. The review of the past is always a funeral procession; a procession into the cemetery of blighted hopes and dead joys. That which drops from us into the gulf of forgetfulness is a terrifying portion of ourselves. No thought makes us feel more strongly the religious need of asking pardon and grace, pity and consolation from God. — My life is nothing but confusion, disorder, dispersion, failure, second offences, languor and weakness, carelessness and stupidity, imprudence and sins.

Dieu parle: il faut qu'on lui réponde;
Il ne me reste rien au monde
Que d'avoir quelquefois pleuré.

An unreasoning sadness tightens my throat and grips my heart. I feel as if a void opened in my breast and a deadly solitude formed about me. I feel so weak, so denuded, so weary, so dependent. My liberty weighs upon me, my misery oppresses me. The necessity of deciding fills me with anguish. Spleen creeps into my veins. — Picking up the Gospel, I chance on this passage: 'For godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of: but the sorrow of the world worketh death.' (II Cor., VII, 10.)

What is sorrow according to God? It is the sorrow of having withdrawn from the thought of God, of having forgotten duty, prayer, humility, perseverance, in a word, sanctification; for not having sought the good, courageously and with a righteous heart, for having lived as those without hope. — 'Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you.' (James, IV, 8.)

'As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God.' (I Peter, IV, 10.)

'If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us.' (I John, IV, 12.)

'And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.' (I John, V, 4.)

'All things work together for good to them that love God.' (Rom., VII, 28.)

(11 P.M.) ... After all, have experienced a sort of melancholy boredom composed of uneasiness and vacuity. One more day lost for work or for

affection, for learning or for love. Regretted La Prairie, or travel.

September 12, 1861

Why is it that no woman holds me? Because many charm me. It is easier to love them all than to consecrate one's self to a single one. Beauty, grace, kindness, wit, passion, sweetness, and enthusiasm impress me, captivate me, and enchant me in turn. Everything attracts me, nothing holds me. To hold me one would have to be constantly renovated and transformed according to my taste. In order to replace all other women for me, a woman would have to be as changeable as water and as perfect as light.

September 23, 1861

Read over this notebook. On finishing it I wonder what Hyg. would think of me if I allowed her to read it, and if it would cost me her friendship? Would she esteem me? Would she pity me? Would she be disappointed, interested, afflicted, touched? Would Sister Hygie. extend to me afterwards a fraternal hand? I do not know, and yet I am almost tempted to try. The need to open my heart struggles with the instinct of prudence. What urges me especially towards the latter is that these pages also contain some secrets belonging to others, and that I have only the right to confess my own weaknesses. Would the conventional initials sufficiently hide my correspondents and should I not risk injuring some one and causing S. H. pain? Yet I have confidence in her discretion and a great desire to have her opinion and her advice. — Another objection, these pages give only a very imperfect idea of my real personality, since for four months I have been a stranger to any intellectual or general preoccupation; I have been shut up, and have existed in the narrow and intimate sphere of sentiment; I have lived like a school boy in sentimental day-dreams. It is the feminine side of my nature that appears here, the side a man hides with a sort of shame and embarrassment. It is the account of my moral vacillations and weaknesses throughout an inglorious period. In a word, it is the truth but it is not *all the truth;* it is one aspect, a partial section, but not the fundamental plan of the building. What matter? It is perhaps what would interest a woman most. Would she be less at ease with me or I with her after having read it? Would I have voluntarily dissipated the prestige given by the poetry of our relations? I do not know; it is possible. Besides, for me this danger is a temptation rather than a dissuasive reason. Like Montaigne, I would rather be understood than overrated; and besides, I know I could *only* show what did not praise me. Moreover, if it often pleases me to be inscrutable and inexplicable to men, is it not so that I may have all the more pleasure in opening myself to a woman? I withdraw from the common herd so as to be able to give myself to chosen souls; I conceal myself from the indifferent to show myself to those I love. Under my reserve there is an expansive being. I need to have a few women at least who know me and judge me correctly to have them approve of me and advise me affectionately.

July 2, 1862

(10.30 P.M.) Supped alone. Set out cheerfully and returned in a disappointment bordering on stupefaction. For the first time I have regretted a trip to La Prairie. *Like a feather in the wind*... without rhyme or reason. Through an inexplicable caprice Frid. displayed an unconquerable and steadily growing hardness that nothing could break in upon or soften. Shakespeare said, 'Changeable as water, frailty, thy name is woman!' I have sought all possible ways to excuse and explain this new manner and I found nothing. Patience, gentleness, scolding, silence had no effect. Then a coldness fell upon me and I said to myself: 'If this singularity happens twice there will be no reason for returning; for after quarrels one makes it up again, but after silent and repellent aridity one's sympathy and sense of attraction disappear.' Lack of confidence destroys intimacy at a blow and the refusal, sharp as the bark of a pistol, risks killing instantly all mutual illusion, enchantment, and good will. Why? Because one sees one has been duped, because of the disparity between what one gives and what one receives, and because one is aware of a barrier just where one expected to find quick communication. Frid. surprised, troubled, and finally offended me today.

It is a choice bit of folly if she wishes to maintain the friendly relations that she has so laboriously established between us, in spite of wind and tide. In short, I do not understand her and consequently I do not wish to judge her. But unless she explains, the memory of the second of July will persist like a grievous shadow between us and slowly dissolve the entirely optional relations, which would have no charm nor reason for being, once they had lost their original character.

But what can have happened in these three days? Sunday she wrote me, 'You make me very happy. What can I give you in return? Only if you asked a sacrifice of me could I show any part of the deep gratitude I feel for you.' And Wednesday such a reception! It is strange. Let us wait.

(11 P.M.) Having no knowledge of any offence whatever against Frid., I shall let her choose her own attitude and justify her behavior, and I shall attempt to adapt myself, in every case, to the position she pleases to assume. At the worst I can retreat from sympathy to indulgence.

July 17, 1862 (Villars)

(1 P.M.) Mild weather, half overcast, half clear, charming for revery. Have finally seen Fridol.[1] at a certain chalet halfway between Gryon and Villars. Spent two hours in a pine grove on the mossy slopes of the Gryonne valley. She needed this interview to make sure of her pardon and was all the more gentle and caressing. Little sweetmeats (figs, almonds, and lozenges from Bologna). She is very much pleased with the Aul. pension and her youngster even more so. The young pastor B. and his mother are the only other regular boarders; the former blushes a great deal at table and if she takes his hand crossing a brook; she had difficulty in not smiling at it. At twenty-six such ingenuousness is a gracious rarity. — The truth is that Frid. was alarmed at the possible consequences of her blunder of July 2d, and afraid that I might not pay her a single call at Gryon. So she has overflowed with signs of gratitude. However, it is good to feel one's self so much desired, and to make any one happy so easily. I have noticed, also, that a happy woman desires no third party, neither reading nor conversation, but loves to express her joy in silent caresses or tender contemplation. *S'in-lui-are* [*sic*] is all her desire, all her happiness. — About us everything was green — clearing, grove, sloping ridges and

---

[1] Fridolin, as later Sorella, was one of the nicknames Amiel gave X.

mountains; the sun shone through the soft, warm fog and in our enclosed and half-shaded pavilion our two cloaks, spread over the moss that was still wet with dew, made us a fine encampment, which we moved three times with the progress of the sun during these two hours. *Rockmoss* is the masonic name of this chalet, which recalls a pleasant memory, though a less intense one than that of last year of the same date. Then I was lonely; now I am not. Besides, twilight or night seems the most favorable setting for my relations with Frid. Finally, in the mountains there is rivalry with shades that are formidably poetic. No matter, I was satisfied with my good fortune.

(7.45 P.M.) The sun has set. Night is falling over the misty peaks. It is almost entirely dark in my little chalet with its three windows, and I can scarcely see to trace these lines. — Tried playing bowls at the house with MM. Fur. and Mon. and Suora Marcella. — Read Jules Duval ('The Colonies at the London Exposition') and three new copies of the 'Vesper.' Nevertheless, a vague uneasiness is rising in me. Was I not wrong this morning? Wrong in yielding? Have I not become indolently epicurean, without strong principles and a clear view of right and wrong? A son of the good nature of Montaigne and Régnier? How much sweeter to the soul is a single impulse of the imagination, a single telling thought, the least sacrifice, than the languors or even the triumphs of carnal pleasure! I feel it, I am even sure of it. Perhaps it is the point of view of the quadragenarian? But it is better for me to keep to it.

The twilight deepens. I am writing on the window-sill from which the eye plunges into the valley of the Rhone, while the distant clock of Huemoz strikes eight o'clock. The great pines lift their black pyramids from the sloping fields.

(11.45 P.M.) Sat alone for an hour with Marcelle as formerly, in the days of our intimacy. She is charming and I was strongly tempted to confess her. But through delicacy and generosity I did not dare. Rather we talked of the guests and of her friends. — At table with my neighbor Mon. talked of the Church and the Churches, of the separation, of national churches and conventicles, of the science of theology, and of the universities. In short, after feeling my way, found a gentle and pious conversationalist, but with little logic or substance. We prolonged the conversation long after the other guests had left. — This evening, only the ladies stayed in the salon and they did nothing but sew. — When I left Marcelle made me some grog, and armed with my alpenstock, my rubbers fastened in *alpartagas*, I set off without a lantern for my solitary dwelling, braving robbers and goblins. So ends the 17th of July; the sky is starry.

July 22, 1862 (Villars)

(11 A.M.) Two visits have taken place at my hermitage: (1) Max and To. came to get me for a climb to Lake Chavonne; I refused with thanks; (2) the two children, Lina and Marguerite, brought my laundry, and I showed them my knick-knacks, which they admired, round-eyed. A few drops of Ricqlès and cherry cordial on sugar, two bits of perfumed syrup, and some lozenges won all their good graces. They spelled out *Villeneuve* and *Romainmotier* on my map by Keller, and the tiny one, who had been to see her aunt in the Jura, told me she had seen 'all the countries.' These little creatures are pretty and amiable, even prudent already, for Lina twice spoke of going for fear of 'disturbing' me. There is always a fresh charm in the simplicity of budding souls. The questions and answers of these little girls interested me equally. Their ideas on distances, peoples, and things, their *Weltanschauung*, to use the Germans' pompous word, are very amusing to decipher, because they have been formed naturally. 'Do you have to cross the ocean to get to Basle in Switzerland?' — 'How many fine things you have! Where did they come from?' — etc.

Thus friendship and affection, the outer world with two of the best things in it, came to my aid this morning. Providence reaches out a hand at the moment when I falter and leads me gently back into the circle of the happy.

(From my green chapel.) A break in the clouds shows at the window of heaven the beautiful peak that faces us from the other bank of the Rhone. An immense white cloak separates the base from the summit, and gives the latter, which is encircled by an aureole of pale azure, an olympian height. The gray predominates over the blue and the crows over the finches; there is neither shadow nor sunlight. Above the whispering of the breeze in the woods and the sound of insect wings in the fields one can make out the shrilling of the crickets and the sound of scythes being sharpened. The outline of the pines rises above the fog. Only the Val d'Illiers and the Rhone valley can be seen through the dull atmosphere. My little table floats like a skiff on the soft grass, all covered with dry pinecones, beyond which is the graceful green of the heather.

Yesterday, studied an enormous anthill. The passages which extended for several paces above and below recalled in a striking manner the approaches to our capitals. With the Micromegas the resemblances would be far fewer.

The Englishman with two sisters (Mr. Ls.) has been ill since day before yesterday. (Learned from them two ways of taking pictures of leaves: negative (in white), positive (in black). For this you need Chinese ink and printers' ink.) — Fortunately Hoch. was able to give him some care.

Of the six available young ladies here, what is my opinion?

1. C. B., very 'pushing,' is much disliked by my little domestic group who consider her affected and disdainful. On me she makes a better impression, though she does appear somewhat self-centred.

2. M. M., neat, almost a little thin, graceful, blond with frizzed hair, alert, not very attractive, pretty but not at all sociable.

3. S. T., thin, lank, elegant, cold, cant personified; a bored air, her mouth a little tight and crooked. I don't know how to treat her. To get a look from her, a sign, an expression, of intelligence or of interest in anything whatever, would seem to be a *tour de force.* A well-bred mummy petrified in the conventions and crystallized in her gold. Her ideal is indifference.

4. The two Ecc. girls, smiling, insignificant, and affected, from Albion, my neighbors at table with whom 'yes' and 'no' suffice.

5. Mlle. P., who improves on acquaintance, for she has good qualities, but who is already somewhat dried up by the habits of her single state, and who has the dreams of an old maid (transporting a mountain stone by stone).

In fact, there are no married women (with a single exception, Mme. Ecc.); all are maiden ladies, for to the preceding group I must add those mature or ancient virgins (the two Lew. sisters;

two Tur. sisters; the shrew Mlle. Ach.) to complete the table. — At the end are the ladies of the household, the gentle and good dame Adela, mother of the two little girls who came to see me, her mother-in-law (Dame Rd.) and her sister-in-law Marcelle, who is the nicest of them all, at once animated, affectionate, full of tact and good graces, the amiable providence of the chalet. It is she who, for the moment, makes me feel at home here, that is, gives me a point of support, a centre, although she is engaged. Rochemousse and Ollon are two other homes because in them are two other loving hearts. What is home? Affection. This brings me back to Fridol. and Hyg. — Why did the latter say to me yesterday, with a sort of spite: 'I should like to pound you'? Could it be for having questioned her devotion, while actually she came up on the twentieth, as I wished her to do, and has given several furtive proofs of faithful attachment? I suspect that she wishes me to divine, once for all, what she is unwilling to say, that she finds in our friendship an intimate springtime in which her heart has blossomed, that she has placed me in the casket of her most secret affections, and that, while strictly observing her duties, she would like to feel she was a valued object in the treasury of my friendship. Out of modesty I doubt it, and that is what offends and exasperates her. What has been said is said, and having let me twice see her tears, and shown that the mountain was nothing to her without me and that our relations have done her much good for several years, that she was happy all winter because of a visit to Geneva, she does not intend that I shall backslide, that I shall consider our friendship as simply a cordial relationship, or that I shall release her through humility. Considering me a *sorcerer* of infinite wisdom, she will not believe that I need confirmation, or must have anything said twice, and sees pure malice in my suspension of judgment before a silence that appears indifference. Probably she warms herself by the rays of what love might be if she were free and did not wish to remain an irreproachable wife and mother; and no doubt she dreads her own entanglement and emotion before the dreamed-of happiness. At least, this would account for her numerous contradictions.

Fridol., being as free as air, can give herself entirely to the new charm, does not need to count the cost or to resist, and can love as her heart urges her. Feminine friendship cannot be the same as masculine friendship. It inevitably implies a touch of tenderness, of exclusive consecration, which, in the eyes of a woman, gives it both its dignity and its sweetness. Her only type of affection is always the most excellent, love, faithful love, conjugal love. When she attaches herself to a man, she makes of the thought an altar where her heart lays its offerings and its sacrifices, where it meditates and expands. To love is to enter religion; it bestows an *ex-voto*. With her, friendship tends inevitably to become love; but it can become maternal love, love without jealous egoism, without carnal impulse, without passionate despotism. — The heart's law is voluntary servitude. The woman desires a master, and if possible an idol. So if her heart is free any attachment is a possible love.

Here, then, are two friends, one of whom has come closer to me than the other, but both of whom seek to turn a warm inclination into maternal affection; and who both loyally desire my marriage. Hyg. maintains that I have restored her to gayety and good spirits; Fridol. that her mind and heart have widened and expanded since meeting me. Their admiring sympathy extends to profound gratitude. With the attraction that children feel for me this seems to me evidence in favor of my nature, capable of reassuring me a little against the eternal doubts of my personal distrust. Since I am loved I am a little worthy of being loved. Is not this reasoning correct? And in any case, affection is the only thing that I always find palatable and desirable. Beside it, the rest matters little.

(7 P.M.) After dinner, three games of bowls with M. Mon. and his two girls. The character of these young girls is still a little unripe and not noticeable for generosity. Cec. is a little jealous of domineering Mat. But the latter is none the less preferable

because she is more direct. — Read the papers; gossipped with Marcelle and others, and here I am back again under the waving arches of my 'chapel.' The two little girls are playing at dining on the corner of my narrow table, with myrtles, strawberry leaves and juice, and finally two glasses of water that are their great dissipation.

Returning to the hermitage, the two children refuse to leave me and wish to sleep here. I have to think up a stratagem to get rid of the little caravan with its quarrels. They tell me about their little brother's croup, the big events in the family, how their father was made deaf by a cannon shot, etc. We play school, going to bed, waking up, etc.

A perfumed note arrives from Hyg. at dinner, a note written at midnight and touching in its sincere humility. She wishes to combat her speechlessness, her grain of over-sensitiveness and malice. She went down slowly and sadly, not being expected, and fabricated an imaginary duty. I recognize that well. It is the *Forward, forward* of Bossuet, and the fear of happiness, a sickly bashfulness that has a horror of joy and thinks out ways to destroy it. She ought to be brought back to fellowship and simplicity of heart, whereas she is all cramped and shrivelled with false and affected niceties. The poppy should be unfolded or another shell formed over this skin as painfully sensitive as if she were scraped or bruised.

August 12, 1862

(9 A.M.) Pondered in my heart, like Marie, the memory of our last interviews, which have the grace of a rose without thorns. A big jovial moon lighted them through the branches with its cheerful and maternal light. We talked of Gryon, of Shakespeare, of Lesbos, but on the whole talked little. 'The soul does not appear at all its windows at once,' she said, quoting me. She would perhaps have hit it off better if she had said, 'To speak is to dissipate; intense joy meditates and is silent. The entirely happy woman says nothing, but expresses her whole self in a kiss, in a caress, in a sigh.' — In fact, talk isolates and localizes life at one point and moreover scatters it about on the circumference of our being; it treats of only one thing at a time, then it analyzes, it generalizes, that is to say, it decentralizes emotion and by that very fact freezes it; the heart prefers to remain intact concentrated on its sentiment, which it broods over, warms, and protects as a woman her fruit; its happiness is meditative, silent, it tends to incubation. It listens to its heartbeats, it tastes its own flavor religiously, it arrives at a sort of ecstatic sleep like the beatitude longed for by the hermits of India. A few years ago I did not understand the delights of this apparent apathy, which occurs precisely because the whole being is satisfied and there is nothing especial left to learn, ask, or give; so that, the end of all change and movement having been

reached, the woman rests in silent happiness. Her receptive, contemplative, passive nature will even stay longer in this condition than is pleasing to man, who returns to himself, to thought, to will, to analysis, to divers things. If the flower remains voluntarily motionless, the bee wishes to move its wings. The woman, a plastic being, tends to totality, to undividedness, and in consequence to sentiment, to impregnation, to silence; and so long as this desire is unfulfilled in her she tends to appear diametrically the opposite, chattering, changeable, capricious. It is because her law is surrender that she appears rebellious and reserved, because her grandeur is faithfulness that a fickle roguishness or coquetry is her resource, her defence, and her punishment; because she is made for tenderness, pardon, and love that she is so often malicious, mocking, and jealous. To hide is her instinct; to be seen, sought, and found is her need. Thus to judge rightly a woman who has not yet loved, one must sometimes reverse all her apparent defects which are only masks of budding qualities. The majority of young girls are all turned about and ought to be interpreted, like dreams, by their opposites. And these are not always the least worthy. The others fall into two classes: the calculating and the natural. The calculating are the least admirable and the least agreeable, no matter what sweet, well-mannered little hypocrites they manage to appear. The naturally sweet and the naturally lively have each their merits, the former have more tenderness, the latter more intelligence, but both are capable of passion, faithfulness, and devotion.

(11.15 P.M.) Added a few pages to my breviary on marriage. — Returned 'Vesper' to Phil., and entrusted the portfolio of our correspondence to her; she gave me back my silk muffler, which her skilful needle had mended, and several small copies. This evening I return a piece with a letter of thanks and farewell.

November 2, 1863

(6 P.M.) Arranged and numbered my bundle of correspondence with Philine. I find 212 letters or notes, in four or five years. That is a good deal. But the result is worth the trouble, indeed has considerably surpassed it. I have done some good and found a devoted and grateful heart. From year to year, and almost from month to month, I appreciate Philine more, and my confidence has become complete. How excellent an example of feminine friendship and what a reply to those who questioned its possibility. Madr., whose affection is so jealous without her suspecting it, would be much surprised at this affection which has become a sort of deliberate fraternity, with the intensity of zeal that choice alone produces, and that mystery still increases. Truly fate has spoiled me a little in the matter of attachments, and I have no complaints

to make of the feminine heart. If I have not been able or have not dared to cast the conjugal dice, I have at least known, experienced, or inspired almost all forms of love.

December 9, 1864

This morning, outlined a sonnet and wrote a letter to Phil. Went on with Ariosto. Afternoon, ran over catalogues, looked over the second half of 'Orlando Furioso' in the original. This evening a wintry walk, through the fog and frost, by pale moonlight with Phil. who returned me some copies. This northern landscape has its poetry also. Through the transparent mist, like shrubbery of pure silver, rise hedges, avenues, and even blades of grass, coated with ice by the drizzle. Our steps rang on the hard ground and the heavy air seemed to wrap in furs the words of the passers-by. I felt as if I were in a Russian sleigh gliding over snowy plains under the white rays of the night's luminary. For me the charm of midwinter is that it increases the consciousness of life, tones up the body, and warms the heart. Frost is exhilarating, snow is like the crack of a whip, it excites and intoxicates even the animals. Nature, turned to minerals, becomes fantastic, and everything that stirs the imagination is immediately clothed with beauty. The fog, in its turn, is a magician; all the poetry of Ossian and Finland is a daughter of the fog.

Philine tells me that she has been happy for six years; that this thought gives her the courage to face anything and that meanwhile it makes her wish to spread happiness about her. It is certain that her present buoyancy, cheerful willingness, and activity are almost astonishing. She can make time for anything; and is even ahead on different points of her program. How does this happen? From the exactness of her plans and her concentration of will. She undertakes everything resolutely and moves straight to her end. And how many services she can render in all the difficult circumstances of practical life! Thus she, who has so much personal work on her hands, is going to devote six hours a week to straightening out the accounts and the household bills of her friend. When I ask her help it always arrives as punctually as the sun. — Phil. is keeping my 'Allerley' and copies of my notes of all sorts.

The 'Figaro' spoke to-day of 'Comte Kostia' as a 'masterpiece,' and of the 'commanding style of the author, who smacks somewhat of his Geneva.' However, it makes great fun of the 'mother's apron strings' in 'Paule Méré,' and says that Victor Cherbuliez has been much discussed at Paris. The article is under this heading: 'What People are Reading.'

H. G. talks to me of his museum; the Rector instead of answering my letter makes me ask for an interview, but he appoints the hour and place, which is still the same policy. I changed the hour and place, to assert my right. There are persons who are incorrigible in matters of politeness. — Conversation with my friend Lef. about the Didier prize.

December 10, 1864

(6 P.M.) Lesson on Socrates. Interview with the Rector who was more amiable than I have ever seen him, except that he never unglued his hat from his head. No matter, there is progress. His fierce airs have given place to a smile, and if his hand remains gloved he at least holds it out. Fifteen years more and we shall be quite civil and a gentleman, even among colleagues.

In this 'Register of Admissions,' begun in 1825 and empty since 1850, I have found a number of pages and notes in the handwriting of Topffer, which have encouraged me to carry on the tradition myself. Is it possible that in thirty years, some one will have the same pleasure in finding my traces in this notebook as I have had in finding those of my old master? *Chi lo sa?* For that to happen one must have become illustrious and have secured a place in the memory of his contemporaries, but it seems to me that I take pleasure in burying myself in obscurity. Who is it that shines now on the horizon of our literary Geneva? V. Cherbuliez, the Gasparins, Naville, Ad. Pictet, W. Delarive. Perhaps even Petit-Senn., Bunger, Dubois, a little. As for you, it is long since you fell silent and you seem to have renounced publicity.

Gestus artemque reponis.

The world is silent about you. Only the living count and you stir the soil no more than a dead man. It is your own fault, *tua maxima culpa*, to echo Jules Janin. You avoid the world, the arena, the papers, the reviews; you give no public courses; you are as afraid of printer's ink as of improvisation. No one, outside of a few friends, suspects that you are capable of anything or worth anything. It is just, and you cannot be surprised or complain. Only if you do not wish to die entirely, if a remnant of regret stirs in the depths of your conscience, beware! You have reached the last moment for lifting the proscription, for interrupting the ossification that has already begun, for again reappearing among the champions of letters, before being catalogued among the old men.

A hunt after photographs. Called on my sister L.

(2.30 A.M.) Annual dinner of the Société de Belles-Lettres. It was well attended and brilliant. Many honorary members and guests were present. I did not have the courage to offer a toast; the eloquence of the bowl was even more lacking in me than in all the others. Little by little I am taking my place in the category of silent guests, such as MM. Chx., De. Ge., etc., while Wartm., Joel Ch., Gab., Verch., speak, improvise, and *orate* light-heartedly. Returned with Wartm., who said nothing to me about the Athenæum, proof that they have again laid me aside. And, according to my custom, when I am neglected, I withdraw twice as far into my shell.

December 11, 1864

(11.30 P.M.) As usual Alice has gone up to see her uncle. — Read a hundred and seventy pages of 'La Vie Élégante á Paris,' by Baron Mortemart. — Dined alone with Grandmamma, then paid four calls: 1st on Mad. Menth., 2d on Mad. Su., 3d on Marc. M., 4th on the ladies M. — Witnessed two curiosities: the arrival of the Bernese battalion of occupation and the masquerades of the Escalade in the Rues Basses. Finally a family supper with my sister St., with the ladies Menth., Andr. C., Aunt Al., Car., Cousin J. B., and the G. G.s. — About sixty of our photographs that I carried with me this afternoon have given pleasure to many persons.

Gray, misty weather, fairly clear.

Laurette, courteous and blushing, also showed me two or three albums of portrait photographs (among others some Egyptian types). This young lass is charming; her attitudes, still childish, are as graceful as her gestures. She has a certain way of kneeling before her mother and of sitting on her father's knees that makes me understand domestic happiness. Her voice, her glance, the turn of her head are equally enchanting. What matters the somewhat solemn euphuism or the apathetic dumbness of her parents when the daughter is such a pretty little thing and so naturally pleasing. A pity that she is ten years too young for me to think of her. — Adeline and Bellah, as the elders, were in the salon. The departing girl seemed very self-possessed. When I took my leave, I was not able to say a few words of farewell to her that pleased me. The fear of appearing affected or of saying the wrong thing contracted my throat.

Marc. M. reproached me again, me the most marriageable man he knows, for not being married. — This evening the family reunion was cordial and animated. However, Andr. almost fainted, and Car., on going out alone, as a widow, wept on the stairway. Grandmamma and Cousin B. were not able to come because of ill health, and Eug. because of a previous invitation. — Little Paul, in his cloak of white cashmere, was presented to the family *in corpore*; he is three months old to-day.

December 12, 1864

(Midnight.) Even in our deserted streets, the uproar to-night has persisted up to this hour, to celebrate the Escalade with masks and the usual drolleries. — Finished Mortemart ('La Vie Élégante'). — Meeting, two and a half hours long, of the Singing Society Committee. — Dined at Plainpalais with Eug., who has aged with suffering. — Called on poor Cousin J. B., who is never well for a whole day and who was so delighted at feeling comfortable for two hours that she took up her pen. — Made several series of *synonyma.* — Gray and cloudy weather.

This evening I was told of the marriage of Pd., the son, with Mlle. R. P., a fine young girl who is somewhat distantly related to me. This is the first case in which X has not added some displeasing or unfavorable observation. As for myself, I have the habit of making no remark whatever at such notifications. Since I wish neither to blame, nor accuse, nor question, there is nothing to do but keep silent. Moreover, news of this sort always gives me a vague feeling of sadness, which I wish neither to confess nor to hide; another reason for preserving silence which allows me quickly to recover a calm indifference or a disinterested good will. — But this melancholy suffices to prove that I have regrets, that my life is not complete, and that I reproach myself in my secret thoughts. Turning aside one's eyes does not cure the heart, and detachment is not resignation. Each destiny that is fulfilled reminds me that my own is not, but remains in suspense. My long habit of renunciation has not been able to stifle my last sighs. I am therefore apathetic rather than peaceful, stupefied rather than satisfied, careless rather than happy, and diverted rather than resigned. Instead of joyous serenity, I have only careless gayety and childish merriment. I am not able to conclude anything, do anything, will anything, and this indolence is the merest approach to content.

December 15, 1864

(Midnight.) Fine day, second lesson on Socrates. Walk with a large group along the rocks of the Grand Salève, through the thickets of a very rough and hilly country ending at Crévin. Talk at the Singing Society. Evening at the theatre ('The Youth of Mirabeau,' drama in four acts by Ayric Langlé). — A good letter from Phil. — A polite letter from the Rector. — Looked over the elegant volume on astronomy by Guillemin ('The Sky') — Car., whom I have not seen for three days, was already complaining. For six months, she says, I have been her one visitor, and she fears I shall become unfaithful, like all the others. Poor woman! How exacting one becomes with grief and solitude; one clings to everything. However, it is quite natural. It is for those who are happy to arrange small consolations for those who are less so. — The journalist A. said pleasant things to me.

To-day I have had only favorable or sympathetic impressions. Alice, my nephews, our companions on the walk, my correspondents, my reading, the theatre, all pleased me. The weather was mild. In short, I have only one thing left to wish for, that is, a better and clearer vision. Ah, yes, still one thing more: a higher average of intellectual and zealous students. For this *Brodstudentenschaft* chills me and makes me lose all magnetism. Like musicians or women, I am disgusted or paralyzed by indifference, and I am reluctant to struggle against this enemy. Advances, efforts to please, artifices, give me a feeling of baseness, and it has never tempted my ambition to conquer what was not worth a struggle. A whole audience can be spoiled by a bad quarter. All or nothing is always my instinctive cry.

December 16, 1864

(Midnight.) Cold, then flakes of snow; a heavy sky this evening. — Took up again the handsome volume by Guillemin. — The report on our big lawsuit is costing us all a great deal of time. We are sad and gloomy in public, for the wind from Berne is not blowing us justice and they are trying to decide a case of scandalous pilfering in favor of the 'free-booters.' — Looked over 'Gen. Hist. of Medicine' by Darenberg (eight epochs). 'Florence' by Delâtre.

Tuned my pipes and made my general preparations for the end of the year. — My godson has been indisposed. — They have varnished my stairway and my landing. — Little Alice has a passion for coming to see me, and it takes a great deal of tact to avoid her tears when we have to separate.

Evening walk with Phil. We talked of G. Sand, of J. Hg., of astronomy, of memories of May, of personal distinction, of indifference to the intemperance and inclemency of the heavens when the heart is satisfied, of our respective use of the week, etc. I have given her a fantasy she seemed to care for and some advice on increasing palpitations that have begun to disturb her.

Assimilation, degustation, rumination are symbols. The *abomasum* is a type. Unity is the desire of the heart. Identity the hope of sympathy.

July 8, 1865 (Gryon-sur-Bex)

Sleep has deserted me for three days. Yesterday it was in vain that I went to bed early, in my little room (No. 29, Hôtel des Bains); at two in the morning I had not yet got to sleep, and at four the daylight woke me. I do not know to what I owe this annoyance, for I have no particular care or physical discomfort that is worth bothering about. Perhaps the feather pillow and lack of air were the cause.

Climbed up, my sack on my back, to Gryon in two and a quarter hours of walking, plus a quarter of an hour's rest. The freshness of the leaves, the sound of the Avençon, the thickness of the shade, and the climb itself gave me some of the sensations of youth, in spite of two annoyances that hindered my climb (my skin too open and my mouth too dry). I found my sack very disagreeable and my body heavy. O health! that is real youth. Thought also of the fund of health and of consolation possessed by the vigorous walker; the bath of Alpine air is the true bath of Æson and the mountain springs are streams from the Fountain of Youth. — Crossed Le Chêne, Fenolet, Les Posses, and reached Gryon before dinner at the Pension Arlet. My only sensation of youthful light-heartedness was at a lonely spring, between the two last hamlets. A dry roll, dipped in its icy and crystalline water, restored my joy and made me raise my head. All the Arabian beatitudes and hymns to the springs and wells of the Orient returned to my memory, with the wholesome blessing of this cooling drink. I felt intensely the poetry of water, and the snowy peaks (of Trient) that I saw on the horizon seemed to me like reservoirs of life and the august breasts of Nature. The world without water is a desert, and aridity is death. I was a disciple of Thales beside that fountain of Blandusa (from which no Horace ever came to drink, but which the mule-drivers and their beasts must often bless).

Charming day at Gryon. I found the large room at the school unoccupied, my neighbors all that could be desired. Sorell. is here for a month with her young son. A ten-page letter awaited me. We were together all day. Spent the whole morning in the shades of Mont des Mélèzes. In the afternoon, talked in *my* room. The evening, picking strawberries, beyond the torrent, by the bridge of Solchez. — The shower. The chalet refuge. The delightful effect of the light. Sycamores. 'True-love.' Astansias and white dittany. Bell-flowers and marigolds, willow-herb, sweet-trefoil, etc. The blue-eyed little twins (Emma, Emily). The Indian foulard and the famous gray shawl are still in use. Charades. — Oliver left only yesterday: he had enjoyed my 'Rapport' very much and had refused to give her copy back to Sorell. He said it was a jewel and called me a discriminating critic and a master of versification. This praise gave me pleasure.

Descent of the goats at nightfall. I noticed Me. and her little girl at the Pension S. Otherwise guests are lacking this year. I do not know if fashion is turning elsewhere. — In any case, the Parisian Juste O. returns every year to refresh himself in his native mountains, the cradle of Vaudois poetry (Moneron, Durand, Lèbre, Secrétan).

Sorell, in the feminine way, has constituted herself not merely nurse but also doctor, watches over my régime and even gives me hot medicinal drinks (infusion of nut leaves). I let her do as she likes with me with docility and satisfaction.

July 11, 1865 (Gryon)

Magnificent dawn in this mountain country. The entire shape of this quarter of the Alps stood out boldly with admirable sharpness and clearness. The four massive and interlocked peaks, of the Diablerets, of the Argentine, of the Mûveran and of Morcles, with their mighty green buttresses. Taveyannaz, Bovônne, Javerne appeared like the joints and knobs of a gigantic hand laid on this part of the planet. — Unfortunately we always get up and breakfast too late at Gryon. Besides, the fields were still drenched with yesterday's rain and we did not set out until late. The morning was even more beautiful. We spent it at the Frais-Dieu, a shady spot in sight of the snows of Trient; the past and the present occupied us especially. Sor., who had passed a bad night, even took a short nap in the light shadow of a larch-tree, deepened by that of her parasol which I had placed so as to shelter her head. We read half a notebook of my journal and planned the future, after the poetic fashion of Céluta and René.

In the afternoon, in spite of a slight injury to my companion's foot, we took another walk and talked at length about education, especially of the dangers that threaten young boys at Geneva. Our fellow-guest, good Dlle. L. B., told us a little of her life. She is a relative of the Brd., at Geneva, etc. She came to see us in my vast room which we have made our general sitting-room, because of its size and its sofa. — After supper, made over the budget of a young family.

July 12, 1865 (Gryon)

(10 A.M.) We are up to the ears in fog and rain. As it is several minutes' walk from our house to the Inn, good mother Ae. was kind enough to bring us our dinner, which the three of us nibbled at pleasantly. After which a game of ball, arrangement of our rooms, and a thousand trifles helped us to brave the discomforts and pass the time. Sor.'s foot is more comfortable, though it still demands care. She is reading at the same table as that at which I am writing, while her little boy, stretched out on the sofa, turns over the leaves of the paper called 'La Famille.' — The sky is inclement, but what matter with companionship, a few books, pen and paper, sleep, good quarters, good appetite, and the rest?... Poor man! — And then to forget the city and its annoyances, one's profession and its responsibilities: what misfortune!

What a strange look a landscape wears when it is turned into a single piece of white crêpe, stretched across the window! How desolate it is! What an implacable symbol of existence stripped and discolored! This gray, hard light makes everything it touches ugly.

(11 P.M.) The afternoon was clear and, finally, passable. Walk to Les Posses. — The two of us in the Valley of the Elves. — A superb sunset.

July, 1865 (Villars-sur-Ollon)

(9.30 A.M.) Have not touched a pen for four days, for lack of time. And yet I had nothing to do. But with a little neighbor like S. there is no idleness, no break in activity, and all the hours pass like this. — Between meals, walks. During the halts, endless chattering. Often of what we have read, for example, Alfr. de Musset, Dante's 'Purgatorio,' a few old pages of my intimate journal. Or plans for the future. The talk sometimes continues far into the night, and always ends by coming back to married life, to women, happiness, sentiment, and the eternal problems of love. But it often strays to things of the past, to dangerous intimacies, to neglected opportunities. — Saturday evening, S. had an attack of melancholy.

On Sunday our quartet at table was increased by a family (Dme. B. of Lausanne, with two children and a governess). Our fellow-guest, Dlle. L. B., has walked with us sometimes, especially towards the close of day. She asserts that she is very hard to please in the matter of society, but that she was disarmed at once by my manner, which she calls 'gentle'; she offered me a rose which she begged me not to give away. — Sor. has been mischievously gay.

Yesterday, Monday, five of us made a fine excursion as far as Chamossaire and Lake Chavornex. Fz. and his mother were on horseback. We set off at 6.30 in the morning and did not separate until thirteen hours later at the pine-tree of Arveyes, the pine of Farewells. Beautiful weather, very warm, delightful road. Naturally it was I who helped our Amazon into the saddle and out of it and aided her on the descent of grassy slopes or rocky paths, by giving her my hand or arm. Woody country, favorite flowers (gentians, vanilla-orchids, a small pansy, forget-me-nots, fields of white daisies, clouds of campanulas, bushes of mountain laurel, and thickets of heather; — the pastoral life at Bretaye; the goats, the cows, the two fresh and excellent sisters — the three lakes (aux Herbes, Lac Noir, Lac Chavornex).

Near the last, under a pine-tree, a caravan encamped, twenty or thirty persons. Fat Judge B. of Geneva, dressed like a butcher, introduced me to this agreeable society that came from Les Ormonts. I found among them several Zofingiens of Vaud, some pastors from Geneva and other places (M. B. with his wife and two daughters; a pretty German woman from Magdebourg, a Swiss woman, Ch., pastor at Ormonts-dessus, V., pastor at Leysin, a vigorous old man, the consul at Rio de Janeiro, M. B., the man with a hundred-year-old cheese, etc., etc.).

At the pine of Arveyes my heart was full, and when I was finally left alone I wept like a child, 'widowed of joy, and an orphan.' I never really appreciate what I have until I have lost it. Sadly regained my quarters at Villars. And yet the end of the day was beautiful and I was in my favorite surroundings. But a cloud of melancholy mingles with my regret.

I came across my 'Brêmois' (M. Sch.), our procurer-general and Mme. B. The Pension Brandt at Geneva (sixteen to seventeen persons) has just closed temporarily. — Storm, thunder, and rain to-night. — Called at the Chalet Blanc (occupied by a family named Brown!). Reckoned up the cost of my tour and of my mountain excursions. Observed in the mirror the effect of the sun and of other things upon my face during these last ten days. They have not improved my appearance, far from it! — Letter to Sorell. I must pack up my sack and leave. Forward, forward! Wandering Jew!

(10.30 P.M.) (Geneva.) Quitted Villars just ten hours ago, after leaving a card on M. Sch., came down with young Henry B. who carried my sack; stopped in at Pastor Huemoz's, who was smoking his pipe; followed the new road, which is far from finished; learned at Hyg.'s house that she had gone up to Villars with Marcelle, just as I was coming down. What bad luck! Only Netty was at the house. I wrote the fugitive, dined at the Mouton, and reached Saint-Tryphon in suffocating heat. Another boy, Philip R., took charge of my baggage. After three and a half hours by train reached Geneva and was able to compare the detestable French cars with those in the American style. The plain was scorching and made me regret the mountains.

Read my letters, changed my clothes from head to foot, supped at Mme. R.'s, who is ill, walked to La Treille and found the calling cards of several of the writers mentioned in my 'Rapport.' Mme. de Gasparin has written me a curious letter.

Shall I be able to sleep in this warm and stifling apartment? O the mountains, my little cell at Villars, or my big room at Gryon! How homesick I am for it, on coming back into my asphyxiating city solitude! Yet I have been kindly welcomed by the pastor's old gatekeeper and by the servants of the head of my pension. But what are these paid kindnesses compared to the effusions of a caressing heart that I have elsewhere? Oh, how I should like to go away! — Wrote to Gryon to announce my return.

July 19, 1865 (Geneva)

What a strange enigma is this same heart and what curious fluctuations in one's intimate feelings! Sweetness produces satiety, from which is born the need of change; from that follows regret, bitter regret for what one has left; then the illusions due to distance, the vague agitation, the indefinable malady, the ceaseless anxiety, the desire for the unknown, all the sighs, all the fears, an ocean of contradictory currents, an inner chaos, in a word, unreasonableness. One does not know what one wants or what one is. An unsettled heart makes one absurd, illogical, and capricious. Unemployed passion, faculties without an object create a whirlwind in us, a tumult and disorder. Uneasiness is a symptom. There is peace in order; order only consists of reconciliation with one's fate, and reconciliation only in submission to God, submission to faith. — A void is the place empty of prayer, empty of God in our soul. This uneasiness is a warning. It is useless to seek one's equilibrium without having a centre, a real centre, as a point of support. Contentment means to feel God as approver and friend, to rest in his will. But is my life well ordered? Sor. thanked me at least two hundred times for my visit and told me in every possible way that I had made her happy. It is good testimony. Yet have I not been too accommodating as to ways and means?—What has been the result of this ten days' conversation? A mutual study of the variations of feeling; an apprenticeship in mutual help, examination of the demands of the domestic life, of the charms and sorrows of Hymen; a great many revelations, big and little, of a woman's secrets. Sor. abounded in instructions concerning the household and the alcove, for she knows that I always dread the unknown. Now she maintains my education is complete and declares that she could give me a matrimonial certificate. It is very amusing to see one's self graduate as bachelor of nuptial sciences through an enlightened and serious friend, without prudery or reticence. Madrina would declare more than ever that I was mad.

(None the less I have had two real annoyances, in this connection: Nyon and Berlin have not written me; disappointment on one hand and anxiety on the other.) — Thus the inconveniences of my stupid prudery and my prolonged celibacy are now remedied. A friend has put me in touch with my age and made me equal to my situation. She has removed the barrier of stupidity that an ignorance of fundamental things naturally creates. What adviser is worth an affectionate and willing *pronuba*?

En dépit des pédants, sache que dans la vie,
Le guide le plus sûr est la main d'une amie.

Besides, this initiation has the advantage of interesting me; for my only keen pleasure comes in obeying the wish of a woman, when that wish is wise and good, or even, I believe, if it is a bit foolish. It is the basis of the spirit of chivalry. The man confides to the woman the care of his ideal and wishes to become a hero through pure love, to show himself worthy of his lady and to please her. Her tenderness of heart should dignify his courage; her secret weakness should be the principle of his strength. Beauty of soul measured by nobility of love, and grandeur of love measured by grandeur of actions; whatever its faults, it is one of the remarkable incarnations of morality to substitute passion for duty and tenderness for justice. But if it has not been the morality of all ages and all men, it is indeed in its most poetic form the morality of lovers.

August 5, 1865 (Gryon)

Yesterday (Friday the 4th of August) at Villars, distressing morning, evening the same, frightful weather. I enlivened our society at Grand-Chalet by reading aloud (Tournier, Monnier) and a public show (my fifty photographs). — Bit of a call on Hyg. — Excursion as far as Berboleuse; vainly expected Sorel.; but I was glad of it, because of the bad weather.

(11 P.M.) Majestic and splendid moonlight; blue sky. Here I am back in my study, this vast, square salon, ten times as large as my little cell at Villars. This morning at Villars, before breakfast, the headmaster N. appeared at my window and told me that Sor. had been seriously ill for two days and needed me. — I packed up my things, excused myself from my various engagements, and by ten o'clock I was with the invalid. After a turn about the place, I took up my occupation as nurse. Wrote to Geneva, to Bex, to Villars.

In the afternoon received a note from Hyg., whose two little girls and servant are not well. A chilling in the rain has upset poor Sor. in all her limbs; head, throat, stomach, and all her joints are uncomfortable. What queer creatures we are! The headmaster has gone all the way down to Bex for medicines. Four miles for a mustard plaster! The doctor will only get here to-morrow morning. The two women, Net. and At., have shown great zeal in caring for the invalid. The former sleeps beside her and I have nothing to do but seek rest myself.

But what a solemn night in this immense Alpine region! The moon lies over Morcles, Jupiter over the Dent du Midi, the Diablerets are white to their feet, and the deep voice of the Avençon seems the breathing of these mountain masses, the sigh of these romantic colossi. — I cannot tear myself from the window, yet I must go and sleep.

August 6, 1865 (Gryon)

(10 P.M.) A marvellously fine morning. At night the clouds re-formed their chaotic dome over our heads. Now the moonlight streams through the chinks in the aërial vault.

Sor. has been visited by two doctors (S. of Geneva, Th. of Bex), and we have cared for her all day according to their directions. She is hardly any better than yesterday. Th. seems to have undone N.'s work and put things back where they started. — To amuse Sor. I tried reading aloud and playing checkers. In spite of everything, these days seem a little long. They are instructive, nevertheless. What do they teach?

The necessity for work and occupations;
The advantage of daily separations when two are living together;
The heroism of patience and its difficulty;
The difference between noble maladies and those that are not (ex. of the last, all those of the intestines);
The art of avoiding fatigue and boredom in devotion, etc.

Before she let me go, Sor. made me read two chapters from the Bible and herself offered a touching prayer. If only my good-natured kindness does not end by making her seem insipid! It would be hard if the voluntary sacrifice of my time should spoil what it ought to help. Was Talleyrand right, 'Above all, no zeal'? And does that cursed proverb, 'Familiarity breeds contempt,' apply even between intimate friends? No, I only believe that if the feminine heart can live indefinitely on sweets, man has need of a more substantial or at least of a tarter fare. Jam quickly blunts the appetite and weighs on the stomach. As soon as an illness is no longer exacting nor painful, the cares of a nurse have no longer the right to absorb us. Otherwise there is excess and abuse, and affection itself runs the risk of suffering.

This lesson is no doubt worth a cheese.

And since one learns by every hurt, one must profit by one's mistakes to do better another time.

This fault is one more consequence of not having definite work on hand. When one has a book to write or to get ready, everything read, each study, each experience becomes of use. But when one lives from day to day, everything crumbles, because the use of everything is postponed.

August 7, 1865

(9 A.M.) Dined all alone. The pastor V., my last fellow-boarder, has left for Les Ormonts. Mother A. has told me about the brawl at the wine-shop, yesterday. The councillor's forehead cut by a glass, and all these miseries due to the public vice of this country, drunkenness. She knows a good deal about it in connection with herself and her house. After having been the richest family in the neighborhood, they are almost in penury. The son-in-law drinks up everything, and has many friends who help him. To save some of it, Mother A. sells her vintage direct from the winepress, but, while she sells her wine at twelve francs the measure, she has to buy it back later at thirty, for the service of her inn. Thus, in order to have ready money, she has to lose eighteen francs a measure on her own wine. It is hard. And the poor, brave widow is begrudged everything all along the line by her daughter with three children, the wife of the drunkard, who lives on the floor below her and whose household is only half independent of her mother's. So in spite of her

kindly face and her enormous size, Mother A. no longer has her joyous and care-free air of other days. She is witnessing the decline of her family. The boarders also are leaving, for negligence is invading everything, like moss and weeds. The service leaves too much to be desired, although the hospitality is lavish. Kindness and disorder are the motto and the epitaph of this house. An apathetic routine is the misfortune of this population, which resembles that of Savoy, though better educated and more prosperous. Spirit, energy, resolution and prompt action are lacking. Whence comes this melancholy and drowsy sluggishness of a mountain people? Is it the monotonous sound of the torrent that becomes the inner rhythm of their life? Is it the accumulation of fatigue? The fact is that, instead of being free, easy, and vivacious, as the people of the plain imagine them, these people are dull. The city man is more wide awake than the countryman, and the countryman than the mountaineer. Therefore Nature, even the kindly Nature of our temperate countries, has something soporific about it, oppressive to man. It puts one to sleep, turns one into a vegetable. Man does not become very keen, very animated, very alert, except in those little artificial worlds that are called cities. Thus we flee the cities to rest, to turn ourselves out to pasture; and the mountaineers come to town to electrify and phosphorize themselves. — I understand better, now, the sort of admiration, almost the envy that our friends of Ollon feel for their Genevese visitors, and the words of the pastor Glaz.: 'It is quicksilver, the blood of Geneva. Our arteries certainly have ten beats more a minute.'

This morning the sky is misty and filled with clouds that float in a pale azure. All the green lines of the four valleys visible from my window stand out clearly. The assemblage of wooded hills, steep peaks, and jagged ridges that lie scattered about Gryon, tend to free themselves from the mists that surround them, but the Dent du Midi is still decapitated by a vast *stratus*, lying over the range of the Savoy Mountains. Good! a flood of light, the sun, scaling the pyramids of clouds heaped above the pyramid of Mûveran, appears at the edge of the blue, like a tourist conquering a summit, and bathes us in his joyous rays which are his cries of victory. From the little church with its octagonal stone spire, flanked by a fresh linden-tree and the pastorage with its tile roof, come the strokes of ten o'clock; and I recall the two words inscribed on the frame of the clock: *Hora ruit*, or *Ruit hora*, melancholy warning of the flight of time and the brevity of our days. From the depths of silence that surround me a thousand different sounds detach themselves: some voices along the road, the crackling of the fire in the kitchen near me, a scythe far down the valley, and beneath everything, the solemn bass of the Avençon, interrupted by the shrill crowing of a distant cock. A sensation of freshness, peace, immensity penetrates me by degrees. The calm of self-communion fills me. The hour is poetic and solemn. I turn my eyes with satisfaction to all the corners of this beautiful, square room, the Study, where I am writing these lines, and where each piece of furniture brings back a charming memory. Moreover, on the other side of the partition breathes an invalid over whom I am watching and who peoples this house for me. Thus my present peace is also gratitude. It is sweet to possess one's happiness in contemplation, but it is sweeter to render thanks to the author of all blessings.

(11 A.M.) The School where I am staying is admirably situated. It forms, so to speak, the prow of the ship of which the village is the body. This vessel sails along the flank of a monstrous green wave, and its graceful prow, which points towards S.W., dominates the landscape in all directions. From here you have a clear view on four sides, and the sunshine makes the tour of our windows. Like a cut-water, the house divides in two the old and new road, so that, however little the inhabitants of the house may desire it, they can watch everything that goes in or comes out of the village, at least in the direction of Bex. This sturdy building, planted and solidly built, covered with tiles, contains two schoolrooms on the first floor, four rooms on the second, and attics on the third. The headmaster,

who is also preceptor, fire-chief, communal secretary, and God knows what else, makes a business of selling the minerals of the neighborhood. Salary five hundred francs! In addition, this year they have decreed a slight increase in the salaries of the church and school officials. Thus in thirty years a pastor will see his fees rise from two thousand to three thousand francs, final point of his hopes and culmination of his ambition.

'Why don't you have a faculty of medicine at Geneva?' I was asked yesterday by M. B., who is making a stay here of several weeks. 'A question of money,' I answered. M. B. has spoken to me of an address I gave in 1859 on Calvin. He has kept a very pleasant memory of it. My observation on the *juridism* of Calvin impressed him. The Roman law, penetrating into the regions of Grace, is indeed a curious phenomenon.

(10 P.M.) Read two thirds of 'Jane Eyre.' Dined alone. A good afternoon for the invalid, who is certainly convalescent. She even made a sortie and had supper like common mortals. We had this meal brought us and ate in the Study. Spoke of the presents we shall give those who have done us services here. Call from H. D., the Chaplain of Zurich, who came to invite me to go up the Diablerets. I excused myself. — The moonlight this evening is again intercepted by great, thick clouds so that only its diffused brilliance sifts through. Is J. B. still at Plans? I do not know and it teases me.

August 8, 1865 (Gryon)

(9 A.M.) Off to the Diablerets? Not much! Rainy weather; rapid ascension of white clouds, mounting in sly, detached bands, then surrounding the whole village as the Gauls did the Capitol. Sor. slept badly. I breakfast in her room and butter her bread while she relates her memories of school, the tricks, fights, and quarrels of her childhood. Little girls, left to themselves, scarcely differ from boys of the same age, and are quite willing to strike one another with their fists. She did not learn English (to speak it) because the Englishman (teacher) had a wart on his nose. Pranks, strolls, negligence, quarrels, animosities, disobediences, revolts against the rules, love of forbidden fruit, a villainous joy in making the authorities angry, a pleasure in buffoonery, chattering, malicious curiosity, all the traits of the schoolboy occur in the schoolgirl.

'That age is without pity.' Is it a malady of growth, as fruits are acid before they are sweet? Is it the natural and savage state, preceding the civilized and disciplined state? Is it the rebellion of instinct against rule, and of fierce spontaneity against reason? Is it the involuntary resistance of the individual to the racial curb, of primitive chaos to the order imposed from without? Certainly. Authority is odious to our natural man, and we only accept it with a shudder as the horse accepts the girth and bit. It is true that it has an accomplice in us, conscience; but conscience is only a feeble sprout at first and does not unfold until late. We begin by being passion, and the fundamental passion is to follow our caprice and subdue the world to our will. Well, to imprison fifty little despots together, under the rule of a master, is to provoke an immense coalition of all the little ones against the big, and fifty revolutions a day of the little ones against one another. Before these small barbarians have been subdued to the law and have learned to find their equilibrium in docility, zeal, and harmony, how many violent combats and sly plots! In fact school-time is usually finished before the problem is solved. Not often do the young man and the young girl reach the point of taking their places freely and joyously in the ranks of the studious, recognizing the right of reason, the excellence of the yoke, the wisdom of rule, the justice of effort, and the beauty of submission. — Certain races are more undisciplined than others and harder to shape. These say, 'Our future is our master.' But these also are the least suited to a republic, and their ideal is merely military discipline, obligatory order, that is to say, force. Voluntary obedience to law is the point of departure and the condition of liberty. Education, therefore, is the elevation from the field of pure caprice to the field of liberty, or from the savage state to the reasonable state. In its greatest strength it lays hold of the affections while awakening the conscience and satisfying the instinct of justice.

(1 A.M.) Strong, hard white light at my window-panes. We are in the midst of the clouds. This effect of light is fatiguing. One can imagine one is on the Faroe Islands, and read again the poet of fogs, Ossian, son of Fingal. This immense wadding of mist stifles all noises and plunges us in a silence that seems the silence of deafness. Here I am, then, in the state of mind of a deaf man, who sees clearly and meditates. What solitude, and how favorable it is to work! One is absorbed in one's thought and one's subject. The heart regrets it, the brain rejoices. The imagination must compensate for the absent world, must evoke Nature if thought has need of it. One should create when one is in a void, when blank windows, white paper and a pen are all that lies before one's eyes, and when the ear hears and will hear nothing more. Inner creation, thought or poetry, is then an indispensable defensive against intellectual death. But I forget the surest method that Providence uses: pain. Hunger, cold, need, and suffering under different forms, are always the classic stimulants to reflection and energy, for man as well as for the animals. Merely to live is a difficult problem, a question and a victory. It is the only universal poem. Also it usually lacks beauty.

(11 A.M.) Now we are below the clouds. They rise and leave us, tearing their cloaks of mist

against the mountains. The light is less harsh and falls from above, instead of arriving with the brutality of the horizontal. Frenières, Bovônne, Javerne, appear through the veil. And the turbulent swarm of school-children rushes out of the house, along the road drenched with rain. — Sor., stretched out, fully dressed, on the couch and wrapped in two cloaks, with a hot-water bottle and a quilt at her feet, is resting from her bad night and a sleep of only three hours. She wanted to pack her trunk, which finished her undoing. Reckless imprudence belongs to the first half of life. We are resigned to our limitations only after a thousand defeats. And it is natural to act thus, for otherwise we should not even reach these limits, but should stop short too soon.

(8 P.M.) Magnificent sunset. Finished 'Jane Eyre' with emotion. Walk with M. B. of the sarcastic smile. Arrival of several relatives from Geneva (Mlles. R. and de la Fl.) at twilight. This makes me feel the absurdity of leaving at the return of fine weather. Besides, Sor. is not yet well and has decided not to go down until she is less weak and less battered, so as to do more credit to Gryon.

How beautiful they were, those Diablerets, rising like a fairy castle, topped with gold, fringed with fire, and with their feet bathed in rose-colored mist! And the Mûveran, in its purple mantle edged with green velvet. Rain has its compensations.

(11.30 P.M.) Splendid moonlight, without a cloud. The night is grave and majestic. The flock of clouds sleeps, watched by the stars. Through the vast shadows of the valley twinkle a few scattered roofs while the swelling organ notes of the torrent rise from the depths of this cathedral of mountains, of which the vaults are the firmament. — Sorel. has kept me up until this late hour. It is difficult to sleep in the presence of such magnificence, and yet one must think of to-morrow. A messenger whom I sent to Villars with a letter reports the following: Hyg. has broken up her housekeeping, no doubt through anxiety. I write her at Ollon.

A last look at this blue night, over the immense landscape, over these familiar peaks and ridges that are carpeted with the silver rays and green shadows of the queen of revery. Jupiter is about to set behind the buttresses of the Dent du Midi, and the voice of the Avençon rises in unequal gusts, in spite of the apparent peace of this nocturnal hour. From the starry dome the invisible flakes of dreams fall like snow, inviting to chaste sleep. Nothing voluptuous or unnerving in this nature; everything is strong, severe, and pure.

Good night to all beings, to the unfortunate and the happy, to nuptial as well as solitary couches! Rest and refreshment, renewal and hope. — One day is dead, long live the next. — Midnight strikes. Another step made towards the tomb!

August 9, 1865 (Gryon)

(9 A.M.) Magnificent morning, a delight to eyes and lungs. One feels as light as a bird, and the instinct to travel, to climb, makes all my limbs twitch with impatience. The passing of several tourists with their alpenstocks, their green collecting-boxes, and their sacks on their shoulders, makes us blush, we strollers who have turned into molluscs. Fortunately the convalescent is better and gathers courage. We shall be able to undertake something. Dined with a discouraged lady, who, without having seen either Gryon or its surroundings, since she arrived yesterday, wished to leave again to-day. Why? Nervous impatience. Her room, the view, the village, all her first impressions had displeased her and she wished herself far away. I know that feeling.

(10 P.M.) Afternoon, pretty walk to Plans de Frenières; I accompanied three women from Geneva, Mlles. R., de la Fl., and Ch. We went by way of Solchez and the woods below Bovônne. In two hours we had reached the little pension at the end of Les Plans. Called on Cousin Bt. (chalet of the Widow Vellon). I found her established with Mme. F. and Berthe. These three ladies sleep in the same room. They are keeping house, and the thin Rosalie of Plainpalais does their cooking. It was she who recognized me first across the fields. I learn of Louise's deliverance at Lyons; there is one boy more in the world; it will probably be a

Henry. They had received with great pleasure my July letter, and are getting on very well with their mountain existence. Of my three companions of the road, one was timid and shy with no special characteristic. Another, E. R., is a good comrade without ceremony and without *Weiblichkeit*, but a good sort, an excellent walker, and ingenuous, direct. The third has elegant manners, beautiful eyes, and becomes pretty when she is pleased. Well educated and thoughtful, she is an agreeable neighbor and a person with whom one counts. Her conversation has ideas and her person grace. In short, her companionship is attractive. But she is a very indifferent walker easily disabled by the climbing, although her bosom seems opulent and robust.

August 10, 1865 (Gryon)

(2 P.M.) Awakened with a head of lead, with no energy, no gayety. This prostration lasted all morning. It gave me little desire for joking. By a contrast common enough in life, Sor. was on the contrary gay to the point of roguishness and somewhat abused her superior strength. *Vae victis!* so much the worse for the weak, and especially for the weakened, Nature being partial to vigor and disdainful of any exhaustion. 'Wer kraft hat, der hat alles.' (Ideles.)

Certainly, joking is unwelcome and even vexatious when one is sad. To jest and laugh gayly one must be care-free, that is, in moral health. If one is ill, one must conquer the flesh. While to be joked about one's misfortune positively puts one into an ill humor and makes the soul retreat into its shell. This experience shows me that it is better not to surround one's real sympathy with a garland of prickles and that wit in the wrong place can resemble the caress of nettles. We Genevese should beware of this national defect of mockery through excessively high spirits, and the habit of wit. Gentle goodness and considerate pity are worth more. Let us be sensitive to the variations of health and the changes of feeling in our neighbor, and let us not ruffle him by an ostentatious show of strength and a parade of artificial invulnerability, which may seem to him a sort of insensitiveness. In a word, let us jest at riches but not at poverty, and let us tease the strength and not the weakness of others.

Read to Sor., near the Pierre aux Corneilles, some chapters of Lamartine ('Lectures pour Tous'). But it was not the book I wanted. These pages almost bored me. A novel, a romance, a comedy would have suited me. These ever personal effusions, this perpetual egotism, are very tiresome. One has a thirst for new personages, for adventures, for events, to get away from this tearful or rapturous lyricism. The mind demands a new series of ideas to renew itself, as the stomach longs for salt to recover from the sweet drinks they sometimes give the sick. When everything in us complains of insipidity, the body and soul seek instinctively what they lack, the nourishment, the appetizer, the complement. Uniformity, too, creates a void, and Nature abhors a vacuum.

Lack of work, failure of health, uniformity, all produce the same result, languor. Lack of effort in muscles, thought, or will result at length in debility. Too much rest, too much sleep, is stupefying and enervating.

Heaven says: '*Forward, act, and each morning be one step further along your course.*'

Enough of laziness, musing, loafing, shake yourself or the moss will cover you, the rust will corrode you, and weariness of yourself will seize upon you. — Israel, to your tents!

With your headache driven away by dinner you are free, profit by it. To do what? That is the problem! For here you have neither book nor aim. Seek and you shall find.

(Midnight.) Very pretty walk in the evening with Sor. and the headmaster, to Siernemin (?), on the road to Solalex and Anzeindaz, going up the valley of the Avençon. For a long time the path stays halfway up the slope, then leaves the road to La Porair and follows the bottom of the valley, winding through grass plots shadowed by pines, larches, and beeches. — Saw the two chalets of Mme. Caroline Olivier, the wife of the poet. Here is the umbilical cord of Juste; it is by this that he clings invincibly to the Vaudois Alps, to which through filial piety he returns every year. His wife (Mlle. Ruchet) is from the village of Les Posses, situated above Gryon, the village where I write these lines. The whole romance of his heart and all those of his imagination have blossomed on the same soil. His literary fame and his inward poetry have the same root and the same source. He is indeed the son of this valley, like Monneron, Durand, Lèbre, and the others of his pupils whom the master has outlived. It is like being present at the mystery of life to contemplate this relation and this transmission of sentiment. Each of us carries, like a scar, the mark of the point by which he was attached to the earth. It is the secret hilum of the winged seeds that we are. Through it we drank the first sap of existence, and these first influences are indelible. Whatever renewals or transformations we have experienced since, our seed, our primitive state, our essential part, still persists in us. See the 'Helvetian Sonnets' of Charles Didier. Our soul has its fate, its destiny; how solemn, touching, and melancholy is this idea! Proud of our liberty, we are nevertheless shut in an invisible circle, and Providence holds us fast in the net of his will, say rather in the palm of his hand.

Sor. was entirely equal to this three-mile excursion, which delighted us all. — On return a good supper, copiously watered. Also Sor. was no sooner home than she was dropping with sleep, and I had to help her a good deal before she was able to rest.

The weather, dull and overcast in the middle of the day, had turned fine towards sunset. The effect of light in these woods, carpeted with ferns, tall grass, and raspberries, was full of a damp, mysterious grace. — Twice we forgot our companions (especially I, the *talma*). Black, in the twilight shadows, the tragic Diableret draped its rough shoulders in faint shades of purple, facing the Argentine, that was blushing with a tender emotion. It was Joseph, fiercely shy before the seductions of the Egyptian. And the scene, glimpsed through the leafy branches by the travellers as they rested, lacked nothing of Biblical grandeur.

August 11, 1865 (Gryon)

(10 A.M.) Alas, this is the day of farewells. I have just helped Sor. pack her trunks, and we have had our last breakfast for two carried into the Study. We shall have passed twenty-one days, three weeks, together, and that creates a pleasant custom. How will Sor. be this evening, how shall I feel for my part? I do not like to foresee it or even to imagine it. 'I cannot foresee misfortune so far ahead.' Breaks are always felt quickly enough. Their anticipation is the work of the Evil One. Let us be grateful for the past, accept the present, and hope for the future.

(6 P.M.) I accompanied Sor. as far as the station at Bex, then stopped at Ollon to inquire about Hyg., and here I am back again, after a seven hours' absence, in the deserted Study. Sor. must have reached her city home, twenty-five miles from here, before I was able to regain my mountain eagle's nest. The day is grey. I feel sad, the house and my heart are empty. So I am scolding myself again for my behavior, after so many years of experience. Separations seem to me feasible during the hours that precede them; no doubt I harden myself; I think of the liberty that, after all, they give; I play the part of the purely reasonable man. But this stoicism crumbles when I return to my solitude, and the reasonable man becomes the faint-hearted. I am barely settled again when I feel I was stupid not to have left with those I love, and I can find no other secret motive for my return except the unhealthy pleasure of ruminating over my sorrow, otherwise called the passion for ruins. The taste for meditating over one's own privations, for relishing one's griefs, for hugging one's troubles, is probably the instinct that leads me through the ruin of my days. My steps seem eager to tread the cemetery of my lost experiences. It is no doubt poverty of imagination and distrust of my memory which have made me form this habit. I wish to see clearly what I have lost; and in the bewilderment caused by the presence of things themselves, I do not form a distinct idea of

them. Perhaps there is also a certain need to steep myself in a particular experience so as to escape its power by converting it into an idea. In short, it is either to pay homage to the emotions I have experienced, or to calm myself through an examination of conscience, that I try to remain last on the field of battle and to outlive my beautiful, agitated days. *Sui conscius et compos:* the philosopher cannot escape this aspiration of his being, even though he must suffer to realize it. Besides, analysis protects him against the bites of melancholy. Whoever thinks, ceases to live from his heart, and suspends, momentarily, the oppression of sadness. Well, I feel that I have need to defend myself against the sadness that catches me by the throat.

The landscape is dull. It is a day of half-mourning, good for travel, but neither consoling nor amusing for those who stay behind. — If I were a woman, I should begin to cry, like the torrent that rolls its sobbing waters at the bottom of the valley. For everything weighs on me just now and nothing cheers me. But of what use is all this, which, moreover, is not manly? Let us do better.

(9.30.) Letter to Sor. — Supped alone with the frightened old sheep. — Walk for my digestion in the evening with M. and Mme. B., and the ardent excursionist H. D. — Conversation with the head-master. And here we are!

I open my window again. At eight there were stars: now a curtain of rain veils all the mountains opposite. I see that no one here is familiar with the signs of the weather, and can foretell anything correctly one night ahead. The fishermen of Lake Leman are cleverer and observe better, probably because their living depends on conditions of the atmosphere.

August 12, 1865 (Gryon)

(8 A.M.) The solitude increases. The house and Nature are shutting up together. The headmaster has left for Aigle, his wife for Taveyannaz, their doors are closed and their keys withdrawn. On the other hand, a thick fog besieges my windows and masks the whole landscape. It seems as if everything conspired to isolate me, that everything flung me back upon myself. Is there not danger that this will prick my pride and lead me to that obstinate resistance where one gives up everything and defies the malice of the world? I am familiar with this armor of hardness that pride invents for the protection of the wounded heart. It is the great resource of stoicism: to care no longer for anything, to make in advance the sacrifice of everything that may be taken from us. But this hard attitude is inconvenient, for it actually diminishes our kindness, or at least our sympathy. I prefer the defence of religion, which only changes the object of our love and leads us

from the good to the better. To feel one's self in the bosom of God lessens our pain and increases our charity. To stiffen one's self under one's shield has only the first advantage, and even that not to the same degree.

(9.30 P.M.) The mist, ever thinner, is rising up the valley, slowly revealing the forests, paths, and ridges that it only half conceals. This moving veil has nevertheless knots, folds, floating dark spots that leave transitory patches on the vague outline of the mountains. My house is a real outlook for these tournaments of vapors, these meetings of fogs, these mêlées of clouds, these caravans of mist that August lavishes on the wooded gorge of Gryon. It seems as if I watched their adventures through that curtain of tulle or fine lace that is usually placed before living pictures, and through which the brilliance of the images assumes a dreamlike appearance. True poetry does the same for the reality it reproduces. — Now the open space grows larger. Frenières and the valley of the Rhone emerge from the agitated whiteness that engulfs them. Thus islands rise from the blue plains of the sea. Only here, the relations are reversed; the foggy sea is above, while the islands appear below.

Dined with the last boarder of Mme. A. She has been a teacher for fifteen years in a Russian family that travels a great deal. She has wandered from Constantinople to London and from Paris to the Urals. Her poor sight and her timidity allow her few resources. I read her some of the 'Nouvelliste Vaudois.' — She said that we had Thiers (or Thierry) in the pension next door. That would be strange. (It was in fact a little clerical *snuffler* named Terrisse.)

While waiting I have just read ten or twelve 'Contemplations' by V. Hugo. — Every great writer wishes to make the entire world pass through his mind and the entire language through his prose or his verse. Then his work is a monument and it represents a microcosm signed with a special name. His individuality has become conscious of its entire contents and has manifested them according to his nature, that is, in his individual style. It has created its mould, its measure, and its richness; it has impressed its own seal on its gifts and stamped its signature into the book of memory that humanity opens to great mortals. To build one's pyramid and mark each brick or each block of stone which composes it with one's sign, like the sovereigns of Assyria or Egypt, is the aim and care of writers that are enamoured of glory, the Rousseaus, the Voltaires, the Goethes, and the Hugos. It must also be a great joy, for it is thus that a transitory being leaves a lasting trace of his fugitive existence; it is thus that he marks his phosphorescent wake across that devouring sea of oblivion that bears us an instant on its bosom and usually swallows us up again like the bubbles that have risen to its surface. — But you, poor soul, what have you to do with glory? Your horror of the public, your fear of literary gestation and birth, your unproductive laziness that has become sterility and almost impotence, have condemned you in advance to be obscure and forgotten. You have not even dreamed of fame. But at least you may strive to be useful, to let some one profit from your dreams, your works, your meditations. Earn the reward of zeal if not of power. You have administered your faculties very poorly and not exploited at all your talents. Thus everything has diminished, has grown inferior in you. But no matter. Do with humility that of which you are still capable. Make your heart firm, regulate your life. Assign a definite and possible end to the remains of that strength which is declining and that ardor which is growing cool. Abandon the provisional. Renounce the dangerous charms of unruly independence that takes possession of you and makes you abandon all work, and which makes a soft pillow of your carelessness, a food out of apathy, an occupation out of trifles, a definite work out of mere occupations. You let yourself be enchained by a spider's web, absorbed by futilities, devoured by the infinitely petty, annulled by the habit of postponement, and thus you do nothing of what you would like to do, and you experience a sort of unhealthy pleasure in feeling yourself thus destroyed and devoured by things of no value.

The fear of what I love is my evil fate.

You no longer know what it is to form an important resolution and fulfil it. Having grown flabby through gentleness, incurious through discouragement, indolent through despair, inert through lack of certainty, infertile through distrust, you no longer have nerve, energy, vigor, keenness, or will. This acquired softness has relaxed all your energy. Your tendon of Achilles seems cut, the *vis testiculi* removed; your force of attention, the power of concentration, of condensation, of effort, of continuity, is in some sort lost. You have little character and less capacity. The constancy and intensity of your will, that indispensable and irresistible motor of the faculties, are lost through disuse and disgust. — And what has destroyed my courage is the failing of my faith. I am no longer able to see anything that I can attain and that will satisfy me. I no longer feel *genius* in me, or God without me. And I tell myself, 'Why so much effort when one must die, and soon? Let us be equal to the duties of each day and live by the week, without ambition, without pretension, without bitterness, and without regret.' I believe myself necessary to nothing and no one and feel myself replaced everywhere in advance... in my public functions without difficulty, and even in most of my private affections, after regrets more or less keen and more or less long. I have felt myself dispensed, for this reason, from indulging in illusions or from pretending to desires that had left me. The apathy of Buddha has been the secret result of this way of looking at life. I fall back on Schopenhauer, even while condemning his philosophy. My inner nature returns to it even while my conscience disavows it.

But of what avail this litany? Are you not more than aware of your faults, your defects, your tendencies, your weaknesses? Is that really the question?

To heal one's self is to conquer, not to discourage one's self.

Are you stupidly confusing the psychological with the moral conscience, the description of the evil with its extirpation? The diagnosis with the cure? It is mere curiosity to analyze one's self, unless it is vanity. To judge yourself, repent, make amends, to struggle against your nature, to do better, to correct and sanctify yourself, that is your duty, and is also more difficult and more meritorious.

To purify, strengthen, and sanctify yourself so as to be approved by your conscience, and at the same time to enter the ranks of the workers in the heavenly vineyard and of the children of God; to substitute duty for happiness as the aim of existence (you never qualify in the former even when you have been given your degree in the latter), that is the crisis that you must go through often, periodically, regularly, when you have let yourself drift into an attitude of moral heedlessness and of spiritual *laisser-aller*. — What is needed is inner and outer discipline, order in work, asceticism, the simplifying and the strengthening of the will. What you should sacrifice is your indolence, your indifference, your lack of curiosity. You have detached yourself from everything only to *indulge* yourself more in yourself, to elude every command, to avoid all constraint, to spare yourself all effort. Your idol is abstention, resignation, irresponsibility. Your horror is entangling yourself, enslaving yourself, provoking a tragic fate by determining your future through a definite and irrevocable decision. You are terrified at the thought of delivering yourself up to a hostile world, of exposing yourself to the wickedness of men or the severity of things, through an involuntary error, an imprudent choice; in short, by an act of free will that would be an act of faith. You are afraid of suffering for a hope you do not entertain, and for a decision about which you care nothing; for such suffering seems stupid; and who would not blush to suffer thus?

Well! Here the treatment should begin. You must leave here with firm resolution, undertaken calmly and religiously. You must break with this aimless existence, unworthy of a man who is capable of a better use of his days. You must freely choose an objective for your life and a noble task for your own liberty. You must know what you wish for yourself and dare take the measure of your possibilities and your value, quite as exactly as would be done by an impartial stranger. You must ask yourself what God, your country, your family, and friends hope, expect, demand of you, and arrange your plan of action accordingly. We must make our weeks and months give an account of themselves before an account is demanded of us. We must think of God as a judge and of the duty of working with all our strength while it is yet day.

(2 P.M.) The mists, folded back against the peaks of the mountains, have given way to the sun. — Read over the third of 'The Profession of Faith of a Savoyard Vicar,' and was strongly attracted by the style and thought. — Why not study more the art of writing, the art of composing a book? It seems to me that I should be so happy to have done a solid piece of work, a classic volume, a strong and beautiful book, and besides, it is the only thing that I can still undertake, for all the other, former possibilities are barred to me now.

(3 P.M.) Visited Villars, where I finally found Hyg. working in the chalet where Marcelle and her cousin used to stay. Her children are better. I abound in compliments, to which she replies

calmly. Have my attentions become unwelcome? She seems no longer to desire a *tête-à-tête* and did nothing to bring it about. Perhaps she is piqued, for she is very sensitive in her affections, and an infinitesimal chill might be translated into exaggerated discretion. The fact is that this year, in spite of my efforts, we have not exchanged an intimate word or a confidence. She is also too reserved. It follows that this friendship becomes sterile, and for the present does neither the one nor the other of us any good.

I guided to Villars and brought back again four young persons, armed with staffs; that is, the two Mlles. de la Fl., Mlles. R. and Ch. Made the acquaintance of the two Mammas, Mmes. de la F. and Ch.

A fine sunset when we reached Verboleuse. A thick mist, bright rose, over the Argentine produced a remarkable effect. Supped alone. On my return sang for three quarters of an hour in the Study all the airs that came into my head. I was in high spirits and good voice. — Terminated the evening with two 'Contemplations' by Victor Hugo.

To-morrow the feast of Mid-August (or Midsummer) at Anzeindaz. Shall I go? I do not know. We shall see to-morrow morning.

Under the starry vault float a few stray clouds, like owls in midday. The night is without a moon. Jupiter is radiant. Aldebaran (I think), the changeable star that shines iridescent through the glass like a drop of dew in the sun, is about to disappear behind the Dent du Midi. Along the road from Bex to Les Plans moves a faint intermittent light, sometimes double. No doubt it is the double lantern of some belated mountain wagon, but one would say it was a glow-worm climbing through the grass, and disappearing behind the green spikes that intercept its pale rays. This moving point, however, animates the shadow of the deep valley, at present lost in the darkness. It is like the visible point of that great dark eye open before us or like the red spark that runs across the blackened and dead scrap of paper. Everything sleeps. Let us sleep also.

August 13, 1865 (Gryon)

(8.30 A.M.) The great procession of clouds begins again along the course of the Avençon. At 6 A.M. the weather was only overcast with us, but an hour later the clouds grazed the earth and shrouded the village in soft folds which wet the stairways, the tiles, and the windows of the house. I am just back from breakfast, and gray puffs of this really English fog are pouring into the study. The trees in the neighborhood are no longer anything but vague phantoms. The day has darkened, and the sun and air have slipped back below the horizon. One single voice can still be heard, that of the torrent with its eternal lament. Soon the village bell will call the faithful to prayer. Since there are to be two services to-day (at Gryon and Les Posses), the time set is an hour earlier. Isis's veil of rain is lifted for a moment, and I catch sight of the bases of Javerne and Bovônne, the winding road to Les Plans, and the roofs of Frenières, which the sun never reaches in winter; but new squadrons of mist arrive from the plain, and this reënforcement of guards drops back again the veil that an indiscreet breeze has prematurely lifted.

(11 A.M.) The arrows of Apollo have routed the army of mists: they roll back in disorder along the flanks of the mountains and retreat to the summits. The azure dome reappears above the fleeting cloud-ships. In the Study two lozenges o light stand out against my smooth pine floor, and the warmth returns with the light. — Heard B.'s sermon on Agrippa, considered as a type of divided heart, of demi-conversion. 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.' There were only half a dozen men from the village. What a melancholy thing is one of these village sermons! — official and consecrated singing, but lifeless and ineffectual, like all routine. It is true that Gryon is famous for its chronic desertion of religion. On going out, I accompanied the four ladies whom I guided yesterday. Three had on their Sunday clothes and, oddly enough, did not look nearly so well as in their everyday costume. By aspiring to

do better they had suddenly gone down several pegs.

Rendez-moi mon léger bateau,
Et ma chaumière au bord de l'eau.

They have given up the trip to Anzeindaz, two of them with regret; but it is a little late for a six-league excursion and it is already very warm. Several gentlemen, R. and D. (of Lausanne), P. and Ch. (of Geneva), were also in the church, as well as the ladies from the different pensions. The son of my former professor of philosophy, with his frizzed hair, his mutton-chop whiskers, and his English air, did not please me. He appeared self-satisfied and cold. But I hardly saw him, and my fleeting impression may be entirely unjust. I do wrong even to note it. His wife's sister, on the contrary, has a pleasing face, sweet and simple, the opposite of Mlle. Ch., whose face and attitude express disdainful indolence and a sort of condescending affectation quite amusing in one so young. I suppose she considers this detached haughtiness of manner a mark of breeding and distinction. All affectations bring their own punishments, and the tricks of fashion are apt to appear ridiculous to the spectator. To mumble one's words and look out from under one's lids when one is dry and thin is, it would seem, a great satisfaction. One imagines one is noble if one cannot be pretty, and elegant if one cannot be graceful. Pure Anglomania! Devotion to *cant.* In French this sort of adolescent prude is called, I think, a *pimpesouée* — a minx or a silly. It is the opposite of natural. But our imitation duchess, since she has intelligence, will correct this assumed stiffness, which in no way adorns her and appears idiotic.

(Noon.) Autumn is winning the day. The clouds have rallied, and now the great grey bar cuts transversely across the mountains. The sky is overcast again, except in the centre of the vault. A *modus vivendi* is established, accepted unwillingly by Apollo, the god of the silver bow and golden arrows, almighty in the Grecian Archipelago, but often conquered in our climates, and, like all weak monarchs, turning readily to Jesuitical transactions.

(2 P.M.) It is beginning to rain. Mme. A. gave us an excellent little dinner, at which there were only two of us to do it honor, and these two will doubtless leave to-morrow. — To-morrow? Now I am seized again with reluctance. What is the use of leaving? Where shall I go? Return to the rue des Chanoines? But that does not appeal to me at all. And the things I must do frighten and bore me. I should like to sink back again into heedlessness, to live from day to day, to put off all decisions, to escape the necessity of determining, to push aside the cup of destiny, to forget the future, to escape my fate. My old fear of life

returns again at the moment of action and whispers in my ear: 'Hide yourself, do not stir, do not invite trouble; you will never be happy, be satisfied with peace. Stay where you are. The unknown is not worth what you have.'

Finished the 'Vicaire Savoyard,' a book, in spite of the passage of a century, still very much alive.

Come, courage! Listen to good sense, reason, and conscience, all of which disapprove of this sinister leaning towards quietism, this hazy carelessness, this exaggerated distrust, this sickly apathy, which is no more than a subtle form of the need for diversion. You dare not face the use you make of your days; you are ashamed to consider your conduct, your childishness, your miseries, and the fate you are preparing for yourself. Like those unfortunates addicted to wine, you seek to exorcise your thoughts, to baffle regret and remorse, to escape from serious thoughts, to flee from yourself, to escape the piercing irony and the murmur of the inner judge. Despairing of satisfying yourself, you have given up even the attempt; and you dread relaxing into ineffectual fancies, as well as any inquiry into your repeated changes of front. — To dispense with living, struggling, acting, is always your secret wish. Your cross is having to decide; your horror is having to dare, or rather to risk. If you were asked, instead of putting on sackcloth and ashes, to confess your faults and to humble yourself for your nonentity, you would submit almost with joy. But to put yourself again under the yoke of circumstances, at the mercy of men, and, in the presence of your ineffectiveness, to compel yourself to become once more the man you no longer are, this arouses in you aversions of the flesh and revolts of nature. And yet you know your apprehensions are exaggerated, you know that

Everything is simpler in life
Than anxious man expects.

You know that you are deceived by your imagination, that you are better than you believe, that you are the victim of a delusion, a habit, a faintheartedness the strength of which springs from your weakness. No matter, all decisions terrify you because it seems to you that there are twenty chances to one you are mistaken, and you cannot endure the idea of suffering for a mistake. — How insupportable it is to have to govern one's self when one has no taste for such government and when one does not even wish to know what one ought to decide!

(3.30 P.M.) Another change of weather. Now a great cloud, black underneath, white above, has plunged into our valley. It drenches us with a sharp little shower that resounds on the roofs and roads. Its arrival had an air of fierceness. The storm, grazing the earth, rose swiftly to the attack and chased before it goats and goatherds, walkers and countrywomen. In two minutes it arrived here from Bex. But the gust of wind has already passed, and the mist, which has become white again, now seems to flow back from the top to the bottom of the gorge. What a whimsical and irascible Nature we have here! No steadiness: tempers, paroxysms, gusts of good or bad humor. August has all the caprices of a pretty woman. Now the smile returns and the mists move off in the direction of Valais. An enormous heap of round white clouds whirls gayly in a patch of blue sky and tries to pass out through the space between the Dents du Morcles and the Dents du Midi. It seems that we are the parade-ground where wheel, stamp, and snort these sky-horses that know neither bit nor rider and that rear wildly under the whip of the winds of heaven.... Some flecks of foam, fallen from the mouths of these unconquered steeds, float over Javerne and Bovônne; the Diablerets are uncovered, and over the wet and softened countryside there finally appears the sun.... Ravishing sight! The most beautiful hour of the day follows the most threatening. Thus good is close to evil, and happiness follows on the steps of suffering.... These heavenly torments, are they a divine allocution? Do they say to me: 'Shifting heart, agitated spirit, restless and capricious nature, there you see your image. But observe, moreover, that God is also there, that peace follows agitation, that joy can be close to anguish, and that an idyll may blossom on ruins. Life means change, and to count only upon misfortune is to insult a generous Providence. The sun shines after rain, the zephyr returns after the storm. Courage, hope. Submit to the conditions of life and be a man once before you die.'

(4.30.) Morcles and the Mûveran appear in their turn. Already butterflies are fluttering over the green stretches and through the abyss of air that opens before my window. The sky is swept almost clean. But a new act begins. A new group of little mists collects, silently like a flock of white sheep, at the bottom of the gorge, on the side of the Rhone, and seems to undertake the same excursion. The Junction of the two Avençons is certainly a point of pilgrimage for the whole race of watery meteors; or else the word has gone out about the festival of Anzeindaz and they are celebrating midsummer after their own fashion. One would say it was the legendary procession of the animals of all species coming to render homage to Alexander. This valley is like that of Jehoshaphat, where all human races ought, according to the Jews, to defile and appear at the Day of Judgment. It is the public square for all the Vaudois clouds, the toll-house for all the fogs, the caravansary for all the mists engendered by the Rhone and its tributaries. The advance guard of the scattered sheep are now passing above and below the school, but they appear timid and seek to hide in the depths. The crickets shrill and a few birds sing. All goes well.

(7 P.M.) The last invasion has finished by evaporating after being torn to shreds. A charming walk as far as Les Posses. For half a league the road is like a balcony. Read four newspapers ('Nouvellistes,' 'Patrie,' 'Observatoire,' and 'Messager') and talked with the family B., who were also walking that way. — On returning I visited Sor.'s room and had the fancy to look at myself closely in a certain mirror there. This glance frightened me, so much did I seem to have aged, with my long beard streaked with white. What a brutal and direct warning! 'Save yourself, and do without delay what you have to do. You are becoming venerable, alas!' My own distant mirror had said nothing to my short-sighted eyes and allowed me to hesitate about my departure. This wretched bit of glass had been as eloquently persuasive as the blow of a fist. If we forget time, it does not forget us. Beware of the frightful sentence: *zu spât!*

(9 P.M.) Said farewell to H. D. (at pastor B.'s) by a call and to the four Genevese ladies at the pensions, by letter, for the religious service this evening prevented me from joining them. — So, unless there is very bad weather, I leave Gryon to-morrow. How have these twenty days served me? Witnessed an ancient festival, discovered again the poetry of the mountains, read a few

good books, solidified an affection, penetrated further into feminine life, and finished (I hope) with my bachelor existence.

August, 1865

(Gryon, 9 A.M.) Packed up my belongings, in spite of rain and fog, breakfasted, paid, and now I am waiting for the wagonette that is to take me down to the station at Bex. All separations are sad, but departures are often joyous. To-day I am leaving no one, but I regret the mountain. Besides, this melancholy weather, where the air is full of floating colds, does not embellish the journey. Then I am going in the direction of enemies, to a lonely apartment, to meet the unknown; and there is nothing in that to cheer me. I should prefer to stay on, but reason tells me, 'Forward!' and, my head bent, I set forth. Here you are wasting your time, and you must no longer waste it: you have duties to fulfil, even though without pleasure or joy. You do not see clearly along your road — what matter! What charms you here is that you exist without living, live without acting, day-dream endlessly, watch without envy; in short, follow the glances of your eyes and the inclinations of your heart. That is just why you must cut short this stay. For you it would be another Capua, a place of forgetfulness and entertainment. It is true that you could bring here the means of work. But this would be another ruse of your laziness, to avoid what was necessary and urgent and to postpone the hour of playing your part. So it is better to tear yourself out of this *far niente* and to return to the rule of an enlightened and practical friendship. 'Concentrate or die,' as Michelet said.

June 7, 1866

(6.30 P.M.) Philosophized with Phil. on the advantages and inconveniences of the intimate journal, according to situation, age, sex, character, etc. — My little Providence had worked for me while I was reading for her. This recalled to me the songs of another evening. While the female broods, the male cheers the nest with his arpeggios and his vocal exercises. Service for service: it is the economy, justice, and harmony of nature. It is also the delight of the heart.

June 30, 1866

(11 P.M.) Superb weather. Distribution of prizes at the Conservatory. Promotions at the primary schools. — Almost finished the *Great Work.*

Plans for the future with B.,[1] who knows quite well what I need and desires it with the vehemence of one twelve years younger than I. B. heard yesterday the frightful slanders and bitter vilifyings with which each pursues all the others, in our evil society, and this experience has discouraged her on her own account. But she keeps her affection for me and is ambitious in my stead.

---

[1] B. again designates Philine.

July 2, 1868

(7 A.M.) Inner storm. I no longer see my life clearly, I no longer know what is best. In making the final plunge, I am afraid of committing a host of stupidities at once. It seems to me that officially, socially, civilly, I have made nothing but mistakes for several months, and that through clumsiness or indifference I am preparing many regrets for myself. Is it change of fortune, bad luck, or an evil star? No; or at least there is something else. The trouble is that I have abandoned myself, that I have ceased to be clear-sighted, that I have boldly neglected my own interests, interests of position, of career, of my future, of my self-respect, that I have behaved like a hermit four steps removed from a poet without having the right.

The affairs of this world no longer concern me, I have said, dreamily, and, withdrawing from everything, I have allowed grass to grow along the roads of friendship and nettles in the path of ill-will. This constant struggle, merely not to be bowled over, covered with sand, buried by the hostile world, has indeed become odious to me. I have ended by fleeing people and things and by shutting myself up in my shell. But the struggle for existence, the fight to live, is the law of the individual, especially in such a society as that of Geneva, where the number of animosities, enmities, jealousies, calumnies, and villanies, and the varieties of envy that crawl about inoffensive beings, is as great as that of the mosquitoes and scorpions in the luxuriant countries of the South. Here, as at Ceylon, the moment one is still, one is bitten; as soon as one no longer kills, one is devoured. Whoever becomes a sheep is eaten by the wolves. — Be modest, tranquil, kind, serviceable, and coarser people will wipe their feet on you. — They only respect what they fear; brutal natures yield only to force. You love peace; but there is no peace possible here except armed peace, armed to the teeth. One must be able to inspire a little fear; otherwise one is treated as a joke.

(3 P.M.) The great void appears and begins again. I see quite near me the barrenness of the desert. The desert is life — life without charm, without aim, without joy, without hope. The desert is moral solitude; it is sadness and boredom. For the moment I am in the horrors of irresolution, and I feel the anxiety of a man condemned to torture; for to me it is torture to brave the unknown. Every possibility terrifies me, because all are equally risky and I cannot endure risks. I detest action that binds me: to become involved with fate seems to me a frightful mistake. Pessimism naturally ends in inertia and doubt in ab-

stention. Thus, though instinctively — on principle — I should like to hide, refuse myself, make myself an anchorite, unfortunately another voice, that of conscience, also speaks in me and says: 'One does not give one's self orders; one must obey duty, and duty is to do what one can.'

Present this morning at the distribution of prizes to the young girls (Secondary and Upper Schools). Came upon the everlasting face of ——, who wearies me. Besides, I felt myself a stranger to all this ceremony and to almost all the names that were called and honored. The complete indifference of all these people to my *Wenigkeit* seemed to justify my own indifference. To feel the poetry of things one must be both affectionate and disinterested at once. But any one who suffers is not disinterested, and any one who turns against himself is not affectionate. Discontent with one's self makes one discontented with everything else. And how be satisfied with one's self when one no longer knows what one wants and is ashamed of all witnesses? I have observed this singular and Satanic temptation to destroy the proofs of one's decadence, and I have understood how an old coquette could wish to pulverize all those who counted her wrinkles or her white hairs. To endure without revolt and with gentleness the loss of faculties or charms, one must feel one's self in order, be in agreement with life, with duty, and with God. Otherwise one cannot grow old.

Certainly, if you were not perplexed, everything would go better. And you are perplexed because you serve two masters. You ask, Where is happiness and where is duty? It is too much. If prudence and conscience are not in agreement, it is prudence, perhaps, that should be silenced; while you are readier to listen to the counsels of caution than of enthusiasm. — Your mistake is not daring to choose.

He who gives up nothing accomplishes nothing.

'For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.' (Matt. xxv.)

'When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest. . . .Then goeth he, and taketh to him seven other spirits more wicked than himself; and they enter in, and dwell there: and the last state of that man is worse than the first.' (Luke, XI, 24.)

'And Jesus answered and said unto her, Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her.' (Luke, x, 41.)

'He that gathereth not with me scattereth.' (Luke, XI, 23.)

'If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.' (John, XV, 7.)

'For we can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth.' (2 Cor. XIII, 8.)

'Wherefore I put thee in remembrance that thou stir up the gift of God, which is in thee.' (2 Tim. I, 6.)

'Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you.' (James, IV, 8.)

'This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.' (1 John, V, 4.)

'And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.' (1 John, II, 17.)

'Neglect not the gift that is in thee.' (1 Tim. IV, 14.)

'For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.' (2 Cor. IV, 16.)

'Neither was the man created for the woman; but the woman for the man. Nevertheless, neither is the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man, in the Lord.' (1 Cor. XI, 9, 11.)

'And whosoever doth not bear my cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple.' (Luke, XIV, 27.)

'O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?' (Matt. XIV, 31.)

'Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth;... whatsoever is not of faith is sin.' (Rom. XIV, 22–23.)

'These things I command you, that ye love one another.' (John, XV, 17.)

The storm has passed. The better I resumes the upper hand. My secret outbursts have disappeared like smoke carried off by the morning breeze. How important it is to take no action as long as the soul is troubled and never to decide anything *ab irrito!* Only the voice of God offers good counsel; for the voice of God is that of the eternal I, of the celestial part of our nature. Every important decision should therefore be made religiously, after calm is restored to us.

'Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.' (Phil. IV, 6.)

It appears from this experience: (1) that others can still do you a great deal of harm; (2) that your pride is as vulnerable as your heart, and that you revolt against a humiliation as violently as against an ingratitude; (3) that you still waver between anger and forgiveness, between resignation and revolt; (5) that your peace is insecure and your equilibrium unstable; (6) that you lack firmness in your ideas and your plans, that is, that you have little faith and little character. The last point is the worst: you are capricious, weak, changeable, impressionable, timid, or lukewarm. Well, 'I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth.' (Apoc. III, 15, 16.)

You are the uncertain man, hesitating, divided, forgetful, wavering, and variable, the man of Montaigne, who, having little will of his own, floats with every breeze, and, being merely fluid, remains without his own form, although capable of all forms.

Is it wise to struggle eternally against this nature and would it not be better to turn it to account? It can be useful for contemplative criticism; from intellectual scepticism one can deduce goodness, after the fashion of my friend Hm. It is a tenable attitude. — It does not make me give up any duty, nor erase from the picture either family, or country, or humanity, but only subordinates the secondary duties to the greater one. Well, it appears that the first of your duties is to come to terms with yourself, to determine what you think of man and life, to sum up the best that is in you, and to bear witness to the truth as it appears to you. You can easily purge yourself of vanity, ambition, and cupidity. But your great inner enemies are curiosity and inconstancy. 'Simplification and concentration' is still the watchword that you lose from sight and memory every day. One must know how to make sacrifices to a major idea. It is nothing to discover the good; you must hold to it, cling fast to it. It is vain to perceive an idea unless you can fecundate it and bring it to fruition. What you lack is the patient gestation of the seed, that is concentration and continuity of effort. You have always lost all the seeds of your life. Your unquiet, wandering nature has been consumed by sterile fancies. Your brain like your couch has produced only dreams. Well, the only part of us that survives is what is alive, concrete and individualized; and what is needed here is not prurience but procreation. — A son and a piece of work, that old desire of your youth, has always remained unsatisfied. So long as you will not say, 'Death to trifles, war against the useless, down with nonsense, a plague on silliness and facetiousness,' you will waste the days that remain to you as you have those that were given to you. So long as you give way to distractions, dispersion, disintegration, you will be able to do no serious work.

Wer etwas treffiches leisten will,
Hätte gern was grosses geboren,
Der sammle still und unerschlafft
Im kleinsten Punckt die höchste Kraft. (SCHILLER)

Do not let yourself be always disturbed in your faith, in your plans, in your aim, and do not conclude so easily that you have been wrong in your idea or in your plan.

(7 P.M.) A heavy shower at sunset has made the north wind fall and raised the temperature. They are singing '*Roulez, tambours*' in the street. — Note to the beadle, a little necessary reprimand.

(11 P.M.) Called on the Dels. (the road to Carouge) and on Len., Lbt. It is good to be with men. It refreshes and stimulates. — Thought of my mealy-mouthed and sinuous colleague, Dom. Milis Patelin, who will succeed in advancing his nonentity, by means of his ingenious compliancy and the flexibility of his spine. What an effeminate! Always expert in little attentions, but never having an idea of his own or a new plan or a sincere word or a direct glance! The nature of a slave and a parasite in the body of a free man. Weak and sly, he accepts all indignities, but meditates indefinitely his revenges. 'Clever, false, deceitful, and courteous,' one can be like this without coming from Neuchâtel.

July 3, 1868

(7 A.M.) B. has risen many points in my esteem these days, and the idea of my triple Coup d'État (as Felix calls it) appeals to me again. B. would be such a precious auxiliary in so many ways and her energy, turned in the right direction, would so facilitate my simplification! Besides,

To give happiness is always the surest happiness.

How many things I should take up again with courage, as soon as I was no longer alone in the undertaking! Thus, I have the love of order and the taste for it in everything, but a disgust of self-interest and a repugnance for merely fragmentary improvements; and from this springs my negligence in all matters that I cannot arrange to my satisfaction. For example, I have left in confusion the catalogue of my books, the administration of my inheritance, the use of my notes and manuscripts, all my plans of every sort, for study, for publication, for travel, for education, for sociability, etc. I have let everything slide. I have stuck to nothing except this Journal, of which I have made a habit and almost a routine. My absolute nature has let go of everything as soon as it was not able to realize all of its programme. The shipwreck of hope produces complete renunciation. My pride has never been able to put up with the odds and ends of the ideal, or with anyone's waste scraps. — It seems to me that in entering upon married life, I should reëstablish order in every part of my existence and be rejuvenated from top to bottom. I should resume the administration and the direction of my whole being; I should like to make a new contract with the new man and be able to say: 'See, everything has become new for me. May God help me! Let us redeem the past and repair our faults.' Would it not be spiritual resurrection, rebirth, renewal through justice and health, the baptism of regeneration, the circumcision of the heart of which Scripture speaks? Would it not be like spring that turns the withered tree green? Like the convulsion that casts aside a useless wrapping? This refreshing of the inner man is a metamorphosis quite as important as that of insects, for it is the transition from languor to health, from shadow to light, from death to life.

Wer nicht mehr liebt, und nicht mehr irrt,
Der lasse sich begraben.

And the fruit of the new birth is its adoption. And its adoption, which banishes servile fear, leads to the glorifying of God through an exemplary life and through good works.

July 4, 1868

(Noon.) Why are the best men always the most deceived? Because they most fear being deceived. Having a horror of suspecting falsely, they wait for evidence before complaining or defending themselves; that is to say, they wait too late. — We suffer through our good qualities, even if we make others suffer through our faults.

If crime is a temptation, generosity is also. Through fear of injustice, we rush into imprudence. To have done with doubt, we yield at a nod. When the scales of the balance, both loaded, threaten to be equal, we feel the mad desire to throw our sword into one of them to put an end to the irritating oscillations.

I have re-read No. 90.[1] This number has again brought me face to face with the Sphinx and with its terrifying contradictions. What is certain is that the 'perfect manager,' so precious as a friend, is very disturbing in another rôle, so soon as one compares intentions with facts, and the nobility of impulses with the symptoms of instinct. What is uncertain is the definite victory of the better *I* under new circumstances. In fact, there are occult influences that are protected against me and that still make themselves felt, in spite of all denials; for example, B. never meets or sees Eg. without its producing a harmful effect, harmful at least to me; and yet B. only resists half-heartedly this temptation and never breaks resolutely a tie that I have advised against. — Well, I know from my own experience that nothing wounds or offends the heart more surely than these vague resistances to desires that cannot be twice expressed. The contrast between enthusiastic devotion and a sullen half-opposition, inevitably saddens the one who witnesses it. To have your rights compared, even for a quarter of an hour, with those of another, when the respective rights are absolutely incomparable, wounds the sense of justice and pride that lies at the bottom of a loving heart.

(3 P.M.) Our friend Hmd. has given us a fine fright. He was missing for nineteen hours; that is, at supper, at night, at breakfast, and at lunch.

---

[1] No. 90 of the *Journal,* which is the entry preceding this.

The pension was upside down. I was just coming out of the police station where I had made my deposition, and was going to take a carriage with Hipp. G. to seek for the missing one, when he appeared in the rue de l'Hôtel de Ville, cheerful, rosy, and satisfied. Tableau! — Moral: by covering our tracks too carefully we may cause needless anxiety to those whose duty it is to have some concern for us. Since an accident is always possible, it is proper to free your neighbor of responsibility, and to spare him a useless expense of feeling and agitation. Advice to the reader. — Another lesson: a too habitual punctuality on our part has its inconveniences; for then the slightest prank surprises and scandalizes those about us. — In short, take it or leave it, but the attachment of others lessens our independence; the man who is loved is no longer free.

Reaction of good sense against a foolish susceptibility. When one is lost in the minutiæ of feeling, it is good to be rudely recalled to the truth. The truth is that you are an idiot, thus to refine upon happiness, and to thwart in this way, through a thousand, subtle chicaneries, all the solutions that occur to you. You are not in a position to stand so upon ceremony or to be so difficult to suit. Do you believe you are without faults? You are not even young or rich; you are neither important nor celebrated. When Providence sets in your way a last opportunity to repair your innumerable foolish mistakes, are you going to begin again your former ridiculous difficulties? Once you are fully started on scruples, objections, and obstacles, you will never have done with them. — It always takes courage to marry, for the element of chance and risk cannot be eliminated. Napoleon said one must know how to lose to chance twenty-five risks out of a hundred. What has always paralyzed you is that cursed ideal, which will not consent to a loss of twenty-five, or twenty, or fifteen. It is pride that refuses to submit to the tyranny of chance and the caprices of the lottery, even in regard to one fourth of its happiness. — The pusillanimity of solitary men is next door to hypochondria; it exaggerates all misfortunes and depreciates all blessings. You risk perishing through the Don Quixotism of nicety. What you lack is a little brutality and plain common-sense.

Wer sein Glück nicht sucht, der versäumt es.

... She writes me: 'B. gives her word that henceforth she will let her friend know EVERYTHING that might directly or indirectly disturb the complete harmony that exists between them, whether they are later united or separated; more, she realizes that it is wise and just to do this *in future.*'

At last! Second thoughts are usually right with my little friend. This does not entirely remedy all the harm, but almost all the harm due to the first impulse. Besides, repentance has three times the merit with obstinate natures. So, all is well.

July 7, 1868

(10 A.M.) Mortal sadness. Experienced the great anguish of desertion. Forward, forward! — A tornado of blue devils. My will is apathetic and my heart anxious. The demon who wanders through desert regions and knows no rest has been my guest; will he return with seven others more evil than himself, to my house that is swept and garnished? — Letter to B. with a farewell present. — I recover a little peace.

(11 P.M.) 'Let the most generous of friends drive away his melancholy; let him be courageous, energetic, and clear-sighted, if he wishes to give joy and peace to his little friend.' (B.)

These are the farewells of her who is leaving, *invitus invitam.* Since we have considered another possibility, everything has gone wrong for us. It is questions of life and death that create a desert about themselves. One must lose everything if one does not wish to win everything. As soon as the crescendo stops, everything collapses. How cruel Fate is to men and how ironically it makes sport of logic! A full treasury, an empty treasury: what villainous magic in settling an account! He who does not take everything no longer has anything. What a thief's morality!

Moreover, who is logical, strict, and consistent?

It is B. Through faint-heartedness and morbid pity, I do not know how to cut and to cauterize.

Poor friend, you are not what a vain people think you.

Just yesterday, at the pension, they drew a portrait of me that I would never have recognized. The same appearance can arise from utterly different causes; thus immobility can result from lack of forces or from their neutralization; silence can express emptiness of thought or the suffocation of plenitude. They think me incapable of suffering, and especially of suffering for another, while I have difficulty in composing myself and in recovering my equilibrium whenever I meet with a sincere emotion. I cannot detach myself from any one who is attached to me, but, on the other hand, all my pride asserts itself at a glance that turns aside or a hand that is refused; and I can fling the door wide for any one who appears anxious to escape.

My nature refuses to be outdone in faithfulness, in pride, in tenderness, or in independence.

With me, each one reaps as he has sown.

But these thoughts have no place here. Here I am noting and admiring the courage and resolution of a friend. She wishes me to be entirely free, uninfluenced by sentiment, by habit, by scruples, by tenderness, or by accident. And with this understanding she has arranged everything on the double hypothesis of yes and no, of death or of emigration. She knows what she wants, dares what is necessary, and does what she should. Reason dominates and governs her daily life. Desire, passion, suffering have nothing to do with it. One must recognize necessity and obey only duty. I like this virility because I admire it. A masculine resolution is healthiest. A hesitant sentimentality weakens the soul and paralyzes action. — And as it was B. who created the relations existing between us, so it was for B. to declare this period over and closed. A free friendship between free persons of different sexes can only endure by the uncertain favor of circumstances. We have long enjoyed this favor. It ceases now. As soon as the world turns its eyes, lays its fingers upon these delicate relations, these relations become impossible. In the presence of suspicion or malice, we must resign ourselves to not seeing each other. Which is what has happened to us. It must necessarily have happened at one time or another. So, we must submit, without complaint or amazement. The malice in the world, like the oxygen in the air, penetrates everywhere and rusts everything. Let us return to the common law and be just to each other.

Has B. done me more harm than good, and henceforth could she do me more good than harm? Two weighty questions, which I must attempt to answer, now that Fate has asked them so brutally.

(3 P.M.) As for the past, I refuse to question it,

and pass to the order of the day, as such a critical examination gives me the impression of a violation of *lèse-affection*, an impiety of which I am not capable and of which I do not wish to be guilty. What is done is done; the past is past. If there have been ill consequences, they are accepted, forgotten, and forgiven; there remain only the benefits that survive, the services that I have not forgotten and the intentions that have been excellent. B. has helped me to pass through the past eight years, by her advice, her sympathy, her tact, and her devotion. She has done as much as at least four persons: she has given me a firm point of support and has inspired me with unlimited confidence. She has been for me a friend, a sister, a confidante, an associate, a right arm, another I. She has given me that inestimable thing, a refuge, a shelter, a citadel, after a fashion a home. Home is the place where one is expected, desired, understood, extolled, encouraged, admired, and sustained. If I have had a home and in some ways a life that was not single, to whom do I owe it? To B. B. is the only person who has held the key to my intimate life, who has been the confidante of all my sorrows and joys, the only one who has known my inner self well, and the only person of whom I could ask one of those services that admit of neither hesitation nor discussion. — B., although she is unruly and obstinate with others, could obey me because she had faith in me, and because she was able to concentrate on me the portion of enthusiasm she had rescued from the arid experiences of her life. Thus, as far as the past is concerned, I am filled with gratitude.

As concerns the future, must I tighten this bond, according to the saying of the poet (Rückert): 'What one can no longer do without, one must take bravely'? Or according to this other saying (of Goethe)?

Willst du immer weiter schweifen?
Sieh! das Gute liegt so nah.
Lerne nur das Glück ergreifen.
Denn das Glück ist immer da.

B., it is true, is involved in painful circumstances, and she has two serious faults; but how many compensations, and what special advantages! Therefore, it is urgent and indispensable to go over once more the pros and cons and to *decide*, for your own sake, for the sake of the family, of your social *milieu* and your future career. Carry through and bring to an end this investigation that has been outlined in your matrimonial brief for a long time, but that you have let lie, through horror of the indiscretion of others, and through the disagreeable necessity of sounding your neighbor.

July 8, 1868

(4 P.M.) Inner torment. Besieged by cruel thoughts. In arranging the file of my largest cor-

respondence, I noticed that a great many numbers were missing. I made up the account and the result oppresses me. Involuntarily it turns my mind to what I fear. I have a horror of suspicions, and in consequence I immediately wrote my discovery to the author of the letters, who had taken care of the collection for me, and who, after all, might have burned them all up.

Through what fatality should I be driven to doubt at the moment when I was about to act? It is frightful. The heaviest of crosses is the necessity for a mental reservation. I want none of it. It is a suggestion of the Evil One, who is the father of lies. It is quite enough to distrust myself and life. I will not entertain a shadow of distrust for the only person in whom I have placed entire confidence. I will never admit the idea of any indelicacy, any dishonesty, any injury whatever to honor and good faith. In an intimacy it would be more painful to be clairvoyant than to be deceived; one does not expect harm. Confidence ought to remain magnanimous; it takes pride in not defending itself, in never divining or supposing what ought not to be, in thinking nobly about those whom it has once honored with its esteem. It would blush to be on its guard. Nobility of heart, by laying aside all its arms, disarms those who also have warm hearts. Alexander drinks the potion of the physician Philippus, Cæsar opens his arms to Brutus. — Get thee behind me, Satan!

Your suspicion is vile. Shame to him who merits it; but misfortune to him who lets himself be injured; he suffers more than the one who is guilty.

Confidence is like the glass of a mirror. Once shattered, it can never be united.

Yes, but charity is the bond of perfection. — Charity is patient; it does not seek its own interest, it does not grow bitter, it does not suspect evil, it excuses everything: *it believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.* (Saint Paul.)

Judge not, lest ye be judged.

It is a severe trial that our friends impose on us when they tempt us to doubt their nobility, when they play with our esteem. But we must leave the judgment to God and persevere in charity. That is best for our neighbor and ourself.

The inner turmoil I have just experienced makes me understand the commonest form of jealousy, that which springs from an incurable doubt, when the doubt is born from the experience of repeated fraud. All loyalties are bound together, and from the violation of one there naturally follows the probability of the infraction of another. Thus the curse of a fault lies in its progeny; that is to say, in its consequences. How the deceiver is deceived, and what a punishment he prepares with his own hand!

But, my good friend, with this need for absolute veracity and sustained nobility, you are perhaps condemning yourself to celibacy. For a woman, who is a weak and changeable creature, naturally inclines either to mental reservations that lead to dissimulation, or to cunning that is so close to deceit. And in taking her with such complete seriousness, you do her honor, no doubt, but you impose on her an impossible task and one that is perhaps against nature. The ideal makes you too exacting. Reality is imperfect, even on this point; all consciences are not equally scrupulous; and that of a woman is not naturally overscrupulous. Religion is feminine, but not morality, for religion is an emotion and morality is a principle. Without a man's education a woman does not know what is meant by strict integrity, chivalrous honor, a serious respect for law, and absolute rectitude. Of herself, she understands only faithfulness in love. (Which is why the prophets never speak of offences against the moral law except under the feminine form of forgetfulness of the marriage vow, under the images of adultery and prostitution.) Man ought, therefore, to be the instructor of the woman, to make her leave devious paths and tortuous ways, to teach her directness in speech, thought, and conduct. It is man who decides what is right, honest, true, and correct. To woman belong the shades and applications; but to man the precept, the rule, the law. When a man becomes effeminate, he is lowered; but a woman, on the contrary, grows greater on assuming some male virtues.

(7 P.M.) B. has told me twenty times that inexhaustible kindness can work miracles; but has she not also proved to me twenty times that one's nature is stronger than all resolutions? Well, in her nature there are one or two fatal tendencies and one or two sinister habits that still threaten all the results obtained and the progress accomplished. Until now I have been the victor, because we were only friends and free. But once indissolubly united, would it be the same? B. thinks and hopes so. As for me, I do not know. And can one risk all one's future on a possibility? That is the terrible question. A thousand secondary reasons are favorable; but the essential remains in suspense. Can B. make me stronger and better? And, in return, can I make her happy? Happiness is in union. Union implies perfect confidence, and confidence is not commanded but deserved. Well, can such a nature entirely inspire confidence? Can the good angel bind and subdue eternally the evil spirit and prevent it, if not from struggling, at least from doing harm? One may say 'yes,' or perhaps 'no.' I dare no longer decide. I have believed so, but at present I hesitate. Everything is possible, even excellence and heroism; but also, since the worst that could happen would be the corruption of the best, we may dread terrifying revolutions. B. among her obscure shadows does not know herself very well. Now that she is happy, she believes that she is transformed; she supposes

that all the germs of suspicion, of vengeance, of anger and bitterness, engendered in her soul through long years of suffering, humiliations, and misfortunes, are dead and forgotten memories. I fear this may be an illusion. She has seen the wrong side of life, and if the contrast makes her happy and grateful, there is no certainty that an ordeal might not awake in her these slumbering seeds. (By ordeal I mean not outward adversities, but inner sorrows, difficulties with husband or relatives, supposed injustices, lack of consideration, humiliations, how can I say what?) Such things have happened more than once.

July 9, 1868

(7.30 A.M.) At last a light has dawned, and an idea has come that justifies some one, or at least explains her. The 'pitiless contradictions' must all have the same cause, and my mistake must always be the same, the mistake of believing purely and simply in *words*, even when the words exceed the thought, exceed the ability, and exceed the will. It is after this fashion that man is always more or less mistaken in regard to woman; he forgets, through nobility and integrity, that they do not speak quite the same language, and that for them words have not the same weight and the same significance, especially in matters of sentiment. Whether from modesty, precaution, or artifice, a woman never says all her thought, and what she is aware of is only a part of the whole. Entire frankness seems to be impossible to her, and complete understanding of herself seems forbidden her. If she is a sphinx, it is because she is an enigma, because she is restless, ambiguous, equivocal, to herself as well. There is no need for her to be perfidious, for she is mystery itself. Woman is that which escapes; she is irrational, indeterminable, illogical; she is contradiction incarnate. Therefore, with her one must exercise much kindness and no small amount of prudence, for she can cause infinite harm without knowing it. She is like an unknown but explosive substance of which the caprices cannot be foreseen or the fury measured. Capable of complete devotion and of every sort of treachery — an 'incomprehensible monster' in the latter capacity — she is the delight and the consternation of man. And to complete the danger, she is only half responsible, like a child, or a drunken man, or a madman. All this because she is given over to passion; that is, to storm. An infinitesimal dose of jealousy, for example, suffices to turn the angel into a gorgon. *O wey!* Honey can turn to gall, the dove into the vulture; milk is suddenly transformed into poison. I have observed it in others, I have even (inasmuch as a poet is somewhat feminine) felt it in myself.

(8.30 A.M.) My present idea is that B. has again allowed herself to be bitten by the serpent of suspicion. She cannot endure that which she has herself demanded, advised, and provoked; that is, a comparison. She is incensed at my obedience. The uncertainty has exasperated her. She has been caught again by the old instinct of self-defence. She has renounced hope and even justice. She has wavered between distrust and faith. Hence that sort of unconscious duplicity, that contradiction between the assumed rôle and the secret preoccupation; hence that discord between the melody and the verse, the inner essence and the outer form; between the hidden bitterness and the apparent sweetness; between the deliberate submission and the involuntary revolt. My fault is having forgotten that B. could no longer carry out the programme that she had sketched for herself, that love is not friendship, and that when friendship is changed into love, its laws are changed also; that love is not easily transformed into tenderness, into maternal affection, as the imagination thinks, as the heart dreams, as the will commands. In other words, if I simply assume rashness on the part of B., who must, in all good faith, have expected too much of herself, it seems to me that I explain all the rest: the ambiguity, the contradictions, the moments of sullen hardness, relapses into incredulity, a faltering enthusiasm, the burning need to re-hypnotize herself, so to speak, to delude herself, the temptation to break off everything, to risk everything for everything, an ear always open to the suggestions of doubt, the instinct to cover her designs, the gusts of personal interest under the form of burning memories, the stirrings of a bitter tie with a sorrowful past, I know not what dull shame or what indefinable mingling of resentments.... On her happy days, B. has often wished to die; the prophetic instinct of future tempests made her long for definite rest.

Here I am restored to calm and returned to a right point of view. What has happened was inevitable, was in the very nature of the characters and situations concerned. So I pardon B. and I blame myself. There is acquittal, absolution, forgetfulness, and indulgent peace. But the question is this: Is it wise for B. and myself to risk similar tempests in the future? Would Hymen be a haven? Would B. possess, as she should and as she says she does, an effective repentance for the past, a terror of her demon, the religion of confidence, the absolute respect for domestic peace, the cult of a perfect union? Certainly she desires all this, but is she capable of it? What and how great is the probability? As she is made and as I am made, doubt is itself a torment, a scene is almost a rupture, an offence is almost irreparable. A man rarely changes his nature, a woman perhaps never, at least in the world: she needs the cloister, that is to say, to espouse a God, for the crisis to take place. If matters stand like this, what says reason? It is thoughtful. The instinct of generosity and of rashness hints that the attempt is noble, that it has a sort of divine beauty, that magnanimity has accomplished miracles; but good sense replies that one must never count on the extraordinary or calculate on the exception. As a general rule, a tree bears its fruits, a cause produces its effects, an organization obeys its own law, a nature develops in line with its antecedents and in conformity with its deepest tendencies. Well, B.'s deepest tendency is to harden herself towards and against every one, and it lies in the strength of her own will. This tendency has survived all its immolations: the flames of the holocaust have not been able to consume this salamander. On the least occasion the old Adam reappears, the ancient enemy again shows himself, with his impenetrable mask and his clenched fists; in the devoted being one finds the challenger, the adversary, the revolt, which one no longer expected. The death of self was scarcely a lethargic sleep; the I, like an elemental spirit, arises, ironic and formidable. All the conjurations of Solomon, all the canonical exorcisms, have no power over it, or only for a very short time. Not only is B. some one, but there is always *some one else* in her, and this other appears incoercible, indestructible, not to be expelled. It is true that sin is more or less in all of us and the war on sin an everlasting thing; but when there is *candor*, one knows what one is about, one sees what one can do. And here candor is lacking. My grievance has always been the same; and when I say grievance I mean my anxiety, suffering, torment. One never sees to the depths of her eyes or of her nature. Even when she does not defend herself, she is opaque and impenetrable. When one has a passion for transparency, when one is contemplative, like myself, it is impossible to inure one's self to this persistent obscurity, and to dispel a certain remnant of fear. Even joy and surrender, even the radiancy of tenderness, cannot pierce that shell which is like metal or porcelain. O the crystal clearness of water, the transparency of springs and waves, what a delicious thing! It is true that we cannot see the bottom of the ocean, but we feel that we penetrate its depths as far as the eye can plunge, and that the obstacle is in our sight and not in the thing we look at. A rock beneath a shallow layer of water does not give the same impression as the unfathomable sea.

Holy, loving, heroic,
Her eye is limpid and loyal,
Her profile is antique,
Her voice music,
Her dream, the ideal.

One would say an irony of fate that insists on refusing me what I desire most and is determined to wound me where I am most sensitive. As I have been praised and extolled for my clairvoyance, my perspicacity, my discernment (which have been exaggerated), I must now expiate these praises, which never dazzled me, by failing with the person whom I ought to know best. Instead of evidence and security, I must be satisfied with probability and hope. Thus, in place of certainty I have conjecture; instead of clear vision I have faith; instead of *after all*, a *perhaps*. The test is no doubt well chosen, but it is severe.

Must I refuse the test?

(11 A.M.) I will put myself in her place. Since she has not believed she was the cause of my troubles, she has allowed herself to fall into revolt and discouragement. She no longer knows if she can be of use to me. She has, therefore, wished to bring about a break that she has believed good for me and desirable for us both. Renunciation has joined with pride to form the great decision. Having been the first to make advances, she has thought that she should be the first to withdraw. Once our little secret had got abroad, she would fear malicious gossip more for me than for herself. Perhaps she has put herself in the wrong out of sheer unselfishness. She may have sought a complete sacrifice, even that of my confidence. Who knows if she has not been heroic? If she has ever loved her friend better than now? If her revolt is not pretended, if her hardness is not courage, if her courage is not resignation and her resignation humility? — A host of memories, words, and passages return to my memory that seem to confirm this supposition. 'Plead my cause; do not

plead my cause; dispense with sentiment and consult only reason; I wish to go away before I am no longer able to do so, so as not to repeat the story of Eg.; I have had a glimpse of paradise; I shall take Eg. to Paris and arrange a new life for myself...' In other words, do not leave me and have no fear of leaving me; I should like to, but I am unwilling; *es ginge wohl, aber es geht nicht*, as says Berlin; I hope a little, but I hope nothing. Vacillation, wavering, contradiction: it is nature, such is life.

(5 P.M.) Read over several hundred of B.'s letters (from March 12, 1859, that is, for the last nine and a half years) with emotion and affection. Here is a passage from the four hundredth (March 11, 1866): 'There remains in my heart, beside the feeling of your pardon, only the joy of this anniversary, which was for me the dawn of a new existence, of a serious and profound attachment, and of *seven years of infinite happiness*, a happiness which, next to the help of God, will be my mainstay and my guide in the midst of the temptations of the bad I, and of all the sufferings of separation. It is with an emotion that makes my pen tremble that I write these lines, so grateful and happy am I for all that past which I owe you, for this present that reveals to me unknown joys and perspectives that give me strength. No, do not fear the future for Sorellina. In her there is a strength that neither weakness nor temptation will conquer, and rest assured that under whatever circumstance or at

whatever moment you may knock at the door of her heart, it will answer you with the same devotion, without its costing her an effort.' — It is true that on May 24, 1859, B. was already writing me, 'A woman's best resolution holds by a thread that the least sentimental Zephyr can break.'

(July 19, 1866.) 'For several months I have felt the need for suffering, so as to expiate in some measure *this happiness that has constantly increased for nearly eight years*. The memory of these last days is still so radiant that it almost makes me desire an immediate separation, so much do I fear that a shadow of regret may come to veil its infinite sweetness.'

(April 11, 1867.) 'You have taught me peace, a taste for duty, the poetry of life. What a blessing, what new life! I owe it to you, friend, and I find it very sweet. And likewise I shall use, under God's eye, all the firmness and will with which I am endowed to remain forever your friend, true, upright, faithful, loving, generous, without pretence and without reserve!... Say to yourself that you are her strength, her hope, her poetry, and that she is forever your pupil, your neophyte, your child.'

(July 18, 1867.) 'The hurt I am going to confess dates from *four* months ago.... These sad thoughts, pondered over and over by Philine (the meditative), have destroyed my enthusiasm, my ease, my faith.... Philine is perhaps proud to the point of haughtiness, but she is not inconstant.... Hence these alternating moods of cold repression when sad thoughts returned, and of deep, ardent tenderness when I remembered only your unlimited confidence and your constant goodness. Hence my need for flight and the calm with which I learned of your early departure. Hence this inner shame which has made me avoid you after each recurrence of unconstraint.'

(June 24, 1867.) 'Your greatness of soul, which makes me blush with shame, has conquered the demon, and forever. I am humiliated at the thought of my offences and my injustice before you and God. Your full pardon will be the pearl of great price to Philine.... A break with you, whom I have loved and whom I love only, with all my soul, would be for Philine the inner death that destroys past all hope. All doubt has entirely disappeared. There remains only admiration for your nobility of heart and the earnest need for your pardon.'

(October 22, 1867.) 'Your child, your sister, your friend forever.'

(November 12, 1867.) 'Through you and with you, yes, Philine *has conquered and will always conquer* the times, circumstances, and men, never doubt it.... Let us help each other more and better than ever.... Joy has come into my home and with it all the confidence, all the ease, and all the serenity of infinite tenderness.... The past and the present prove that our attachment is right in spite of the whole world; the future will prove it still more clearly. Everything within or without me that tempts me to withdraw from you, or merely to lessen what my heart and my soul have given you, I shall master and crush, for it is *you only*, in all the world, who have understood me and been good to me, *you only* who are my hope, my joy, and my light; and so long as duty does not separate us, so long as you keep me by you, as you have done for nearly nine years, nothing shall be subtracted from my treasure, and when you are no longer free, I alone shall keep it and embalm it in my heart.'

(6.30 P.M.) What impression do I gather from this long journey through nine years of memories and fifteen hundred pages of correspondence? This: that B. is constant, sincere, faithful, and enthusiastic, but she is subject to all the gusts of passion; that she is proud, opinionated, vindictive, suspicious on occasion, concealing her bitterness for long periods and brooding over it, tenacious of her own ideas, recovering with difficulty from her mistakes and presuming far too much on her strength. But her faults spring very largely from her fate and her misfortunes. Her energy might be used exclusively for good, for if B. is subject to a thousand relapses, her fundamental aspirations are noble and elevated. Her continual waverings spring in part from a false situation, sought, it is true, by herself, but which has proved to be stronger than her will. Besides, she has always suffered from a double incertitude, one disinterested, the other personal: she has never been able to solve in a positive fashion either the first problem, whether she had done me more good than harm and had helped or hindered my career, nor the second problem, whether she held quite the place in my heart desired by her own uneasy and tempestuous heart. — She has always sought to stimulate me to work and marriage, and at the same time, when I followed her precepts nature revolted in her; she grew unhappy at being only a friend, even though the dearest of friends.

There are, then, only two possible endings for this drama of the heart, and this time B.'s intelligence has clearly stated the alternatives: either complete association or complete separation. The continuation of the present régime being a closed issue and a solution not to be considered, henceforth we must choose between the two other possibilities.

In regard to association, I am now reassured, so far as concerns myself; I wish to be, so far as concerns her, and, if it is socially possible, I shall yield to my fate. Everything has been in abeyance, thanks to faults committed by B. during these last weeks, faults that filled me with doubt to the marrow of my bones, needlessly destroyed a great deal of happiness, and made us lose three days of action at a time when each hour was of value. Dear little friend, what a frightful quantity of lost time we shall have to redeem if ever we consummate our life together! For twenty years women have distracted me from my work; it will be only just to obtain compensation for my infinite softness of heart. A woman should repair the harm done me by woman; it is a sort of debt of honor, a sacred obligation that will be contracted by the person to whom I shall give my name. — Inner solace.

July 30, 1868

(5.30 P.M.) Letter to B. (with a photograph). I have again been seized with strong emotion. The pain of sacrifice has gripped me again. I feel myself between two impossibilities: the impossibilities of advancing or withdrawing, of breaking or of uniting. Tenderness and anguish, reason and sentiment, cannot agree. Who has said that the philosopher ought to know only three women: his mother, his sister, and his wife? It seems, indeed, that with all other members of the sex one creates inextricable difficulties, regrets, and sorrows. In discouraging or forbidding feminine friendships, popular prejudice is not so far wrong. So long as society is constituted as it is, there is no regular solution for the pleasure of seeing each other but marriage, and when marriage is socially impossible, this pleasure gives rise to agonizing difficulties. The American custom is for those who suit each other to escape together, and it is all settled. But when you are bound to the soil, closely attached to a country, an office, a human *milieu*, you are no longer free. Your heart stirs up your common-sense to ridicule you; and society, which laughs at affinities, lays its veto on all that displeases it. Prudence, pride, self-interest, and duty stand as bars to sentiment.

Never is there pure happiness: poor human nature! However, wisdom takes the part of reason, in preference to the part of inclination. Emotions pass, but obstacles remain. One ought never to count on chronic enthusiasm. Humiliations triumph over all attachments. One should never undertake to war against the world except for the sake of principles (because principles outlast the world that attacks them), but never for the sake of an individual preference (because the world and its prejudices invariably outlast individuals, and in struggling against the world's prejudices one wears one's self out and perishes miserably). — One may groan with Titus, but one must act as he did.

(6.30 P.M.) Two things pleased me in the address of the Faculty: first, that the relations, which have lasted several years, were not even suspected by a personage who knows everything; next, that justice has been done to the good behavior, to the ability, and the reserve of my friend: which proves to me that public opinion has not been as suspicious and ill-natured as I had imagined from a certain anonymous letter. It is quite certainly Philine's setting (family, relatives, marriage, associates) and not her person that makes her taboo. As for her, I see that she is hardly known, or at least that her true merits are eclipsed by the summary idea that has been formed of her. Naturally they do not know of the extensive transformation that has taken place under my long influence, and of which Phil. is perfectly aware, since she calls herself my neophyte, my pupil, and my child. She is merely considered cold, imperious, and overbearing. That is her bad side; they do not know her good one. Both exist, but the good has grown steadily after every relapse. The other, without being destroyed, has suffered all the defeats, and continued happiness would have gradually diminished it.

July 31, 1868

(9 A.M.) Have omens any significance? The glass of my watch, shattered, a crystal candlestick broken, and a Friday — three coincidences of sinister portent. — The catastrophe was not long in coming. It arrived in the shape of a letter. So everything is ended, by a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. The four ropes of my captive balloon break at the same moment, and here I am hurled into fathomless space, without ballast, without destination, without compass, condemned like the

wandering Jew to an eternal restlessness that can never be ended, to a sterile and vagabond liberty. O misery, O vacuity, O infinite solitude!

What a fate! Always to begin and never to end! To count one's days by a series of abortive fancies and one's years by a series of shipwrecks. Plans and hopes that perpetually vanished in smoke! Discouragement, hesitation, doubts, weakness, depression, despondency, then remorse, new enthusiasms, new resolutions, and new defeats. I am disgusted with myself. Have I had enough of impotence? This creature who is nerveless, slack, vacillating, uncertain, undecided, indolent, without form, without character, without will, is this indeed I? This weakness, this inconstancy, this cowardice before the unknown, this faint-heartedness, is it really I? Oh, what a burden life is! What torture to be a man with a divided heart! Of what use is it to be kind, to desire the good and the right for one's self and one's neighbor, when one can neither become convinced of what one ought to do nor care enough about something to do it at any price? Thus ten years ago I had decided on complete abstention or else the fullest life.

Quiconque est loup, agisse en loup,
C'est le plus certain de beaucoup.

The nonentity ought never to risk becoming something. What does he gain by violating himself? His real nature always reappears. As soon as

I attempted to depart from contemplation, even in the name of duty, I had reason to repent.

I am, then, made to fail and to cause suffering. I detest myself. My only excuse is that I suffer first of all and more than the others, since I have to drag myself along, such as I am, through existence. But come, let us be reasonable. Let us drive away the blue devils, the phantoms, the illusions of sadness. Let us recover our composure in this calamity and settle what can still be settled. My friend sets me an example. Let us follow it.

No one is constrained to do the impossible. At my age emigration would be senseless. This marriage would morally oblige me to emigrate. Therefore it is condemned. — It is true that you reasoned otherwise six weeks ago. You needed complete renovation, you said then, and to simplify your life. A marriage that will make your life centre about a single thought and a single aim is your first need. This marriage, by isolating you somewhat, but giving you independence and a daily point of support, would serve your purpose, your best purpose. Besides, you added with conviction,

To make others happy is always the surest happiness.

Therefore make the *salto mortale*, and be happy in spite of the world, your family, and appearances.

Which train of reasoning is right? You have grazed a resurrection, a metamorphosis, a rebirth; and now you fall back into the old rut. Another sort of marriage would continue your way of life, though bettering it somewhat; this was a revolution which risked everything for everything, but which might have produced a great result. — In accordance with the logic of your nature, you have drawn back before the lottery, in spite of a strong temptation to stake all you had. In place of poetry, romance, the brave deed, you accept prose, uniformity, the commonplace. For the possibility of a great flight, the certainty of a pedestrian life. Perhaps you have distrusted yourself too much, and an heroic rôle was not so much beyond your reach as you imagined? At bottom, you have always thought too poorly of yourself. So as not to let events disappoint you, you have dared expect nothing of your nature; you have held it in small esteem, and you have crushed your own character with the irony, distrust, and disdain that you have always shown towards it. This is not the way to develop your assurance, courage, and virility. Towards yourself you have been a sort of mocking and aggressive stepmother. You have clipped your own wings and cut your tendon of Achilles. No warmth, animation, or boldness in action, but the clumsiness of a timid soul that has been too much mocked and bantered. Apparently you have hopelessly intimidated yourself with your eternal sarcasm. The poet advises the opposite:

Ein Gotterfülltes Selbstvertrauen
Führt dich am sichersten zum Heil.

But I do not wish to rewrite the pages of July 16. — The soul of the solitary man veers to all the points of the compass. He is condemned to the torture of never seeing clearly in the present, but only in the past. I am as depressed as if I were passing through a hurricane.

(11 A.M.) Read over three times the last rose-colored letter, with tears in my eyes and a pang in my heart. Do not the rights of love take precedence over all other rights? Where is the oracle, the arbiter, the luminary in this jurisprudence of souls? Women? For them the question is settled in advance. Men? Where are there men of God so pure and wise that their decision in such a matter appears the judgment of God? One knows these things only on one's last day, on one's death-bed, when the knowledge serves no purpose except to condemn one. Am I doing right, am I doing wrong? At the moment of decision, at the fatal, unique, irreparable hour, one is in a cloud. One acts only from that vague instinct which one calls faith. One does not know what one does. Common-sense, the heart, reason, reflection, instinct, habit, desire, all speak together in such confusion one cannot hear the simple voice, the 'enduring counsel,' the inner oracle. One would like to be guided by God, and one falls back upon one's self; that is, into chaos. Whoever is unwilling to make mistakes should not act. But since action is ordained, it is therefore ordained that we should

make mistakes, that we should run the risk of error, that we should venture our skiff on the terrible ocean of destiny. Man of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?

August 2, 1868

(9 A.M.) Magnificent weather. Deep solitude at Schwalbenheim. Melancholy.

(4 P.M.) Have eaten my heart out all day. Read the hundred and forty final letters (to the end of last June). Wrote six pages with my last instructions and my last inquiries to Blw. In spite of everything, I am not sure of doing right: I am not convinced of my duty. Between wisdom which says *How can I tell?* prudence which says *No*, the heart which says *Yes*, experience which is silent, and desire which merely sighs, I do not know which to heed. What is abominable in practical life is, first, that cases are always special, entirely new, and defy general categories; next, that one's fellow-creatures form only a poor judgment of these cases; and, finally, that one feels more responsible than enlightened one's self. One must have faith, always faith, and without a strong instinctive impulse, a touch of temerity, and a grain of rashness one can certainly undertake nothing. To decide is to impose an arbitrary conclusion, the question itself has no limits. — I am worth nothing in action, because I am too circumspect and too timid; I am too afraid of injuring others or myself.

The man who is too circumspect misses his destiny:
He lets the moment, the day, the month, the year escape him,
And the child awakens with white hair.

That is my story.

On reading over the letters of the past fortnight, I feel myself pierced again by a fiery sword, by the sharp and burning sting of doubt, of doubt concerning my resolution, or rather concerning my abstention. My circumspection appears poltroonery, my doubt cowardice, my abstention a cowardly retreat. And yet, until June this possibility seemed to me chimerical, and during eight years I did not even consider it.

Alas! it was necessary to choose between the heroic life and the convenient life, and you have not chosen the heroic life. Or rather, you have chosen nothing. No, you have not done even that. Frightfully fastidious, as you are, in questions of honor, and knowing your world of Geneva, you have not felt yourself strong enough to protect your companion against evil tongues, and you have shrunk from the thought of emigration, because it resembled flight.

(5 P.M.) My poor friend, you soften, you relent, you weaken. All that is useless. What is done is done. Blw. has spoken resolutely, plainly, and with authority. The break must be made and a new system of life rebuilt. You must take some diversion, steel yourself, heal your wound, and make other plans for the future. O weariness, O

languor, O sorrow! — I feel a frightful void, mortal anguish. Sinister presentiments. 'The hopeless repression of an immense tenderness' recurs to me like a funeral knell.

O contradictions of the heart! At this very moment when I suffer at the thought that some one suffers with me and for me, if I heard a burst of laughter from B., I should be delivered, comforted, restored, and I should be broken-hearted. Thus the heart dreads its own good and clings to that which injures it. It prefers the love that makes it suffer to the indifference that leaves it lonely. When one has had a taste of a mutual life, of the conjugal spirit, then solitude is what frightens one most.

(7 P.M.) Carefully arranged my great file of letters in a single volume, tied with ribbons between two covers. Experienced all the weariness of a disorganized life, in which everything has become equal — that is, equally insipid — and that can see nothing in the future but interminable ennui and infinite lassitude. Impressions of a cemetery. It is almost a pity to come back to life when all is over and death would simplify everything. A tomb is better than a desert.

What an abortive life! With my weak and tender heart that has not other joy than loving and being loved, than spreading happiness about it, I have arranged things so well that now I am left alone and I injure anything that is attached to me. Too much is as bad as too little. Had I been harder, I should have suffered less and caused less suffering. I should not have wasted my life. On the contrary, everything has been complicated, long-drawn-out, empoisoned with these scruples and hesitations that have been my weakness.

(10.30 P.M.) Magnificent night. Walk to *Bout du Monde* with Hermd. Full moon, limpid air, freshness and purity, calm. The conversation under the starry sky somewhat subdued my black devils. *Vae soli!* He readily surrounds himself with phantoms and exaggerates everything like a fever-patient.

August 3, 1868

(9.30 A.M.) Splendid weather. My dejection has disappeared, and yet my hand trembled in adding a twelfth page to my letter of farewell. The ringing of the bell made me shiver. It was a little girl, Alicette, coming to see her uncle. My two sisters are themselves in town, the one visiting the other. I feel that they are holding council — and council against me! The quartet have probably united for reasons of public safety. They do not know that I have cut off my right arm to lose the temptation of fighting, and that I am avoiding painful discussion so as not to involve a point of honor in a war that would last as long as myself. Fortunately I have the tragic sense of the situation, and know enough to stay in my room. But what frightful weeks I am passing through! — Well, my hole is at least a shelter and my lofty dwelling a refuge.

Das Leben nur ist Unglück, Last und Pein,
Das thatlos kränkelnd sich selbst nicht bestimmt...
Lebendig seyn heisst rastlos thätig seyn...
Es ist nicht höhere Weisheit zu erringen
Als rathlos sich durch Leibe zu verjüngen.
(Hammer)

(11.30.) I am finishing with a sad heart a novel by Theuriet ('Madame Véronique'). It is like a challenge. Veronica bears an astonishing resemblance to X, in appearance, character, and almost in her life-history. These unexpected comparisons produce a cruel and fantastic impression. The important difference is that Mme. La Faucherie resigned herself and that Veronica was only separated. On the other hand, she had no impossible family. But this book has been like a vision to me; except for the ending, which, God willing, will be quite otherwise.

It is all one.

Mein Freund du hast dir deine Wunden
Geholt in keiner Heldenschlacht.

You have lacked boldness, courage, and faith. Perhaps love is right in spite of everything. The saying of Eg.'s sister, unjust and ill-informed though it was, recurs to me like a well-founded reproach. I am almost ashamed of myself and I forget everything that might excuse me. I see only one thing, that suffering exists which with one word I could change into joy, and that reason is able to stifle this word on my lips. What torture to be thus out of harmony with one's self, with one's dearest wish, with one's deepest instinct, and to be unable to believe in the possibility of conquering the world! How I detest myself and how I suffer! You play the part of villain; it is bitter, but it is just.

Good but timid, loving but scrupulous; a fatal combination, destined to bring unhappiness to women. Distrust of one's self destroys outward heroism, militant heroism from the outset. The man who feels himself weak, and does not wish to be conquered, avoids combat. I have always avoided any serious struggle with the world. To brave ridicule, disdain, and slander would be possible where it concerned myself; but to expose her who bore my name, and to accept for her or for myself direct or indirect humiliations, that would be too much. I should climb walls to get away. A thousand deaths would seem preferable to me. My duty is to defend her. If I cannot do that, it is presumptuous to take her under my protection. — Kindness is not enough in a man; it takes a touch of fierceness and anger to create virility. — You cannot undertake a task beyond your strength, because you have no illusions as to yourself.

He who has not the spirit of his rôle,
Of this rôle has all the misfortune.

(4 P.M.) For more than a month, I have not had a single quarter of an hour of happiness; and *for two whole hours*, I have enjoyed it, breathed it into the bottom of my lungs. God has been kinder than I hoped. I have recovered what I thought lost forever. I have shed many tears of emotion. A heavy load has lifted from my heart. Peace and benediction. Two griefs that are shared almost make one happiness, and in any case make serenity. A note that reached me at dinner is the cause of this beneficent crisis. My pupil, my neophyte, my sister, my monitor, is given back to me. We have arranged the present and the future. Relief, content, happiness. We have come safely through the ordeal by fire.

(10 P.M.) A solitary walk, but high spirits, strength, and energy. Letter to Blw. Meditated on the *fraternity of arms*. — Gungl. orchestra. Magnificent moonlight. Let us make up for lost time.

October 19, 1869 (Geneva)

(10.30 P.M.) My valiant little friend has looked over all the desirable apartments for me and has given me a report of this inspection. Her quick, clear, practical mind and her keenness of observation are precious under the circumstances. However, is there any way in which this intrepid devotion would not be useful? As concerns work, travel, or business my friend is a supremely capable little woman. In the management of a household, in arranging a way of living, in education, she would almost certainly be the same. The arts, literature, serious learning, nature, she enjoys them all vividly, and is interested in everything that interests me. I am not unaware of her shortcomings. But in the first place I know them, which counts for something; then with such zeal and cleverness as she has, these shortcomings might easily grow less or disappear. She can do almost anything she wishes to do, because of the concentration and energy of her will.

At the pension, return of Nestor (M. P.).

The Department of Public Instruction has had printed twelve thousand copies of a little holiday volume, for young people (in memory of September 20). It has added some half-dozen poems, among which it has forgotten only those two that are passionately sung by the aforesaid young people; and these two are mine. The 'Journal de Genève' had already failed to mention them until they were requested. One would say it was deliberate ill-will. And for what reason? I cannot imagine. Perhaps it is simply ill-luck. Yet I regret this omission for the sake of the future. In fifty years they will read over this little work, and it would have pleased me to have taken my place with the rest among the memories of these days. It appears that I am not *persona grata*. These small ingratitudes wound me. But to-morrow I shall no longer think of it.

October 20, 1869

(Noon.) A political discussion at La Treille (with MM. G., E., etc.). — Scribbled some verses on coming in and read over notebook 99. — The Réville article (on 'Primitive Hebraism').

(11 P.M.) Reading: Guizot, 'Christianity and Spiritualism.' Galos, 'The Conditions of the Liberal Government in France.'

Called on Mme. Prg., and my cousin L. C.

This evening a ferocious north wind.

October 21, 1869

(7 P.M.) Have been in and out, on academic and other business. Small matters to arrange. — A call from S. R., the naïve author of 'Naples and Rome,' who collects subscriptions without pain (to himself). His 'nerve' astonished me, for I made him aware, in every sort of way, of how disagreeable this tax was to me. But conceit has no ears when another speaks.

Conversations with the Rector, with several colleagues, with Mlle. Ch., Mme. Prg., etc. — Went over my accounts. — Looked over some family papers. Tried to take hold once more of the helm of my ship. It is incredible to what a point my whole past has become indifferent and foreign to me. What I have written seems quite new. Names and facts escape me, somewhat like the memories of a dream. The least cerebral illness reduces me to zero.

Everything is falling away from my individuality, which returns to its native poverty, as a tree loses its foliage in winter. I lack the instinct of adaptation, hence my lack of coherence. I am diffused, scattered; in a word, like gas that expands indefinitely and has no form of its own.

(11.30 P.M.) Looked over the history of my family, going back five generations, as far as Michel Amiel of Castres, born in 1676. This pious search gives rise to long reflections. How quickly relationships are lost sight of in our democratic societies! Each one draws his circle close about him, and indifference begins at arm's length. Perhaps this is best, as family spirit is aristocratic by nature. But each one is more isolated in time and space. The *I* is correspondingly accentuated. It is fate.

Spent the evening at Blw. with much pleasure. My valiant little friend helps me in everything, and becomes my right arm and my *alter ego.* — Letter from L. Rd. (who is leaving Tscherkask for Petersburg), long enough this time (eight pages) to give me pleasure and signed, 'Your little friend who loves you.'... 'Be certain that I am grateful for your goodness to me, who am nothing to you.' — Telegram from Lausanne; time is pressing.

October 22, 1869

(5 P.M.) Irritation and wasted time because of a lost letter. I ought to have irreproachable and

immediate order, since I am losing my memory. When I delay two days, the alluvial deposit of every day and the confusion of things make me lose track of what I wished to do or say. And I rage in vain; it remedies nothing.

Biting cold. I was frozen before dinner. — Corrected eight proofs of the baccalaureate ('Probability'). Meeting of the trio at the house of M. D. L. R. Then a conversation between two and a walk to the Athenæum, where the bust of Cavour by Vela had arrived.

M. D. L. R. told me how his dismissal from the professorship had made him seriously ill and that he had had difficulty in making another life for himself.

(11 P.M.) Thought over the meeting to-morrow. Took up again the family papers and somewhat disentangled this past. — Discussion on La Treille with that impatient P., who never hears anything but his own voice and his own powerful *ronron*. What a tiresome companion! and with a bombastic personality that considers itself a principle. Faugh!

October 23, 1869

(10.30 P.M.) Day well employed. After paying various bills, I set out for Lausanne with M. D. L. R. — A five-hour meeting in the Hôtel des Alpes; close of the work of the commission.[1] My two suggestions have been adopted (the prompt use of publicity; the School of Economic, Political, and Social Science). The second general meeting of the new Society will take place in Geneva. The man to report the work of the commission will be Professor Amiel. Good! Another piece of work for the aforementioned, who has not enough already. — Four hours in the company of my former teacher A. D. L. R., hours as instructive as pleasant. M. D. has known every one, at Paris, London, Turin, etc., and carried on his work extensively, like a great celebrity. In his company one inhabits lofty regions, if not those of thought itself, at least those of learning and society. Then he has the horizon and the habit of noble things. And together with that, much skill and dexterity, as have all these well-born families that have been in power for years and are used to managing men. — Moreover, the inter-canton commission is exceedingly interesting. Being composed of men of authority, rectors and former rectors of the three academies, it gets the work done and goes to the bottom of subjects without digressing or faltering. MM. de R., A. H., Ch. S., R., Dufour, the physician, D. L. R. have each addressed the commission several times (M. Humb. only once) and have spoken very well.

---

[1] International commission in the interests of higher instruction in Latin Switzerland.

In addition, I have resumed my relations with Rambert, who twice excused himself politely for his laconic letters to me. In return I made some fundamental objections to his æsthetic theory of the mountains, and I believe have done him some service for the future.

On the train with E. P. talked of our Swiss and Genevese affairs. — Quite severe cold, but very fine weather all day. Ch. S. told us that he enjoys these first cold days more than any other season of the year. — He spent his vacation in the South of France and brought back a fever ('France shows the rottenness of decayed countries'). Yet he only went to the Comargue.

October 24, 1869

(9 A.M.) Yesterday evening cut a pen from a swan's feather, with which I am scratching these lines. This pen will find it a hard job, I imagine, to live up to its different obligations and to do honor to my signature. But it is something in itself to have a tool that does not balk at too much work. I have very rarely had the pleasure of having a pen, paper, or ink that quite suited me. Even on this point one must put up with things for a long time before finding satisfaction.

A saying of Ch. B.: 'Everything we do appears to me to be a total loss. European society appears to be going straight down into the abyss. Moral force is dying out in it, and for that I see no remedy.' — Is this a prophetic view or a fit of hypochondria? With his wit that is both piercing and morose, and his imagination that leaps from one extreme to another, these two hypotheses are equally plausible. Ch. S. is an original, individual person, a mystifying mystic, epicurean in temperament, ironic by habit, a fault-finder by occupation, in every way passionate, very little master of himself, and finding much amusement in his own intensity. He is an irritable, disappointed man, who is none too well pleased with the world or with his place in the world, and who, whenever he gets started, blows off steam furiously, for consolation and amusement. The basis of this strength is a weakness. The philosopher of will knows that he is ruled by his imagination. The theorizer about liberty knows he is dependent on his sluggish organism. One would say that his book is an act of vengeance against the tyrannies that he actually endures, and that his social attitude is a defiance meant to hide the secret wounds of his pride. At bottom, he is a conquered lion, but one who roars loudly in the arena and hides his inner humiliation from the gallery. His refuge is his subjective thought; hence he peppers his own nature and the world of humanity with epigrams. Individualism is his citadel. He is of the school of Medea.

Among so many enemies what remains to you?
I. I, I say, and that is enough.

From this I explain his pessimism. Democracy, which levels off individualities even when it exalts the individual, appears to him to threaten everything that is best in the world, and to prepare the triumph of the mass, of matter, instinct, and brutality. So one must protest and veil one's face. — His philosophic mistake is not to give its due to the *spirit of objectivity*, to the instinct of peoples, to common-sense; in a word, to history. — For him there is nothing between the individual and God; or rather there is something, there are the great spiritual and moral realities, language, the law, nationality, and that which has created them, which is humanity; and that which created humanity, which is history; and that which made history, which is the work and striving of those groups which we call peoples, communities, nations. Individualism explains reality only imperfectly; according to Hegel it is superfluous to demonstrate this thesis. Individual, nation, humanity, divine spirit, there are four factors in universal history and in individual biography! Mystical individualism, by suppressing the two middle terms, leads to a sulky isolation and in its turn is misunderstood and slandered. The philosophy of Secrétan is a system of religious metaphysics that wishes to deduce Christianity as an absolute religion. Naville and he have the scholastic point of view. The one is a Thomist, the other a Scotist. Neither of them is truly a modern or answers to contemporary needs.

(11 P.M.) Reading: Bain, 'The Physiology of Thought'; — Haag, 'A Glance at the History of Protestantism in France.'

Looked over Spruner ('Historical Atlas') and Stieler. — Day-dreamed aimlessly. — Read over several of Lamartine's 'Meditations' this evening, with Phil. — Experienced great relief about a delicate question that has tormented me since yesterday, that is, since the meeting with Dr. P. It was painful to feel that I had not been told the truth; but everything can be explained otherwise. The doctor could not yet have seen C. F., and that is all. A lie on his part, a gratuitous lie, would have lowered him in my estimation. One does not jest with esteem. Tried to warn T. Dz. as to the probable failure of the 'Cosmopolite.' — His marriage is also a piece of folly, but I have no right to speak on that subject. How many rash acts at once for an enlightened and intelligent boy!

Made diverse reflections on leaving Blw.,[1] reflections of a melancholy nature. It seems to me that I have atoned for a wrong by another wrong. I have been weak, rather than conscientious, and inconsistent so as not to cause pain. It is too bad and it is stupid. To go always from Scylla to Charybdis, what a fate! When shall I have a little firmness and logic? When shall I have more character? What I lack is a precise and detailed idea of duty. To give happiness to your fellow-man is not enough of a maxim. H. B. proves it by his example.

---

[1] Blw. sometimes designates Philine's dwelling, sometimes Philine herself, whom Amiel also calls Fidélio, Délio, Sorellina, or merely M. B., D., or X; sometimes even *some one*.

October 25, 1869

(6 P.M.) Letter from Mme. R., who is leaving Évian for Turin and Naples. I am answering her at Turin, giving her the permission asked by her son-in-law to translate into Italian all or part of my 'Grains of Millet.' — Letter to Ch., to ask her to look up something at Aix relative to the origin of the Amiel family. — Letter to Pastor F. (at Chambéry) to get letters of introduction to Petersburg for L. Rd.

Conversation with Gab. L. (of Anduze), who tells me that Pastor H. may be able to enlighten me on the aforementioned subject. — Conversations: with B. (the Department), with the Rector (I recommended to him the pension of El. Ch. at Aix).

Reading: Laboulaye, 'The Constituent Assembly, Administrative Reorganization.'

Examined a student in theology, on the Alexandrine period, and sent a letter to the Rector on various subjects.

(9 P.M.) Cold room, poor light, uneasiness, irritation, discomfort. The only compensation is to feel a great deal of space about me as well as tranquillity and independence. But what an intolerable winter, if I remain under my tiles, going from cold to cold and from the frying-pan to the

fire! — Besides, this uncertainty is fatal for work. I cannot undertake anything or above all finish anything, *stans pede in uno.* Anxiety consumes time and strength. One spends one's self and wears one's self out in vain, and inner discontent comes to increase one's suffering.

Malheur aux hésitants, car tout leur tourne à perte.
Que faire? que vouloir? que poursuivre? que fuir?
Tandis que le chasseur ingénu se concerte,
Le lièvre goguenard part et sauve son cuir.

Malheur aux indolents qui redoutent la guerre,
Qui trouvent ennuyeux de défendre leur peau.
Ils recherchent la paix, mais ne la trouvent guère,
Chaque ennui qu'on écarte en ramène un troupeau.

My fifth letter to-day: to Mad. L. S., who has lost her little Alice (five and a half years), a pretty and original child, the sister of *Coquelicot.* Call on Mad. Prg.

On the whole, dull anxiety and need for forgetfulness. My heart is torn between the shame of not feeling well and the humiliation of having to struggle against circumstances. Should I reproach myself for negligence and forgetfulness? These faults make me feverish. I feel that my memory is leaving me, and this diminution of myself affects me like a castration; it makes me timid.

I eat my heart out, or rather small miseries and stupidities persecute me. I have a horror of necessary decisions and I recoil before the effort. I make mountains out of nothing. Fie! always indecision and cowardice!

October 26, 1869

(3 P.M.) Two impressions equally strong this morning: the first, that my present way of living is disastrous from the point of view of hygiene; the second, that being a professor has a very special charm when the audience is numerous and well-disposed. — I have begun my winter courses between enthusiasm and dismay. The teaching itself is not distasteful, but my lodging, heat, clothing, lighting, and way of living are not what is demanded by my health, and especially by my chest. The series of colds has begun already and I have an irritating cough.

What follows? That to do honor to my academic engagements and others, I must care for my carcass and place it under conditions more favorable for work and well-being.

The lesson went well and I was almost satisfied with it. Nevertheless, I still had to look at my notes a little. I cannot yet carry in my head at once the whole framework of ideas that make up a lesson. My poor memory falters and my attention wanders.

Reading: Looked over Bona Meyer, 'Discussion on the Psychology of Kant'; — Ernest Curtius, 'Jubilee Address at the Academy of Arts at Düsseldorf'; — Frauenstedt, 'Glance at the Intellectual, Physical and Moral World.'

Circular announcing the 'Éditions Romandes.'

(10.30 P.M.) Alice has been to see me. Reading: Vinet ('Miscellany,' edition of 1869), articles on Individuality, on Robinson, Stapfer, Monod, etc. — I always receive the same ambiguous impression of Vinet; an unsuccessful style, a beautiful Christian soul, a penetrating mind. But I am always aware of the sickly nature and of the grammarian. I read him with respect, but without æsthetic delight.

October 27, 1869

(Noon.) The first snow. At nine o'clock La Treille represented the four seasons and was a strange sight; snow was falling on the foliage of the trees and the moon as well as the sun shone in the blue sky. It seemed like a scene from an opera, an incredible fantasy.

I am restless and unhappy. I have already caught a heavy cold and I am afraid of getting chilled, even in bed. Not yet winter and I am already suffering from the cold. Things are going badly.

A little work by Ern. Nav. on the 'Postulate of Philosophy.' I have mailed him a few criticisms, while thanking him for sending it, and I have also recommended to him the friend at Aix. — The strength of E. N. lies in his perfect clarity and in his art of exposition. His greatest weakness is the over-simplification of problems, not really representing either all the difficulties or all the solutions. As an orator and a skilful advocate he cajoles his world, and through his clarity makes it believe in the truth of his conclusions. At the first reading I am his; at the second I draw back and resist. I think my letter will have made this distinction clear.

(11 P.M.) Reading: The catalogue of Schlesinger (Bookseller, 12 rue de Seine, Paris).

Dubois d'Amiend, 'Private Life of Auguste.'

Terquem, 'The Tone of Sounds.'

Scherer, 'False Autographs' (Chatterton, Psalmanasar, Juvan).

A call from poor Mme. R. — Spent the evening at Mme. Prg. (a game of chess). — Coughing miserably. My chest hurts me. Here I am out of commission on the first day of winter. And how quickly I should be laid up, at least in this climate so fatal to the respiratory organs, if I merely got my feet wet or if I had to give several lessons a day! I suspect that this accursed apartment is three fourths to blame for the weakness in my chest. — Letter to L. Rd., and to the notary Riv.

October 28, 1869

(11.30 P.M.) My chest is disordered. Gloomy forebodings. A severe and painful cold (in my head as well).

A good lesson this morning. I am pleased with my audience. — Calls: on Mad. G., and Mme. M.

(death of her husband). — Game of chess with the student P.

Letters: to Phil., to my sister L., to Henry B., to H. P. (Heidelberg), to cousin Julie. The moment one feels one's health impaired, and foresees, even vaguely, a fatal eventuality, one needs to put one's affections in order. One wishes to give pleasure; one desires to awaken sympathy and meet with kindness. One needs to discharge all one's debts of the heart, to leave none in arrears. These preoccupations of the invalid or the dying are perhaps strange at my age, but since they come to me naturally they may well prove that my vitality is weak and that it is aware of this weakness; in other words, that I shall not make old bones.

I regret now not having taken the decisive step in November and that I am not now in the South. I should perhaps have taken a new lease on life, while here there is danger that this winter will make an irreparable breach in my health.

It appears that Mad. R. is coming to spend a few days at Geneva. I thought her in Turin, or on the way to Turin. Her presence will distress some one, and no doubt annoy me. But I can do nothing.

October 29, 1869

(Midnight.) Rented the little apartment on the rue des Belles-Filles, No. 16, overlooking the garden. Visit to Blw., where I found X indisposed. These four days have been spent, as I feared, in breasting the current. The result observed makes me anxious and unhappy.

Letters to Felix. Bov., and El. Ch.

Useless call on the ladies G. — Open meeting of the committee of the Singing Society. — Call on Mme. Pr. — Consulted Dr. R., who listened to my breathing and advised me to keep on a little longer before seeking a warmer climate.

October 30, 1869

(11 P.M.) A less satisfactory lesson than the two former ones. My chest is better. — This afternoon I overflow with practicality and am making a lot of preparations for my speedy removal. I have more than carried out my programme and have been about town a good deal. I think everything necessary will get done. It is no more difficult than anything else, and once my reluctance is overcome, I manage as well as the first comer. — Finished the letter to Saint-Petersburg; letter to Blw.

Car. showed me her sewing machine, which is attractive and gives one the taste for work. My sister F. appears astonished that I have been able to manage this domestic upheaval myself. However, she found my position untenable. Only she would not help me extricate myself. Impossible to get approbation, encouragement, or timely help from my family. They invariably judge from the outside and without putting themselves in my place. It is absolutely necessary for me to be self-sufficient.

Pamphlet by Marc D. on Ladislas Bolski: Act of faith and homage. Read nothing but the papers.

October 31, 1869

(10.30 P.M.) Mme. R., passing through here on her way to Turin, came to the pension for supper. She has assumed the right attitude to continue indefinitely, that of steady cordiality. — Call on R., at Dand., on Aunt Al., on the Prg.'s. — Informed my little world of my change of domicile. Every one congratulates me.

(9 A.M.) Tried to extract a little practical advice from a troubled spirit. From twenty questions it is hard to get a single useful answer. The idea of a special standard of propriety, being a mixed idea made up of utility and good taste, cannot penetrate a weak intelligence unless there is also sympathy. The moment one cannot put one's self in another's place, one is no longer in a position to render him real service in the embarrassments of life, even of ordinary life. Intelligences that are not lucid have intuition only for those they love. Their fog only brightens a little about the lantern of their affection.

(11 P.M.) A day devoured by coming and going (the quiltmaker, the laundress, the varnisher, etc.), by committees (Society for the Progress of Study, Revue of Theology and Philosophy), etc.;

in a word, a wasted day. — A political surprise, the independent party almost entirely beaten yesterday in the election. Out of four deputies to Bern, it succeeded in electing only one, the last (Pict. de la Rive) with only seventy-two more votes than the minimum demanded. What was the reason? That is what we must discover.

Meanwhile I am dissatisfied with these days wasted on trifles and things of no importance. Have learned nothing, felt nothing, thought nothing, read nothing, and written nothing. Superfluous talk and bustle: what an achievement!

November 2, 1869
(Day of the Dead)

(11.30 P.M.) Have met again with the old obstinacy and opinionatedness. This evening hurt me. I am left with my heart sore, wounded, and indignant, in my deserted and icy dwelling. I am cold in my back and in my heart. — And, as always, it is when I am least expecting it, when there is no reason for complaint or fear, when all is going well and I have good hope, that an evil chance drives Phil. to these fits of perversity. How many times already have these fatal coincidences taken place! It seems as if a Satanic suggestion drove her to ruin her chances for happiness and to play her cards at the worst moment. How many times she has astounded and distressed me, just at the wrong time, at the moment when it might most injure her and upset me! It is like a steady fatality. These shrill discords, falling in the midst of complete harmony, strike one with consternation. Hard and obstinate persistence in one's own solitary decision can be nearly as fatal, when one means well, as when one means ill. The crime against intimacy is the decision, made quite alone, that does not attempt to be reasonable or to persuade; that is, that thrusts itself rigidly upon you, for you to take or to leave.

November 3, 1869

(Noon.) Routed on all sides. Abandoned on all sides; *Bravissimo!*

Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.

A cruel night; did not close my eyes. Wrote to Phil. this morning to make peace in that direction. Perfidious and cowardly Fate could not have chosen a better moment to attack me. I have leaned only on broken reeds that wound the palms of my hands. For Phil. I have alienated my family and now it is Phil. who deserts me. It is exactly the same case with my living quarters, where I exist between two apartments, both uninhabited and uninhabitable, and in each of which I can meditate on unkept promises and the misfortune of needing any one for anything whatever.

Irritating goings and comings. — There is some merit in refusing to be egoistic when the whole tendency of the world drives us to it so persistently.

Solitude is a bad counsellor and isolation makes one bitter. But I wish to resist these small miseries.

(6 P.M.) A day lost, except as an exercise in patience. Nothing was ready on time. Confusion of counter-orders and unexpected happenings. A dog's life! And not so much as a cat to help me, although I have nephews, sisters, and male and female cousins, etc. Of course my cleaning-woman does not know how to read, my relatives cannot be disturbed (except one), and I dare ask a helping hand from no one, as those who are free are not kindly disposed, and those who have zeal have no leisure. In a word, simple serviceability is a rare thing. The wisest course is never to count on it.

There is no better friend or relative than one's self on life's journey. One single person who can give good advice and good help is worth a whole army of acquaintances, relatives, and connections. Conclusion: 'He who has found a wife has received a favor from the Eternal.' This valiant helper was found, but she is inspired by the Devil always to draw back when it is the moment to go forward, and to create obstacles instead of smoothing them away.

Wer sein Glück versäumt, der verliert es.

(10 P.M.) Reading: Sorel, 'Women Authors of Germany, Mmes. Hahn-Hahn, Lewald, Bremer, Wildermuth, etc.' Blerzy, 'The Beginning of the Crimean War,' by Kinglake.

Interesting conversation at our table, MM. de Th., Dz., Lej., Hermd. and I, Mmes. R. Desv. and F. took part. — Dz. and G. F. are to be married in three days. — Curious disappearance of a greyhound (that we call 'Puck' or 'Fors'), who comes to dinner and is lost at supper. — Underneath everything, a persistent sadness.

November 4, 1869

(8 A.M.) Dismal rain. — Gloomy but milder weather.

(11 P.M.) Fifth lesson. — Worked all the rest of the day packing up my library. Have already filled fifteen boxes or trunks and I still have about two hundred more to pack. Car. helped me for seven hours, and Henry L., my pupil, for about five hours.

This evening drew up detailed instructions for Saturday.

The problem is rather ticklish. It is a matter of gathering into three rooms and six cupboards things at present scattered through seven rooms and twenty cupboards. The reduction is serious and we must calculate closely to get our treasure in place.

Nevertheless, I have had three small pleasures today: a letter from Aix, very affectionate, a repentant letter (from Blw.), and the help of two kindly souls.

The tension relaxes and the situation grows better and more peaceful.

O inconstancy, O fragility, O contradiction, thy name is woman! I have never wished to admit this to myself. I have always acted as if woman were constancy, loyalty, fidelity, and tenderness personified. But my simplicity has been punished more often than it has been rewarded. Like a people, a woman punishes equally him who speaks evil of her or him who thinks too well of her. She seems to care more for flattery than for esteem. She is under the lunar and Satanic influence, like a bad child who cannot be prevented from tormenting those who love him. One thing seems to be beyond her strength, that is, being consistent with herself, logical, firm, and faithful to an agreement. She inhabits the world of passion, of caprice, of suspicion, and cannot be at home in the superior world of serene wisdom. In fact, in spite of what I have said at other times, a good man is better than a woman, he is steadier, more upright, more considerate, and if he does not love better at least he loves more wisely. Woman is truly a weaker vessel who has need of a master, but of a beloved master. These fearful contradictions of my little friend grieve me for her, for they lessen my respect and my hope. She is seriously and earnestly repentant. But the past never serves as a lesson, and her relapses are incessant. She falls back into taciturnity, obstinacy, hardness, and coldness. It is terrible. — One is therefore never safe, never at rest with these capricious organisms.

Oh! how charming are an even temper, constant goodness, natural nobility! Well, for every sin there should be pity. With Blw. the compensation is her indomitable energy. If she only had principles, she would be capable of great actions.

November 5, 1869

(6.30 P.M.) All day long possessed my soul in patience. Supported almost gayly an uninterrupted series of provoking annoyances, but this evening I can stand it no longer and I feel a sort of fury. Why? Because some sheets of paper I wrote yesterday evening are missing. The spirit of order had dictated them. I had written out and organized everything, noted down everything borrowed that was to be returned, etc. And the spirit of malice must have blown them away, to make me lose all the benefit of my foresight and my honesty. It is stupidities like this that exasperate me. And if I had the habit of cursing and swearing, now is the time that I should stir up five hundred thousand devils!

(11 P.M.) An accident. A basket, in the darkness, gave me a fall that almost broke my little finger. — Arranged my flutes for the hard journey to-morrow. Covered many little squares of paper with instructions for my helpers. Let us go and sleep.

Mme. R. leaves to-morrow for Italy. Conversation with Mad. Vve. D. — Return of my sister L. — The Dz. will be married to-morrow.

November 6, 1869 (Moving)

(9 P.M.) Except for the desk at which I am writing, the lamp that lights me, and the wood that flames in my hearth, as well as a few odds and ends that await their transportation to-morrow, all my furniture left my attic apartment to-day. My dwelling echoes like a tambourine, under the rain which beats on the sheet-iron and on my window-panes. These lines are the last that I shall write here. To-night I shall be my sister's guest, and by Monday, I hope, in my own quarters.

Do I regret leaving the rue des Chanoines for the rue des Belles Filles? Yes, and no. This material uprooting has cost me much, although my moral uprooting had prepared me for it long ago; but without the doctor's positive orders I should probably have vegetated longer in this dismal place, so vast, empty, and cold, where nothing gay ever comes to see me any longer, where I have hardly anything but painful impressions and where I am not well. For a long time I have known that they wished me further, that they did not want to bother about me. But habit, carelessness, apathy, have prevailed until now over pride. Then I sometimes saw Colibri, who brightened my humble hermitage. In short, one does not leave a neighborhood of twenty years' standing without a certain tightening of the heart and without paying one's debt to memory.

Car. has been very helpful and very devoted, Thursday and to-day. Jenny C. helped me on Friday, and this afternoon my sister F. gave me some excellent help. I did not refuse it. There were forty-one trunks or boxes to fill with books and papers (two for my wardrobe included), twenty-two cupboards to empty, 2500 volumes to transport, with hundreds of pamphlets. The furniture proper is a mere nothing compared to that. And I am forgetting the innumerable engravings, cards, photographs, etc. — One more big effort, to-morrow morning, from seven to nine, and this moving will be an accomplished fact. They will not regret me here, which facilitates my going. But I do not hide from myself that I am beginning a completely new period of my life, one in which I must fly entirely with my own wings, and in which the vague interest they were supposed still to feel for me will give place to complete indifference. I think, however, this will be better. Clear-cut situations bring their own recompenses. Here I had a so-called family life, which in fact I lacked. The contrast between the past and the present continually wounded my heart, and the gloom debarred me from any benefit. — Henceforth, I shall only leave my new home to arrange a definite life, married or single, or perhaps feet first. But at least I shall make an attempt at work and sociability. I shall have put an end to a false situation, which hindered a great many things and benefited no one. If I have to leave for the South, I shall have a pleasant foothold in Geneva, where all my books will be right at hand and that will hold my records. My future neighborhood pleases me. In a word, I am glad to have made the effort.

And this evening I surprised myself by singing as I do in fine weather.

In the Pension D., to-day has been the signal for Babel: Mad. Rv. has left for Turin, Dz. and his bride were married (without a wedding and without witnesses, at the church, in short in a commonplace and pitiable way) and have left our table; finally *meine Wenigkeit*, which is hoisting sail and standing out to sea, will no doubt have one meal less.

Have read nothing, learned nothing, written nothing (except a note to Phil.), and have been busy with work all day. — Mild weather; rain this evening. — Calls: on Car. and on Mme. Prg.: a wooden face. — No matter, my heart is light.

November 8, 1869
(Rue des Belles Filles, No. 16)

(11 P.M.) I am sleeping for the first time under my own roof, but not yet in my own apartment, for nothing is finished. There is neither carpet nor curtains. The floors are dirty, and yet the workmen have been busy all day. I have had to work hard to make use of all my corners.

Only, I have done almost nothing these two days but turn round and round in my place of confusion, weaving my web about me, unpacking and distributing my belongings, directing the carpenter, cleaners, etc., seeking to combine all the conveniences of day and night, light and warmth, position and appearance.

Yesterday, Sunday, I could not dress properly because of the separation between my wardrobe and its contents. To-day I am trying to sleep here so as not to disturb my sister G. for more than two nights. But the room where I am camping is in no way attractive.

Spent last evening at Blw., where the repentance was fervent and sincere.

This evening have already received a visit from Hermd. and Mme. Desv., and called on my landlords.

November 9, 1869

(10 P.M.) Pension Desv. — Last night was abominable. I was almost made ill by the damp plaster and I scarcely closed my eyes for two hours. Decamped in the middle of the night from my homicidal alcove (on the second floor) and bivouacked among the chairs of my tower of Babel in the midst of the fresh varnish of my future wainscotting. In short, with two apartments and forty trunks of baggage, I could neither sleep nor sit down anywhere. My whole day consumed in nothings, annoyances, and the arrangement of details. I had to manufacture curtains and other

idiocies worthy of Robinson Crusoe. The ladies of my family leave me to stumble through my difficulties and grow mouldy in the midst of my furniture without offering me a hand. It is true that each has her burden to carry. But in household matters they ought not to abandon so completely a poor devil of a man of letters.

I gave my lesson with considerable fatigue. — This evening my friend Phil. gave me some excellent practical advice in regard to getting settled and my daily habits.

Now I am taking up my sleeping quarters in the Grande Rue, my third establishment in three days. Let us hope that things will go better than in the second; as for the first, I have been allowed to understand that it would be indiscreet to continue it, and that I had been somewhat importunate in asking for it, since it was not offered me.

November 10, 1869

Nothing new. I am still unsettled. My plaster is not dry and all the work (upholstery, carpet-laying, carpentry, varnishing) is unfinished. — Visit of Phil. to my future dwelling.

November 12, 1869

(4 P.M.) Superb day. Began to arrange my library, with Papa B. (of Gland), the man of long stories and many little trades. — Conversation with Phil. R., the morose blackguard of the

'Mirror of the Political Animal,' who through his mocking indifference has lost all common sense. He is not merely a *ὀχλολοίδορος*, 'a despiser of the herd,' but a jeering misanthrope and a pessimistic satirist, whose crabbed individualism keeps him apart from every one. He is a disillusioned sceptic, who, since he fits in nowhere, considers everything *ungereimt.*

'To be true to one's self, that is the point, and fair towards your fellow creature so far as is possible. To understand and to express everything, to speak as one thinks, to excuse nothing, to be silent about nothing, to be just without malice and without weakness, to blame or praise with the same serenity, these are more and more the joys of the critic.' (Fritz Berthoud, July, '69.)

'Have you never felt envy of those persons who have assigned *a single aim to their existence*, never losing sight of it when they read or when they walk, when visiting or travelling, as well as when in their study? Everything leads back to it. Things that are apparently most dissimilar all furnish their little contingent.' (J. L. Micheli.)

Reading: from Circourt ('Marie Antoinette,' by J. de Chambier).

How much time I have lost, good God, since the end of June, say rather since last year, since two years, since five years! I do nothing but go and come, wander, plan, put off, delay, muse, dodge, trifle my time away, without any definite aim, any strong hope, any clear idea, any settled plan. Languor, anxiety, inconstancy, discouragement, that is my whole story!

Without a fixed aim, one loses everything, happiness and glory;
One comes to nothing, without perseverance.

(10 P.M.) Fairly good lesson this morning. I am getting straightened out a little at No. 16, but I cannot yet dream of sleeping among my belongings. — I receive my supply of provisions for breakfast at home. Little F. brings them to me. When I say 'little,' it is from habit and familiarity, for F. is over fifteen and quite tall. He is already in second Latin. How they grow! I engaged my schoolboy in conversation; he is attractive and obliging.

Good! a new infliction! a stream of icy air has just come from the frame of my new window and fallen on my back. — I shiver all over.

Notes: to L. Ch., to cousin J. B., to Phil. — Signed more than thirty cards for the Singing Society of the Conservatory.

November 14, 1869

(Noon.) Time wasted. Discontent. Disillusionment. *Ich fühle mich fremd und unheimisch in meiner neuen Wohnung.* — Have I been foolish after all in choosing these new quarters? I cannot yet speak with conviction on this point. But the instability of the perpetually provisional is, at heart, disagreeable to me. I do nothing but run or turn round and round, two ways of accomplishing nothing. *In petto* I rage, though on the surface I jest.

(11 P.M.) Election of the State Council. — Magnificent sunset: all the west copper-colored, the other half of the sky the tenderest and most exquisite pink. — All the gold of the solar palette had met there. — Did not see a single shooting star. A slightly misty moonlight. Supped informally with L. Ch., with the G. G. — The lack of elegance and charity in the conversation of a certain guest did not really spoil the evening because it was not echoed. But the increase in the careless bad manners of the aforesaid guest is truly strange, as well as his utter unconsciousness of the effect produced.

Reading: Lenient, 'The Renaissance Schools of Poetry in France'; Laboulaye, 'The Destruction of the Parliaments'; — 'The Confiscation of the Property of the Clergy'; Boxbeyer, 'The Indian Origin of our European Legends'; Jul. Girard, 'The Religious Sentiment in Greece.'

November 15, 1869

(9 A.M.) Superb weather. Spent my sixth night at the Pension; I hope that day after to-morrow I shall be installed in my own quarters. I am writing these lines on my old desk, which, after having been abandoned for so many years, has reappeared in the circle of useful furniture. My

memories as a student, in the house of my tutor, in the house at Montbrillant, pass before my mind. How far off it all seems, and how poorly I have spent my life! My greatest fault, always the same, has been indifference to my future and the postponement of all serious effort. Lack of ambition, and especially of common-sense, has thwarted my existence from one end to the other. It has always repelled me to think of my own interests, of my career and my reputation. Utility has always disgusted me secretly. And that is why I have reached the age of forty-eight years without having matured. I have not reaped my scientific or literary harvest, I have not had a home and family, I have not made my fortune. How have my years been spent? In whirling like a dervish about myself, in day-dreaming, in making endless plans.

Donc sans pouvoir sortir de la velléité
Téméraire sorcier pris dans mon labyrinthe,
Je sens tardivement les frissons de la crainte:
Aurais-je pour jamais perdu la liberté?
Sont-ils venus pour moi les temps mélancoliques
Et ces jours où l'on dit: Je n'y prends plus plaisir?
D'un passé disparu conservant les reliques,
N'ai-je plus rien en moi, ni force, ni désir?

That does not concern you now. Each age has its duties. Do what you should, no matter what happens. What have you to do this winter? That is the whole question.

(7 P.M.) Magnificent day. Laid my carpets.

Bungled. Business letter. Went on arranging my books.

Reading: Saporta, 'The Evolutionary School: Darwin, Schimper, Gaudry'; Maxime du Camp, 'The Prisons of Paris.'

November 16, 1869

(11 P.M.) Always annoyances. More time lost. Again they have not kept their promise. This waiting will never end.

Fairly good lesson, supped with Edm. Scherer; my only two good memories of the day.

A dull impatience torments me. Felt with my friend Phil. that life goes by without profit, and that matters of no importance consume everything else. We wear ourselves out preparing the swaddling clothes for a happiness about to be born, and this happiness never will be born. Life is an absurd gestation, a vain pregnancy, a perpetual miscarriage. It resembles Madame —— who for nine years believed herself pregnant with a new Messiah.

En vains préparatifs, en folles espérances,
Sottement nous usons nos jours;
À quoi bon tant d'élans, de désirs ou de transes?
À nos cris, à nos pleurs, les cieux demeurent sourds,
Et l'homme, toujours dupe, en est pour ses souffrances.
Soit le vœu de son cœur, soit l'œuvre de ses mains,
Avenir, présent, tout le trompe;
Pas un bonheur qui puisse avoir des lendemains
Et que le chagrin ne corrompe.

Nous ne couvons que des œufs morts,
N'échafaudons que des nuées;
Nos illusions sont tuées
Par nos ridicules efforts,
Qui travaillent pour les huées.
Toujours, partout, déception,
Écroulement, chute et ruine,
Maïa conduisant le Guignon:
C'est la fatalité divine.

November 17, 1869

(9 A.M.) The opening of the Suez Canal. I might have been there, of course. But is it not written that I am to let all opportunities slip? Moreover, my dissatisfaction with myself torments me more and more. I feel that I become lazy, inert, negligent, and impotent, and that spider-webs grow thicker and thicker in my mind. The funeral knell, *too late!* sounds often in my ear. The worm that never dies begins to stir in my entrails. — I do not know how to grow old, or to be resigned. Why? Because I have not done what I should have done. Because I have missed a part of my life.

(11 P.M.) Deep melancholy. I am watching the gradual destruction of that which was dearest to me. Lugubrious evening at Blw. Wrote to El. Ch.

November 18, 1869

(10 A.M.) Sunk in gloom both before and after my sleep. O poor, confiding heart, how are you being put to the test? Everything always has to be

begun over again. You have not wished to admit that to rely on the faith of a woman is to trust to a broken reed. You have believed, hoping against hope, you have believed in exception! How you are punished!... But you cannot yet master the torrent of painful impressions that have assailed and overwhelmed you for twelve or thirteen years. What lessons you might draw from this experience, if they were of any use! It all wounds me. Sadness, humiliation, pain, anxiety, revolt, impatience, sorrow, incredulity, anger, I have felt them all. Now pity dominates everything. Pity without tenderness, alas! *Nil citius arescit lacryma.* Through repetition, these scenes produce a disastrous effect. They discredit repentance, they make promises valueless, they undermine trust. I seem to watch a case of galloping consumption; the patient still struggles, but each improvement is followed by a relapse, and the malady gains ceaselessly. O misery!

Everything — acts, words, silence, excuses, remonstrances — everything injures him who is under a cloud, who is no longer in favor, or is held in disgrace. Love is the opposite of justice. It is always lavish or ungrateful. When one has lost favor, one need not attempt to deserve it: useless trouble! Favor is gratuitous, and wishes to be so, for merit disquiets it, and the unworthiness of the favorite flatters it by glorifying its all-powerfulness.

(3 P.M.) Everything passes, everything is destroyed, everything becomes tiresome! So this fearful saying is true? All promises are only smoke.

Love that believed itself immortal, this love
Lives as a rose lives and fades in a day.

One only recovers through words that which was born of words. But love does not come under this heading. It is born and dies in those obscure regions of the soul, to which neither reason, nor conscience, nor common-sense, nor will ever penetrate. One loves without reason and stops loving without cause. Attraction appears and disappears, without explaining its oddities; charm comes and goes without accounting for its caprices. That is why woman is the despair of the philosopher and the torment of the busy man. With her, there is no security, uniformity, or peace. With her, an agreement represents nothing serious or sacred. You leave her calm, you find her in a tempest. This eternal unforeseen, this perpetual uncertainty, is attractive at twenty, but terrifying at forty. To build upon it is to build on sand. Let there come a breeze or a storm and the very ground under the house rises and begins to whirl. Changeable as water! Shakespeare even calls her untrustworthy as water, and Ecclesiastes is still more gloomy: 'There is one thing bitterer than death!'... And Micah? (VII, 5.) And Daniel Stern? and so many others! Precisely because he has been cautioned, man is magnanimous. Every loving man imitates the act of Alexander and drinks the beverage he has been warned against, rather than suspect the hand that offers it to him. It seems as if woman did not see how grand is this mark of confidence, or how base is the way in which it is so often abused. Man, then, seems made to be deceived; but what shall we think of the disloyalty that could not be disarmed by this uprightness?

(4 P.M.) Call of Marc. M. and Mlle. L. for lessons in literature.—My indignation has passed. I blame no longer, I condemn no longer. What has happened had to happen. I understand the weariness of ——. I have always taken her words and assurances literally. But heroism ought not to be taken for granted. And perhaps her resolves appeared heroic to her. That is, it is far from chivalrous in me to take them seriously. 'The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak': in other words, to promise and to keep one's promise are two separate things, and if a promise is regretted, it ought to seem annulled in the eyes of any sensitive person to whom it was made.

The misunderstanding always springs from the same cause; I believe that when a thing is said, it is said, while what was said, written, understood, and arranged yesterday seems to be *over and done with* to a woman. We do not exist in the same tense of the verb, so that what seems present to me is already past to her. Each day abrogates everything for the woman, while she considers that ten years should not change an iota in a man. This prodigious jurisprudence permits a woman to *ignore* the inconceivable contradictions that she permits herself in one week and to cavil at the imperceptible nothings she can discover by going back for as much as fifty moons. If that is not having two weights and two measures, then I know nothing of such things.

La femme est ainsi faite; il faut s'y résigner
Tant pis pour celui qui s'indigne;
La traiter comme un homme est maladresse insigne;
Cet hommage l'offense; et, cas plus singulier,
Elle punit qui se résigne.

She wishes, then, to be held in as high esteem as if she were bound by her word, and yet not to be bound by it. She desires all the benefits of a situation without its responsibilities. Always the same ineptitude for *justice*, the same lack of humility, the same lack of respect for a disagreeable truth, the same audacious denial of her weakness. This sex seems more capable of every sort of devotion than of the most elementary honesty. It is equal to the greatest, but not to the least. It offers the luxuries, but has not got the necessities of social life. It is very strange. Since that is woman's imperfection, the defect in her nature, I do not blame her for it. But one can say with Byron, 'The more one knows women, the more one appreciates virile qualities, and especially the most simple of all, invariable veracity.'

Moreover, what gives women their appearance of rectitude is the immense part of the unknown that exists in them, their sudden gusts of emotion, the caprices of their nerves, their dependence on the moon and on Isis, the fatal disproportion between their will and their reason; in a word, their passionate nature. But passion is a despot. The subjects of passion are not truly free and have all the defects that slavery inevitably produces: mischief, a taste for freakishness, rancor, instinctive slyness that easily becomes deceit, sudden changes, an antipathy for those who appear more reasonable than they or seem more masters of themselves, etc.

Women, without passion, would no doubt be easier to deal with, but would they have more value? I doubt it. In any case, they are what they are, and utopias are of no use here. Women with noble hearts are susceptible in a very high degree to fraternal and conjugal love; most of them are capable of filial love, almost all of maternal love. No doubt love has only as much value as the soul of him who loves, and only perfect souls love perfectly. But with all its shortcomings, woman's heart is still man's only comfort here below. If they were less afraid of being truly themselves, they would make themselves generally adored, long after the roses of their youth had faded. An accomplished woman fills the most enviable of thrones. A charming woman is a hearth of happiness for all who approach her. Ah, if they knew their true interests!... (Prov. XI, 16.)

(6 P.M.) I am being brought glasses, plates, etc.; in short, the utensils of the hermitage. The little porter pricks my conscience. In spite of the prophet Micah and his horrible saying ('Trust ye not in a friend...: keep the doors of thy mouth from her that lieth in thy bosom'), I always begin to hope and to look for my own faults. I tell myself that I am somewhat responsible, that the revolts of my dignity come from impatience; that perhaps I have received more than I have given; that confidence in another can appear to that other as boldness, perhaps as presumption; that, in any case, one must pardon seventy times seven times; that one can wound and hurt severely without knowing it. — Alas! how much time lost recovering one's equanimity and one's good nature! How much better things might be managed between friends!

(10.30 P.M.) Reading: All the story of Saul, David, and Solomon; that is, the brilliant period of the antipathetic Jewish people. These stories are interesting, but they have nothing to do with morality, and in no way strengthen one's knowledge of good or one's respect for duty — as would be quite evident if the heroes were Turks.

Also: Theuriet, 'The Sufferings of Claude

Blouet'; Prévost-Paradol, 'Conference at Edinburgh on France.'

November 19, 1869

(9 A.M.) Sorrow on thinking of Blw., who is choosing the wrong road and a fatal method, that of *fault-finding.* It is decreed that anger and scorn, quite as much as jealousy and suspicion, stir up an unfortunate reaction and increase or even create the evil from which we fear to suffer. When we have most need of intimacy is the very time when we bristle and draw back. When we should be silent, we talk most. When we thirst for tenderness, we deliberately become hard and refractory. In short, pride has a passion for *bravoura* and provokes with a sort of frenzied folly the very danger it fears, so that it may not be said to fear it. We should like to give ourselves the lie, to insult our heart or our reason so as to affirm our lofty independence. This rage for enfranchisement, this blustering insensibility, is merely embittered pride.

Rather destroy everything, is the spirit of the Church.

Insult what is best in your love, enthusiasm, devotion, fidelity; this fiendish little pleasure that makes you believe in your strength will cause you remorse and perhaps shame: remorse, because this revolt is a sin; shame, because it is a fraud.

Yes, a fraud, an illusion, an error. When you are surrounded with the proofs of your triumph, you will weep; these proofs are wreck and ruin.

Pride, in its blind anger, creates a desert about itself. But the soul is in terror of the desert.

How deal with embittered pride? With gentleness and firmness, as one deals with a deep and ulcerated wound. No reproach. Patient charity, tact, attention, and consideration. But no flattery. Let conscience act, and do not give advice unless it is asked for. Respect the sufferer, and do not explain his malady unless he wishes it himself. Do not grow angry or weary. Do not play into the hands of his evil genius which seeks pretext, material, and occasion for a quarrel. Pity the harm that the sufferer does himself by giving free rein to his evil genius.

(11 A.M.) 'When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest; and finding none he saith, "I will return unto my house whence I came out." And when he cometh, he findeth it swept and garnished. Then goeth he and taketh to him seven other spirits more wicked than himself; and they enter in and dwell there; and the last state of that man is worse than the first.'

This is the exact history of our evil inclinations. They come back again with increasing strength. The more they cut off the heads of the hydra of Lerna, the more terrible the monster became. It follows that the struggle against the evil genius is endless and perhaps hopeless. So, after all, it is the *natural man* who triumphs and counts. Cure, conversion, regeneration are merely appearances and a purely superficial veneer that only masks reality for a time, somewhat as gold electroplating hides the copper it covers. — The world, therefore, would be right to believe only in natural gifts, in primitive instincts, in innate qualities, and to distrust all those moral miracles of which religion makes so much and from which it draws its glory. God, who is eternal and all-powerful, can create a saint from the worst rascal, and an angel from a monster. The world, which makes no pretensions to a *tour de force*, expects only poisonous fruits from a poisonous tree and monkey tricks from a monkey. — One must, then, distinguish between prudence and charity. In the practice and conduct of life, one must, no doubt, count only upon the natural man, and consequently it is well to see people's natures clearly, without illusion or flattery. Next, as an additional good work, one should attempt the improbable, the task of making crooked souls straight, improving the wicked, leading the untruthful back to truth, and the pitiless to pity, etc. It is taking God's side; it is one's duty towards humanity, it is the good work and the fight against evil. Even though the result be zero.

It is an honor merely to have attempted it.

But one must always expect relapses, and never commit one's self to a skiff that has foundered on every voyage. Let us try, through disinterested love for the owner, to repair it, let us do it ten times gratis, but do not let us risk a life that is dear to us on so unsafe a vessel. In other words, let us sow without counting on the harvest, and let us take our precautions elsewhere against famine.

Does this mean that we are to deal only with the pure and irreproachable, that is, with no one, since we are all sinners? Do the consequences reduce the principle to absurdity? Not entirely. Good intentions are no guaranty against harm, but there the harm is accidental; evil inclinations do not prevent good, but there the good is the exception. It is the fundamental direction, the characteristic tendency, the principal habits that constitute and classify the individual or the character. Is the nature noble, generous, heroic, upright, and affectionate? Does it aspire to the ideal, to frankness, honor, courage, and purity? If it does, everything is there in principle; you have the material for an excellent person, for an accomplished man. Suppose, on the contrary, egoism, cupidity, indirectness, or some other moral infirmity is visible in the original nature; that nature does not equal the former at the start and probably will not at the end. It is true that a good nature can be corrupted and degraded; it is also true that a bad nature can be overcome, mastered, and purified. But the probabilities are never in favor of the miracle; and without contesting it theoretically, it is simpler not to suppose it, unless we have evidence to the contrary.

There remains the most difficult, and perhaps the most frequent case in which the nature is neutral, a mixture of good and bad instincts, of habits born in part from personal preference and in part from unfortunate circumstances. Here hope is permitted and legitimate; but it is only prolonged experience, gradual proof, which decides if the good will triumph. Suppose that the evil spirit, of which the evangelist speaks symbolically, having been expelled and having then returned in force, has been conquered several times, always with less effort; then the present guarantees the future, or at least offers much hope. Suppose the result is the opposite. Then the probabilities tend the other way.

I know of a tragic crisis that is taking place at present and of which the outcome is doubtful. And God knows how many souls are at this moment involved in the same strife. At bottom, is not our fate made more or less uncertain each year, each season, each month? Are not our lives, our health, our happiness menaced every day, and do we know what lot is being drawn for us every hour in the mysterious urn of destiny? — Hence the religious need for a Providence. Man wishes to place himself under the protection of God and believe that his welfare in life and death lies in paternal hands. He cannot resign himself to depending upon the terrible caprices of Chance, and he even resents the inexorable laws of Fate.

He must have a household God
Who in his protecting kindness
Shares his tears and laughter.

Piety demands daily prayer, thanksgiving or supplication. To sleep in peace one must be at peace with heaven. The feeling of dependence leads to that of submission. Thus, in order to endure life, one needs nothing less than intimacy with God. It is the secret chapel that makes the strength of the castle.

(11 P.M.) *Gott sei dank!* The storm has passed, the crisis has ended favorably. Eg. has delighted my heart. The hostile influence is banished for six months; another penitence of six months has been pronounced voluntarily; and I am asked to reproach her frankly. All is well. Her heart is opened. I have been told what has saddened and embittered her soul for several weeks. (It is the conduct of two of those close to me.) And I have been begged not to lose hope so readily in a time of crisis and *to suspend my judgment.* — Agreed with remorse.

I have also learned of the detestable gossiping that some of my relatives have indulged in right and left (one is never injured and betrayed save by one's own) and of the harm it has done me. In my circle, as soon as harm can be imagined, it is affirmed. One is spied upon, suspected, judged, and condemned with extraordinary zeal, by the very persons from whom one expected kindness, whereas they have not even justice. Strangers become dear to you when you know the secret thoughts of those close to you. If no man is a prophet in his own country, if no man is a great man to his valet, it is also true that no one holds his right place in his family or can count on respect and fairness. Usually they are either infatuated with him, out of vanity, or they are jealous and disparage him. The opinion of one's relatives, far from having a moral effect, has a scandalous effect, because it lays an evil interpretation upon the best actions and blackens the purest intentions. *Relationship is the severest test of our patience* and of our support, because it assumes all rights and never even suspects the smallest of its duties, which is not to wrong deliberately, not to injure him who has never done you any harm.

Forgetfulness, pardon, and silence have been my unique defence. This gentleness has been unable to disarm either malicious gossip or slander or unjustified judgments. I shall not discontinue it, none the less. So much the worse for those who will not do me justice. I shall rest content with avoiding them as much as I can so as to protect my inner peace and be able to remain friendly. Reproaches mend nothing and complaint is unworthy of me. Besides, complaints presuppose discretion in the one to whom they are addressed and confident esteem on the part of the one who makes them. But I know only too well how an observation from me would be received, and I do not wish to provoke or risk provoking irreparable words. In order to remain friendly, I must lay my pride aside, for wounded honor does not forgive. Sad, sad! Oh, these mental reservations! What poison! Well, do what must be done, no matter what happens.

Doe wel und zie nit om.
(Order of the Lion)

What does it matter what they think of you? Have a good conscience and trust God for the rest. Behave towards your fellow man as if he were just and upright, and pay no attention to how he repays you or to what he imputes to you. His opinion is no concern of yours, it concerns him. You owe an accounting only to your judge, and that judge is not your fellow man. — You are made for sympathy, but you must strive to do without it.

Bless them that persecute you
And do good unto them that hate you:
For whom is this world made?
For them that weep and strive.

'God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him. — Perfect love casteth out fear.... He that feareth is not made perfect in love.' (1 John, IV, 16–18.)

February 15, 1870

(9 P.M.) A fairly amusing detail is that my reply to F. D. was almost intercepted. By whom? By her niece, who came thirty leagues from home just to spy on the epistolatory escapades of her aunt. Jealousy has these singular strokes of luck which resemble the divinations of sorcery. A month later my *Gänschen* demands another letter and again chooses the moment of another visit from the clever spy. She is truly thwarted, poor aunt. Which does not prevent her from obliging me to begin to dot all my *i*'s all over again. It's annoying.

Too many skirts about! This priestly function of director of lay nuns, of confidant and confessor, takes up too much time and causes too much trouble. It is far from certain that it benefits the flock and it quite certainly annoys the abbé. It is now twenty-three years since the Diets of Berlin decided that I wasted my time with the ladies. I must put an end to it sometime. But then, why must I always avoid their advances and keep on my guard against the enchanting sex? No doubt because some one must attack and, therefore, since I make no move, the ladies come to me. This upsets naïve theories as to what is called feminine reserve; but women dread only one thing, to be ill-judged, ill-judged by men. Once reassured as to what you may think of them, they have not a shadow of the scruples that simpletons attribute to them. It is men who act like women. So as not to displease, women can play any sort of comedy and even discipline their passions. But moral law comes to them from without; they wish to please their father, their world, their friends, or their God. The feminine conscience always goes to school to some master. It has not its own centre of gravity within it. There is no harm in this, since woman is to man as the moon is to the earth, since she is an annex, a complement of man, and ought to be his companion. Woman represents the customs of the times. Whether these customs are good, bad, frivolous, serious, or corrupt matters little; she reflects them and does not judge them. She drifts with the tide and does not strive against it. That is why the woman of a period is the punishment or the reward of this period.

So long as they feel themselves beloved and necessary, they are happy. Nor is there any danger that we can get along without them. For one misogynist, they always find a hundred adorers. This vainglory even intoxicates them and turns their heads. Too often they prefer a tyranny to a kingdom and a false prestige to a serious influence or a trusting esteem. Yet the true woman ought not to be man's demon, but his greatest strength and his best friend. The model wife and exemplary mother are always the grand type, and the noblest feminine ideal. All the contemporary evasions of the viragoes of emancipation have not obscured this idea, nor reversed this fact....

February 18, 1870

(Noon.) Grown women often say, laughing slyly, 'Men are so stupid!' and make no further explanation. But it is easy to divine their unexpressed thought: men are so stupid in the ideas they form of women and of the great mysteries of love. They are so simple, so excessive, so childish, and so extravagant, and they complicate so what is as simple as daylight that women cannot help, when they have passed a certain age, laughing in their faces. If it were not for the interest of the sisterhood, which forbids them to enlighten the designated prey so long as it may come to their nets, how women would tease these simpletons, eternally the dupes of costume and coquetry, modest airs and lowered eyes, fluttering ribbons and vast flowing folds, who imagine thirty thousand sorts of happiness concerning an unknown, which is no secret at all!

They are so stupid, these men. They do not know that desire is the sovereign trickster, that their imagination creates all the thousand sauces for the same not very savory fish. That their own overheated imaginations are the origin of the illusion that gives women their prestige and their power. It is great fun to see these pretended lords of creation caught, like buzzards, perpetually in the same snare, for twenty years, thirty years, or more. We don't even need bait or limed twigs, say the women. This stupid prey itself weaves the snare that strangles it. Gentlemen, you are very kind to our sex, but, to be frank, oysters have more finesse than you. You are the marionettes of the most vulgar instinct, and you do not see how much that amuses us. O our poor little puppets, there is only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and you are always taking that step!

A great longing makes you our subjects,
And you believe yourselves lords.
Poor little birds,
You give us many a hearty laugh.
But you must know nothing about it.
Our power would be compromised.

(4 P.M.) How free one's self from lust? The best means is love, great love. Woman heals us of woman, the wife rids us of the courtesan, order saves from disorder; marriage can release us from concupiscence, can purify desire, convert weakness into strength, and the torments of the flesh into the impulses of the soul. Outside of marriage, sex becomes an infirmity, a temptation, a misfortune. Anything that does not work towards the kingdom of God works towards the kingdom of Satan. A force that might have been a blessing becomes a curse. *Vae Caelibi!*

Read over Juvenal and Bayle, *à propos* of overstimulation, and it did me no good. But when the stomach rumbles, only the explosion puts an end to the nausea. If the nostril tickles, one cannot help sneezing.

Socrates was quite right. There is an enemy that one can only overcome by flight. With it, cowardice is wisdom, and courage is a condition of defeat. Every direct resistance ends in disaster. That is why the woman who parleys is three fourths lost. To converse with the serpent means to fall at once. Let one hair be caught in the cogs of seduction, and soon the whole person will be drawn in. Who hesitates, wavers, who listens, is lost. To give an audience to temptation is to give it free entry. Accept the kernel and soon you must endure the tree. Who does not wish to go on should not begin.

(6 P.M.) Is not the transformation of energy, the highest law of physics, also a law of psychology? I believe so. It seems to me that intelligence is in inverse ratio to instinct; lucidity to fecundity, soul to nature. I should even explain thus the incredible power of illusion of the generative 'stimulus.' Individual force is concentrated here at the opposite pole to reflection and thought, that is, in the unconsciousness of self. It is deprived of all light. It is nothing but warmth, flame, impetuosity, and eagerness. Why? Because it is metamorphosed into generative force and works only for the benefit of the race. The human being who is inflamed by Venus becomes for the moment entirely natural, because that is the condition of fecundity. He

lights the spark of organic life only because he is in a state opposite to the spiritual state, because thought is transformed into vital flow and the brain liquefied into seed. One can therefore take it or leave it. But to generate, one must become an animal. One must condescend to rut; that is, to a sort of momentary epilepsy, in which one has neither head nor memory, nor foresight nor wisdom, in which one is, in consequence, a sort of voluntary madman in the service of Great Nature. In the act of procreation all creatures become equal, they dissolve into animality, pure and simple. Ranks and distances are only established afterwards. There is a moment in the stable, the nest, the lair, the den, the pallet, the bed, the alcove, even the royal alcove, when the cockroach like the bird, the boar like the elephant, the dog like man, the coarse man like the man of genius, the saint like the libertine, displays only the same abdication of identity, the same spasm. It is the moment of universal madness, in which all personality as well as all individuality is suppressed, and when everything that lives communicates in a great death that is the cradle of new generations. Foresight demands annihilation. The Phœnix is reborn from its ashes, but it first destroys itself by fire. Hence the bitter disillusion, the heavy melancholy that follows the orgiastic exaltation of the senses. *Post actum omne animal triste*, says the adage....

February 20, 1870

(6 P.M.) Bath of affection. Felt strongly that I was not alone on the earth, and that at least some one cared for me as for her life. Felt and saw that I could give happiness, all worn, wasted, and diminished as I am.

It strengthens one so to know one's self loved.

We read 'Frithiof' and talked of a thousand things. Phil. is acquiring a very correct taste and judges the relative merits of men and books very sanely. In her I have a friend after the fashion of Jane Eyre, intrepid, persevering, and resolute, who, once her mind is made up, is capable of every sacrifice and of the greatest efforts to fulfil a promise. That sort of a will is an elemental force. She would walk until she had worn her legs off to the knees, if necessary, to save some one she loved. She could have repeated the deeds of the Paraguayan heroine, Mme. Libaroa. When I think that this indomitable force has given me despotic power over itself, and that she asks as a favor to be ruled, censured, corrected, commanded, I feel a heavy responsibility. It seems my special fate. How many times already have haughty, reserved, headstrong women, refusing any obedience, entreated me to be their head, and begged me to assume power over them! Ever since the age of twenty, it has happened to me many times. The reason lies, no doubt, in the fact that they feel themselves understood and reassured, and also that I was in no way masterful or dominating. The proudest natures are exactly those who obey with the most enthusiasm when they have chosen their master. Having refused to obey any command, they love to make their docility a voluntary and unique homage. To obey only one single person, him whom they have crowned with their own hands, is to obey themselves, it is to be free. It is thus, by parenthesis, that religious peoples, religious through personal consent, are the only ones capable of political liberty.

Know that, except for God, we have no masters and that, were it not for our piety, we would be like you, is their motto. And they might add:

> *To advance, O slave peoples, you must have kings and priests.*
> *That is just; madmen need guardians.*

February 24, 1870

(11.30 P.M.) Experienced this evening the benefits of a serious affection. A loving woman is the thing best fitted to save us from the obsessions of lust and the torments of corrupting images. It is love that saves from eroticism, and tenderness that exorcises the succubi. For the two verses of my rhyme on the naughty dancer of St. Petersburg have haunted me all day, demanding to be amplified, polished, and finished, and I could not get rid of the spell until I reached Blw. Artistic prurience is a disgrace to middle age. When the hair begins to turn grey, wisdom is absolutely indispensable, for wanton ribaldry then becomes shocking and absurd. Is there anything more disastrous than an old man with a licentious imagination and erotic tastes? He is repugnant to even the loosest of women. I have known some instructive and terrifying specimens.

Sensuality of the imagination is also a debauch. Indecent or licentious poetry is positive, even though fictitious, lewdness. Bad books do no less harm than bad companions. Aretino is more impure than the worst of the unchaste. I even incline to believe that the obscenity of desire and the nastiness of the imagination are more dangerous than the excesses of youth or the orgy of the senses. If that is true, a clerical student and a virgin may be more corrupt than some fallen women.

Of all the various temptations that have assailed me since I have been of an age to reflect, the only one to which I have frequently succumbed has been the taste for forbidden fruit, and the attraction of loose voluptuous reading. The celibate finds in this his snare and his punishment. He cannot be unaware of what is the delight of his fellow men, and he strives to divine through the imagination the realities that are forbidden him. He is naturally curious concerning carnal pleasure, and carnal pleasure is a study that always scorches those who pretend only to observe it. Nature is unwilling to be understood by the purely disinterested and she punishes by madness and intoxication those bold spirits that hope to surprise her secrets without venturing into the whirlpool. Good God, how many years before one can analyze the flame of desire, the secrets of sex, and the magic of lust calmly and, so to speak, from the outside! The period during which the proximity of a living woman stirs one's senses is only a part of the period during which paintings and frivolous writings can upset the imagination. The imagination begins before the force and survives it. Desire is much vaster than temperament. That is why purity of mind is a safeguard, not only of upright behavior, but of the health of the soul and the vigor of the body.

At Blw., read some Tegner and some Gide,[1] and talked over many memories.

March 1, 1870

(9 A.M.) ... L. Rd. has at last sent news of herself. Thanks to the détour of Pastor Tr., she was notified that three or four letters had been waiting to be called for at the post-office for several months; and this discovery delighted her. Her eight pages of reply, however, had little in them. She has so much difficulty in imagining what will interest her readers. What is most clear is that she

---

[1] Étienne Gide, a Genevese lawyer and poet, author of the *Sentier Perdu* (1841).

has lost her appetite and acquired a weekly headache, that she calls herself a lost soul, that she asks me for the secret of her troubles, and says I am the only friend she has in the world. But good God! what a handwriting, and what attention it takes to decipher these shapeless hieroglyphics! Well, since I do her good, all is well. The rôle of director and confessor of women has certainly devolved upon me. This rôle pursues me, forces itself upon me, and is constantly renewed. It is a lay pastorate, in the diocese of girls, widows, and even married women. It is the mild surgery of souls. I am, it appears, a born bone-setter, adjuster, and consoler for those sorrows one dares not confess; that is, for family troubles, unhappy affairs of the heart, etc. To me are confided the intimate secrets, the hidden trials, the small treasures of the casket. Little girls of three and grandmothers of eighty both choose me for their close friend, and sometimes even at our first meeting, as happened just this year. It is really a specialty. I suppose what attracts these evidences of sudden sympathy is that I seem to show a union of 'discretion, sagacity, good will,' in a word, the qualities of the born priest; or else it is a privilege of poets and I am enough of a poet to understand everything? Penetration and kindness; they reassure sensitive feminine natures. Therefore women have declared me *their friend;* this title is as good as another, for it confers the care of souls and grants a commission in tact. In fact, I believe that, with the sex *to which I owe my mother*, I have been disinterested, honest, generous, and even chivalrous, for the twenty-six years since the beginning of my involuntary rôle of confidant and confessor. Who knows if the epithet destined to preserve my memory will not be *the friend of children and the confidant of women*, or the good priest without knowing it? Why not?

March 2, 1870

(11 A.M.) ... There are, then, very few *dependable* women, women who are responsible fellows, whose word is a pledge and whose promise an oath, who will, for example, keep a friend's secret, even after a quarrel or a rupture. It is almost always through women that conspiracies are discovered. That is why the confessional implies a priest and not a priestess; and that is also why, with the marriage of priests, obligatory confession also ceases. As soon as there is a woman in the case, there is curiosity and chatter, spying or vengeance. Also most women demand what they do not deserve, absolute confidence. They are therefore very dangerous, whether one yields to them or resists them. Their intemperance of speech is a redoubtable scourge. The best thing for a man, therefore, would be to do without a confidant or only to trust a maternal confidence. — Happy he who has found the *closed garden* and the *sealed well*, that is, the woman friend with a man's heart, incap-

able of revealing that she ought to conceal, and whom neither the skill of the inquisitor nor any sort of torture can make open her lips or betray by her glance. If, in addition, she feels that nothing, neither injury, nor separation, nor the times, nor death, frees her from a binding promise, she is perhaps the perfect confidante. And why should I not have such a blessing, since I offer it? I ask only reciprocity. It seems to me that an example gives a certain right to its equivalent. One *oubliette* is worth another.

March 23, 1870

...Phil. has been here to perform various little services for me and to bring me a drink for my health: a real little Mamma, who suggests a pilgrimage to Orlier and another to Glion. Phil. has a pious feeling for memories. She protects all the past against forgetfulness. She has the spirit of Egypt, embalms everything that has lived, and will abandon nothing to death that the heart has once consecrated. This way of thinking is a religion. Love and hate are the father and mother of Mnemonics. Of the three theological virtues, the greatest, the only one that lasts is charity, and charity is the more sacred name of love. To love like Mlle. de Lespinasse, like Mme. de Lafayette, like the Theodora of Miss Muloch, or like the wife of John Halifax, such is her aspiration, her dream, her vow, and her reserved nature puts all the intensity of her will into this noble ambition. Thus she has gradually ennobled, perfected, and beautified herself; a just reward for her persevering effort. Now she has reached the point of disinterested devotion. I am well pleased with her.

(11 P.M.) And her letter of March 12, which I read over again, is precious.

March 25, 1870 (Saint-Christopher) [1]

(8 A.M.) Fine weather. The birds flock to my window. I send two little vials to Hermd. Sensation of well-being and contentment. Ribald dreams, but stopped in time. On awakening, I remembered the gracious words of last evening.

A curious thing is that Phil. persists in pretending that I ought to be on my guard, that I may still trouble the peace of hearts, that feminine affection still comes my way without my wishing it and by an invincible attraction, that in particular I must be careful with Uranie,[2] that any useless attachment ought to be carefully avoided by me ('useless' means anything that cannot lead to marriage) so as to spare others and myself unnecessary pain and annoyance; that we must profit by past experience, etc., etc. Mamina is perfectly right. Kindness itself can do harm. I have always been too susceptible to friendly courtesies and had too great a weakness for the delicate attentions of the fair sex. These compromising kindnesses have been too dear to me, and as D. said twenty-one years ago, women have made me lose two-thirds of my life and strength. Better, perhaps, to have been a frank libertine and a collector of ladies' favors during a decade or so, then to have turned this leaf and closed this chapter, rather than to have done as I did and day-dreamed poetically during twenty-five years, platonically pulled the petals from so many daisies, exchanged thousands of notes with this one or that, accepted the rôle of confidant, director, and confessor of women — which is a sort of *madrigalism*, virtuous but sterile; in a word, to have squandered myself on sentimental bagatelles which, taken all together, have produced nothing important or pleasing. — While wishing to give happiness, you have caused many tears; without having rendered any proportionate services, you have injured yourself. In short, through weakness, you have wasted your heart and your life.

---

[1] Name given by Amiel to his lodging in the rue des Belles Filles, later rue Étienne Dumont.

[2] Uranie, a nickname given by Amiel to Mlle. Berthe Vadier, his 'literary god-daughter,' later his biographer.

Passion ought to be a force, and a force is measured by its effects. Your good qualities themselves have borne bitter fruit. And the cause? That from your youth, you have had a fatal taste for the useless, a sort of antipathy for utilitarian common sense, a secret scorn for worldly wisdom, an aversion to your own interests. Quite contrary to the majority of men. As soon as you foresaw possible profit from this or that line of conduct, an invincible repugnance turned you away from it. You have loved only the unproductive labor censured by the economists. To think of your career, your reputation, your happiness, or your success has always seemed base to you: for you, personal interest has always been synonymous with the ignoble. Hence you have made it a point of honor to do the opposite, to repel all opportunities, to refuse all calculation, even that permitted by prudence. You have a passion for disinterestedness and a horror of shrewdness; in a word, without condemning the *pecus*, you have formed the habit of thinking and acting contrary to universal custom. A sort of inveterate gentlemanliness has forbidden you to imitate the crowd. It has also forbidden you pharisaism, hypocrisy, all indirectness, and all meanness. Was this because of pride? No, for I have got no glory or vanity from this detachment, and I do not think I should even have desired or approved of them. It was the instinct of a shy animal, the delicacy of a sensitive man, a matter of inclination and not of reflection; a sort of proud chivalry, no doubt unhealthily exaggerated, but closer to humility than to anything else. Probably I have been simple-minded, many will say a simpleton; but surely it violates one's soul and offends one's conscience to be harsh with one's shame and brutal towards one's modesty. And if they reply that I have sacrificed my life to false modesty, that is, that I was mistaken, I can agree; for I shall not blush at not having degraded myself *in my own eyes* and at not having renounced my ideal. I have not felt it was my duty to think of my own interests; I have been interested in my own personality only as it gave pleasure to some one. If the varied circle about me — family, corporations, country — had loved me a little more, I might have been more useful to them. The hearts that have loved me have obtained from me almost all they wished. Every affection shown me has acquired a right over me. If, therefore, many feminine souls have entered into my existence, it is natural that I should have given them much. My instinct has been logical. 'Let us love those who love us and make returns to those who are generous towards us,' is a fair maxim. I have been tender rather than firm; I have had more heart than will. Was it wrong? Was it my fault? Have I set a bad example? I might say: 'Yes, yes, yes.' But I should not be sure of judging fairly.

Learn to behave towards yourself as towards your neighbor.

Is not that type of man permissible, a type that is odd, rare, and inoffensive? What necessity is there for resembling all the rest of the world? An individual whose apparent life has been entirely intellectual, indifferent, and cold, and whose secret life has been only a perpetual offering to the affections, a person who seems to have associated only with books and who has studied nothing so much as the feelings and dreams of the feminine heart; a Hippolytus whom those envious of him have believed a Lovelace; a dreamer whom his enemies have accused of being a simple egoist, whereas he did not have even enough personality to live as others live and make his way: this is not an entirely commonplace combination. He is not, of course, a great man, but his is not a vulgar nature. This useless man has his own originality, and originality has its value.

But if one must tolerate one's past and not depreciate it stupidly, does it follow that aimless drifting was quite wise? No. You have been a great prodigal: but at your age that is no longer permitted. Now you must economize what remains to you, gather together your gold-pieces, collect your scattered coal, bind your rods into one bundle and your few ears of corn into a sheaf. You must capitalize your strength and make it bear fruit.

Concentrate or die.

You are interested in too many people, too many curiosities, too many things that you have merely begun. Collect your crumbs; call back your birds that are scattered under all the skies of heaven; of your many little streams make one river. In a word, unite, consolidate, and save. Let the prodigal become wise if not avaricious, let the grasshopper become an ant.

Of the sage they give
A thousand definitions,
For me the sage is
The man who makes preparations.
(Porchat)

Collect, achieve and publish.
For it is only by completing the arch
That one preserves the fragments.

March 26, 1870

(6 p.m.) ...Letters received: first, from Uranie; second, from Phil.; the first entirely literary, the second entirely intimate; but both caressing the secret vanity of the heart, which lies in being appreciated, understood, and divined. Sympathy and admiration are two powerful forms of incense, the intoxication of which we must be able to withstand; but we may be grateful for the sincere sentiment that has inspired the offering. The Master himself, the master of gentle humility, did he not allow the precious perfumes of Magdalene and Mary to be poured on his feet? One ought not to wound enthusiasm, the delicate flower of the soul, the poetry of the heart; but the sage does not construe it into flattery of himself. He sees it as a pious unfolding of the feelings of his fellow man; that is, as enlightenment concerning him and of the way in which he can make him happy. So long as we do not appropriate them to ourselves, the exaltation or even the adoration of oth-

ers is not dangerous to our modesty, for our modesty sees only two things in it: a testimony to the moral beauty of others and a favor of Providence which permits us for a moment to be the object or the occasion of this testimony rendered to the ideal. — As the life which is lent us for a few years does not exist in ourselves, so the good which is in us is not our own. It is not hard to consider ourselves with inner detachment. It suffices to have a little knowledge of ourselves, some intuition of the ideal, and a little religion. — There is even much sweetness in this idea that we are nothing in ourselves, and yet that we are permitted to summon one another to life, joy, poetry, and holiness.

Man, be with God healer and savior.

Thus everything is as it should be. It is right that the one to whom we are a revelation should be grateful to us for this benefit, and it is right that we should refer this gratitude to the source of all beauty and all perfection. In this way there is no adulation or puffing of ourselves; there is increase of life and joy; there is piety.

This being so, I can note down several touching passages from these two letters.

(Uranie.) 'Reading "Rayons Perdus" gave me courage for (is this pride?) I feel no poorer in poetic essence than the young Lyonnais. But all this fine energy fell before the "Part du Rêve."... Because there are in your collection things so delightful, so profound, so deeply felt, above all so well expressed! I have noticed a certain sonnet, a certain epigram even, which, in my estimation, is in itself worth more than all the "Rayons Perdus."' — And she adds: 'So I am persuaded that in poetry the woman who does *best* does not yet do *well.* Is it the fault of our minds or of our education? Of both, perhaps. We are not taught logic, and that seems to me indispensable to any writer, however humble he may be.'

(Phil.) 'My heart has sung all day a hymn of tenderness. You possess to an exceptional degree the gifts that give happiness and preserve intimacy; that is, wit, grace, delicacy, ease, with a quite masculine uprightness. Thus last evening you were expansive and tender with that childlike friendliness that is always so surprising and delightful in superior natures.'

March 28, 1870

(8 A.M.) Grey weather, slept badly, a heavy heart.

Charm is as delicate a phenomenon as the rainbow; at a puff of wind, at the movement of a cloud, the lovely miracle trembles, grows pale, or even disappears. It is dangerous to base anything upon charm, it is in fact building on clouds and leaning upon zephyrs.

Realized this morning the reason for the event of yesterday. There was in my act a secret vexation at a sort of unjust inequality. While I reveal, confide, relate, and surrender everything, the reciprocation is not complete. While I open, some one else tends to shut, this or that. And it is not any detail, but the tendency that disturbs me, because it recalls past troubles and makes me foresee possible annoyances. In other words, I have caught sight of the old enemy, whom I believed vanquished, lying like an asp among the flowers, like the forecast of a tempest in a serene sky. This enemy is the tendency to appropriation, to fortify one's own will. This belongs to me, entirely to me, to no one but myself: this hard, legal formula is the joy of the personal instinct, but it is out of place in the intimacy of 'we.' It is, in a way, an infraction of the tacit understanding; it is a contradiction of the spontaneous confession that we can make no more decisions alone. Hence the effect produced. But, this morning, I also see my mistake. My mistake is to forget the fundamental difference between our two natures and to jump at once to the most far-reaching consequences of things. Instead of being peremptory in the matter of harmony, you ought to have told yourself that one should come to terms with reality, when the real contains great elements of good. Moreover, it is through these contrasts with yourself that X completes you, that she can protect, defend, and serve you against yourself and against others. Yes, and if she draws back from you, it is only in appearance, a reminder of the Old Adam, a consequence of her habits with the world and with her relatives. Theoretically she has passed through the crisis and no longer lives for herself, practically her little returns of personality have no longer significance. In being unduly alarmed, you do wrong, you hurt yourself, and you wound more than is right.

Rendre heureux est encore le plus sûr des bonheurs.
Mais prends garde à la maladresse
Des malavisés raisonneurs
Qui gâtent jusqu'à leur ivresse.
À laminer par trop l'idéal — lamineurs,
On pulverise la tendresse.

Beware; you are one of those who make mistakes without suspecting it, and who lose everything by over-refining everything. Would it not be wiser to reduce the need in yourself for complete confidence, entire harmony, and would you not be all the better for it? One must attempt perfection for one's self, but employ only tolerance for others. Above all, one must never forget the benefits received, nor the general verdict nor all the favorable and certain evidence, and not let one's self be affected by annoying trifles.

Fortunately I believe in the sincerity of the crisis and in the purity of X's intentions. Thus the trouble is all on the surface. We shall conquer. — Only a lack of good faith can kill faith and do irreparable harm; I feel this and understand it. So long as there is esteem, friends forgive one another and are reconciled. Nothing but disapprobation digs the ditch that cannot be crossed. The story of so many broken liaisons and disrupted households! The union of souls reposes upon loyalty. One single fraud can be decisive. Untruthfulness is divorce. A proof that veracity makes the bond between men and is the essence of the moral life. Perhaps this is the secret of the infinite amount of suffering which the two halves of the human race inflict between them: this reason is dishonesty, from which follow contempt and vengeance. Men are considered deceivers and women sly. Their attraction for each other does not prevent a sullen war. Their loves are variations of egoism; their promises variations of duplicity. O misery! — But this is disorder! Order is honesty and uprightness. How fortunate one is to possess security and confidence!

An affection is only well founded when it can endure storms, and survive both sudden heat and cold. It must be possible to scold, blame, and even punish each other. For that reason one must not try to justify one's faults, whims, blunders, or negligence. One must stand aside from one's baser self and disavow and resist one's sins, and abandon on principle one's imperfections and faults. Then all goes well or can be made right.

(8 P.M.) Three more letters: from M. D. R., from J. Bd., from Phil. — M. Hg. brings back the three volumes of Fournel, of which he speaks with ad-

miration. — I felt the impulse to work returning, but I have a weight on my conscience, in fact two. I am at fault with M. D. and even more so with some one else.

'May God forgive you for having wounded the blue bird!' That is the sentence. 'Do not always think of me as a woman with all her imperfections, but much more as a true friend, who ardently desires to help you in the battle of life.' So something has been broken. I had the presentiment. I have destroyed an illusion. I have been considered unjust, insensitive, and cruel. I have frightened her. She has believed that I could abuse my power and that no amount of good will would suffice to fill the insatiable void of my heart. In short, her faith has wavered. Doubt has stolen into her soul. The blue bird has not flown away, but he has fallen ill; ardor is changed into distress. And all this disaster comes from a shadow that crossed my mind, or rather my field of vision, like a night bird that suddenly takes flight in broad daylight. Whence came this bird of darkness? Again from that obscure background that is the misfortune of her destiny. The fatality of X is that vulgar and fatal past against which she has reacted strongly, the power of which she has broken, but which is not yet entirely transformed into light. She grows nobler from year to year, but she has not yet expiated. The scars are fading, but are not yet entirely effaced, and at certain moments they again become visible. She is a redeemed soul, already free and generous, courageous and proud; but I desire her noble, and I believe she will become so, noble in sentiments, in manner, in attitude, and able to burn her former fetiches at the altar of true dignity. She has already the nobility of intention and even that of taste; there remains for her to conquer the nobility of the imagination, of words and manners, and already she has made great progress in this conquest. She has rare merits; why should she not be a distinguished woman? Is good breeding exclusively a matter of birth and family? Cannot travel, a social life abroad, personal education, and lofty preoccupations, even when it seems *too late*, build up the modest self-assurance, the ease of manner, the quickness of wit, the elegance of deportment, the distinction of language, the firm glance, and the self-respect that make the lady, the real lady, the woman of society and of the salon, one who compels politeness and respect without asking for them or paying attention to them and who civilizes the boorish merely by looking at them? To acquire all this is easier at twenty-five than later, but with an intelligent and determined woman it is still possible later. — Then, when she unites the experience of a hard life to the grace of a refined life, a woman becomes a precious object. She is a woman to reckon with and perhaps a rare woman. With a few other qualities and ornaments she becomes an accomplished woman, above which there is nothing but the perfect woman, the extraordinary woman, the holy woman, and other quite superfluous prodigies, for it is the accomplished woman who gives all the happiness possible and desirable here below. I open again the black-and-white note. I was mistaken just now about the 'blue bird.' It is 'May God forgive *us*' and not 'May God forgive *you*,' which is written, and that is infinitely better and far more true. — To destroy a masterpiece is a work of vandalism; to attack a miracle is a sort of impiety. Well, the most gracious of miracles is the ecstasy of love, the enchantment of the ideal, the joy of enthusiasm, and the happiness of faith. Woe to them that cause this calamity; it were better for them that a millstone were hung about their necks and that they were cast into the sea. — 'I was afraid when I questioned you to receive a terrible answer. I have told you a hundred times that a harsh word from you would have the power to break me.' I had forgotten this formidable responsibility and had allowed a certain discontent to appear, and since no attention was paid it, it grew, and since nothing was asked about it, I could not make any answer; well, in an intimate friendship, all dumbness creates a polar cold, for it resembles obstinacy and substitutes the *I* for the *we*. — So we were both wrong, but I especially, for X has suffered more than I.

Neither gods nor men, says Horace, accept the mediocrity of the poet. — Neither will affection consent to be lowered. Close intimacy, complete confidence, the open heart, will have nothing to do with semi-satisfaction. Whoever has a taste for the absolute, who has touched the ideal, will not put up with anything less.

There are no degrees between the mediocre and the worst.

One longs for the abyss when one has lost an empire.

That is why great passions are condemned in perpetuity to the sublime.

(11.30 P.M.) Letter to X.

March 29, 1870
(Geneva, rue Saint-Christophe)

(3 P.M.) ...Good little letter from Phil., who sends me the 'Revue des Deux Mondes.' There is excellent stuff in that friend! If she is allowed free rein, she comes back of herself to the true and the right. Reason resumes the upper hand over agitations of the heart and emotional upsets. Hers is a strong nature, but capable and desirous of equilibrium. This solidity rejoices me. Which does not alter the fact that I must use much more tact.

March 31, 1870

(8 A.M.) ...Scherer was right: I should brutalize somewhat my delicacy, my character, and my style, dip myself a moment in the Styx; that is, become more masculine and more virile; discipline my courage, impose myself on others, make for

myself a place in the sun. In short, I ought to become something or some one. But the taste for an *incognito* is not laid aside in a day. Besides, the struggle is unending and you are too much at the mercy of chance. What might still tempt me is to be actually some one, but how? By coming into my own through a strong and free book. I should like to give myself and my friends this satisfaction. To pay my debt, by leaving behind me three or four fine volumes, is almost the only perspective that is open to me, and the only ambition that still tempts me at times. I am a thinker by preference, a writer by conviction; if I might grow old in a favorable *milieu* and rid my life of unessentials, I think that I should not regret having lived. Ease, calm, a home, tenderness, work, meditation, are not, after all, impossible things; — and indeed they would be almost at hand if *some one* came from Palermo or from Carcassonne, or if I could live elsewhere than in my own country. And even yet it is not certain that I ought to bow before fate. — 'Be a man once before you die' (J. J. Rousseau); that is, gather into one point all your doubts and make a positive or negative decision. Time refuses to solve the problem, or even to simplify its terms; violence is indispensable. Fate drives you to what you abhor, to the necessity for acting without seeing clearly and for placing your future at the mercy of the unknown. Heaven seems to force you to choose between two regrets, that of *yes* and *no;* it wishes you to go forward, your eyes bandaged, to brave chance and abandon discretion. You wished for light, you have darkness forced upon you. You wanted to advance clear-sightedly, you must go forward full of doubt. You distrust uncertainty, and certainty is forbidden you. You detest the fortuitous! Well, if marriage is always a lottery, such a marriage doubles or triples the chances against you; and yet that is the risk to which destiny forces you. Of you, a man without illusion and without hope, God seems to command the *salto mortale* under conditions that demand a triple share of faith. You would like to be *guided*, and you feel yourself absolutely alone in your decision, since the only person who could give you sufficiently enlightened counsel is the only one who cannot have an opinion on this subject. In short, you have a journey to make and you feel paralyzed in your feet, hands, and brain. It is not pleasant.

'Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.' (Rom. xiv, 5.)

And he who is two-minded, wavering, perplexed, what should he do?

'And if we know that he hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him.' (1 John, v, 15.)

Does not this mean that, at heart, you are afraid of the will of God if it condemns you to suffer, or that you distrust the religious illusion through which your conscience, thinking it hears the will of God, dictates to you a line of conduct which you fear you will regret in one or ten years? — Scepticism and abstention go together logically. How decide, when one doubts? How act without decision? How make up one's mind irrevocably when one feels neither conviction nor perseverance?

(Evening.) Happy the man who has beside him a wife who is his second conscience; who is indeed his friend, his equal, the helper similar to himself, who doubles his strength, and who doubles it not by blaming but by inspiring, not by criticism but by encouragement, not by what she wishes but by what she is. It is right that a friend should strengthen and not persecute, that she should arouse without irritating; in a word, that she should have maternal prudence. Reproach fails in its purpose, for if it is unjust it irritates, and if it is just it discourages. The true rôle of the wife is rather to remove obstacles, to protect against distractions, to animate the intentions, to restore courage, to refresh the memory, to facilitate work, to fill the sails and point out the harbor. It is thus that she *helps.* And when she has more will than her husband, she ought gradually to infuse her perseverance through her charm; she should imitate Phœbus and not Boreas, when she wishes to obtain something from the traveller whom she accompanies. Even where there is good will,

Gentleness accomplishes more than violence.

April 1, 1870

(3 P.M.) ...The most serious question of pedagogy and macrobiotics is the sexual function, which also lies at the heart of morals. I believe that it has not been solved either by the educators, or by the moralists, or by custom. It is chance that decides. A father, a mother, a teacher, a pastor, do not know or wish to know how or why a young man is initiated into the mystery of love; modesty forbids them. The theory is that the members of both sexes ought to reach marriage as virgins, and to know nothing of generation or of physical pleasure. The actual fact is that in nineteen cases out of twenty, young men are initiated through disorder and even through vice; and that curiosity and fancy take the bloom off many young girls. Is heedlessness a method and chance a solution? We may doubt it. The prudery of silence is a mere escape, and guards against nothing. I incline to think that, on the contrary, it is essential to give, religiously, this initiation into the greatest mystery of Nature, and that it is best to do it by means of both botany and morality, by showing the universal and divine aim of sexuality and its function among superior beings, who have a sense of honor and duty. It would not be too much to use all our understanding of Nature, our knowledge of good, and our philosophy of order to explain seriously this decisive truth. What is the meaning of these hesitations, of this false shame when it is a ques-

tion of the very foundation of our morals? They mean that, on this capital point, the doctrine of the Church is troubled and contradictory. — The Church is not sure that virginity is not better than marriage, and that woman is not synonymous with the temptation of the Evil, of the Devil; that the first kiss of Adam and Eve, from which humanity was born, is not synonymous with the Fall, and that sexuality is not impurity. It has not repudiated the Oriental and Gnostic idea, and to it the spirit is the very opposite of the flesh and of nature. Therefore, it is embarrassed at the question of love and has contradicted itself many times. It lauds maternity, but prefers virginity; and to reconcile everything, it places on the altar a Virgin-Mother, which naturally depreciates and stigmatizes all mothers who are not virgins. — In this permanent ambiguity, we recognize an unhealthy first view of things, an imperfect conception of nature, an ascetic theology — that is, a violent one, born of reaction and not of contemplation, consequently a half-truth. — Since the Church has vacillated as to the doctrine of sex, nature, life, and in consequence love, a sort of anarchy has resulted in the spirit, and the discomfort of uncertainty has created hypocrisy and affectation. It is rather the judicial and lay conscience that, following the school of the naturalists and philosophers, has freed itself from the hesitations of the clergy. It is this that has discredited the monastic spirit, celibacy, idleness, uncleanliness, macerations, and all the prejudices derived from a scorn of the flesh; it is this that has rehabilitated life and work and declared that the honest father of a family is worth a hundred monks, and a good mother twenty nuns. The whole of Greek and Latin Christianity is dying out from falsity and represents the anti-nature phase of the religion of Jesus; it is above all the negation of paganism. It sets earth outside of heaven, and Nature outside of order; it teaches only a relative truth, which is half an error.

Science, having built up in spite of the Church a cosmology and a history that reduce to insignificance the traditional teachings of the Church as to the universe and humanity, there is the opportunity for ecclesiastical Christianity to purify itself and to be in accord with disinterested philosophy; and naturally, when it is readjusted it will pretend that it has always been the same, that it has always presided over progress, illuminated science, etc., etc. But what matter these adjustments of theological pride, if only civilization advances!

April 2, 1870

(Midnight.) Spent the evening at Blw. Continued 'Frithiof.' It gets still better! Phil. has done a good deed to-day; she has rescued a poor woman and undertaken a series of tiresome enterprises for her benefit. Phil. is charitable and her energy placed at the service of a good cause can perform wonders. I have more than once experienced it myself. I am well pleased with my little friend.

To help each other live is good, to be understood is better.

Let us strive to save this treasure. A *lost force* is a great misfortune.

Let us love those who love us. That is the right way, says the song.

How much fine stuff there is in that reserved nature!

June 1, 1870

(11 P.M.) ... At Blw. I found the son better and the mother ailing. She was grave, sad, solemn, as on the days of momentous decisions. I could feel that thoughts of mourning, exile, separation, and trial have haunted a sleepless night and persisted throughout the day. A coffin went out of the house in the afternoon. The 'alpeggiature' of July seemed like the Babylonian captivity; and at times the thirst for death reappeared at the bottom of her calm resignation. I was troubled to my very marrow. I want to think over by myself these *novissima verba*, which pierced me like the words of a dying woman, like the farewells of a mother to a son whom she expects never to see again.

July 6, 1871

(11 P.M.) ... A long letter from Blw. has touched and moved me. I am trying to attack this monster

to which she is sacrificing herself; that is, a false idea, an obstinate prejudice. I consider this sort of misunderstanding an almost revolting absurdity between two old friends. It seems to me impossible that B. should not come to see it as I do. — But what is evident is that B., who pretends to be consistent, logical, faithful to her principles and her programme, suffers from a great illusion.

She wavers, she changes; in a word, she is a woman. She is afraid of what she has asked for, and she hastens towards what she dreads; in short, she is passionate, that is, subject to sudden contradictions which she does not suspect. Between her, who has a constant change of impressions, and myself, who holds to my word, there suddenly occur unexpected distances. The unfortunate thing is that she demands to be treated like a man, like a comrade, while she has most of the weaknesses of a woman. Also how many times have I yielded to her urgings and then regretted having done so! The strange thing is that she forgets all about this sort of experience, all the times when she suffered from having obtained what she had insisted would be good for her. — She believes she is submissive, but if you resist her desire, she is consumed with regret and wears herself out in painful conjectures.

All this means that her present situation is contrary to her nature and that she cannot be what she would like to be.

July 17, 1871

(7.30 P.M.) ... A few lines from one of Eg.'s letters, quoted by Blw., prove to me that the wind of doubt still blows from that quarter, as I have always supposed. Hence that eternal doubt, that latent suspicion, which reappears from time to time. The least little slip of the memory becomes a proof of untruthfulness. O the hatred of a woman! it is as bad as the Inquisition, in its implacable patience and its ferocious vigilance. Eg., who made me lose directly so many years of my youth, has again poisoned the years of my virility; she has been the fatality of my life. Having suffered because of me, she has deliberately returned it with superabundance. — Must I say, 'It was decreed'? I only regret that Phil. has, in spite of everything, tried to preserve the freshness of her affection and her faith, while exposing them daily to the action of doubt. She has hoped to conquer, but there is danger, rather, that she will succumb, and the price of victory is too slight compared to the consequences of defeat. One of the two friends had nothing to lose, the other risked the peace of two persons. The stake was not equal and not fair. It was rash to undertake it.

August 17, 1871

(8 A.M.) It has rained all night. Hard and long attack of dry, tight coughing. My head heavy and weary.

Thoughts of my pillow: carnal pleasure is only a storm of the soul, and sex merely a limitation of the spirit. Heart to heart, this storm disappears and this limit is removed. It is in each other's arms that man and woman arrive at entire lucidity of thought, at the real chastity of desire. Celibacy is, therefore, a false method of deliverance, and the hour of greatest wisdom is that which follows fulfilment.

But perhaps to derive this benefit, there must be a deep love on one side and on the other some thirty-five or forty years. Tumultuous passion cannot know the calm delights of *conjugal love* (of Swedenborg) because it ignores the delights of the mind.

Quite contrary to common opinion, the philosophic state is reached better by two than by one, and it is the vestibule of folly that leads most directly to the sanctuary of reason.

The individual is only one blade of a pair of scissors, an incomplete instrument of truth and virtue. The true man is the couple. Wisdom is an hermaphrodite, as the platonic myth teaches.

(9.30 A.M.) An autumn day, the mists wander over the green slopes, and deaden all the countryside. It is damp and mild, the summer seems ended.

I am coughing cruelly, and Heustrich has been merely a snare for me.

Is the *wisdom* of which I spoke just now identical for the two participants? No. Each is completed, but in his own manner one sees more clearly, the other acts more justly. One profits on the whole, the other in detail. The advantage is reciprocal; it is not uniform.

Can one even say that any specific circumstance had any determinable effect? By no means, for the effect varies with the individual. We draw wisdom from things only through the wisdom we ourselves possess. Nothing is instructive except to the instructed man. *Only to him who has, is given.* — What saves one destroys another. Woman is quite as much perdition as redemption. Everything is equally possible, everything comes to pass, everything is true according to the case. The sage's judgment is suspended. *It depends* is the perpetual oracle.

Should one desire wealth, glory, health, marriage? That depends. One should desire an inner equilibrium, accord with one's fate, the intuition of duty, harmony with the will of God. This is an absolute good, good in every case. The rest is only a relative good. Poverty, obscurity, illness, celibacy, can serve to educate the soul and in consequence be a means of salvation and therefore good. The ways of God are not our ways. Each of us has his rainbow, which is not that of his neighbor. And who knows if this rainbow is not a way of regarding the world, an external projection of our inner harmony? He who is entirely harmonized can give thanks in suffering and in joy; he feels himself enveloped by the power and love of his Father, and floats confidently on this divine ocean. 'Neither sickness, nor death, nor persecutions, nor demons, nor archangels,' as the apostle says, 'can separate him from the love of God.' Such is the invulnerability of faith. For him who is without sin, there is a present beatitude. But sin separates us from God, and happiness outside of holiness is as fragile as it is illusory.

To sanctify one's heart is to give it peace,
And happiness without God is vanity.
Only the saint can say, 'God, when you called me,
My soul was happy and felt itself beloved.'

August 18, 1871

(6 P.M.) A white light over the lake, a distant flood, falling fan-shaped, like the rays of a halo. A longing for correspondence... *quaerens quem devoret.* Whence springs this fever? I think from the need for forgetfulness — as if one might redeem one's years and avert fate! The spectre of my fiftieth year has arisen, and to avoid being horror-stricken I beat the drum and put on a brave air. A few moments of agitation are permissible before one recovers reason and courage. I shall put up with this, as with so many other irremediable evils. One loses one's years, with one's teeth, one's hair, one's illusions, and one's hopes. Only the figure fifty has something particularly odious

about it. It is a more solemn farewell than the former ones. The life of the passions is over. It is too late for everything, except for wisdom, for resignation, for devotion.

And yet I am a spoiled child, for many affections and even love keep me company. I can still marry with the certainty of being welcomed, desired, loved, almost with the certainty of causing happiness. I can put an end to this provisional that is killing me, and still have a few years for meditation, work, and thought. I still hold a few cards, if I wish, if I am able, if I dare to play them. Only I need good sense and decision: good sense to renounce all dreams and to measure clearly what is possible and practicable, and decision to make up my mind vigorously and to put my decision immediately into effect.

In fact, if I wished it to-day, I believe I could be married by the 27th of September, and I should then hide this hideous fiftieth birthday under the canopy of the nuptial chamber. But, but...but...

Ist denn zu viel verdorben?

Are some things irreparable, are expiations necessary, are sacrifices obligatory?

Some one knocks. A letter. Is it the reply of Fate? Is it a judgment of Providence?

'Ask of me something difficult and I will obey you eagerly and faithfully. — Think of Ch. — I desire you settled, happy, productive, and blessed. You have never ceased to do me good, and on my knees I repeat the hymn of enthusiastic gratitude and ardent love. You should be well pleased with yourself. You have given my soul happiness and strength for a long time. — At heart I no longer dread so much the separation in Berlin. I felt clearly at S. that after six months without seeing you the last rest would not be long in coming. But to die of love is the most beautiful of deaths, for a woman's heart. — Do not be angry with me for this thought. For a long time you have been my life, and away from you death seems to be preferable.... You have given me more happiness than I had ever dreamed existed. Yes, I have chosen the good part and I would not exchange it for every felicity. — Let my friend see Eg., I beg him to, and if duty demands it, I will bid her farewell gladly. — Scold your pupil when you are not pleased with her. The few times when you have spoken to her as a censor or as a master have made her quiver with joy. Lofty and independent natures find, even in painful separations, an immense happiness in submitting to a single being, to him only whom they admire, love, and bless. — After having spent fifteen days with your little sister, you ought to keep her always with you or allow her to die.'

August 19, 1871

(10 A.M.) A storm last night. Fine weather this morning. I awake with a sort of new lucidity. My conscience disturbed. I see myself also in the light

of common sense. I understand how sophistical is passion and how willingly the heart is deceived.

A little-noticed difference between the sexes: man can restore to the woman the honor he has made her lose, but woman has not the same privilege, and cannot do the same for man.

'The terrible thing about these false positions is that they never end'; these words return to me like a sentence and a menace. The *impasse* reappears before me. The heart cries, Forward! Good sense cries, Wait! Which shall I heed?

Impiety towards love or defiance of reason. O tragedy! Irreparable tragedy! I can forgive everything, but the world forgives nothing. For example, Mary Magdalene could become a saint in heaven, but she could not have been presented in any salon in Rome. The 'Ideas of Mme. Aubray' do not govern society.

If I marry abroad and am away a long time, I shall be blamed for having hidden, fled, been ashamed of my marriage; and if I marry like every one else in the sight of my native city, I expose myself to irritating and unforeseen mortification. When one begins to wander in the unfrequented forest, outside the beaten paths, everything becomes underbrush, thorns, delays, and impediments.

To be at peace one must have nothing to hide, for everything hidden shall become known, says the Gospel.

What, then, is the sacrifice that Heaven demands of me? Have I done wrong to be good? Have I done wrong to be weak? Have I done wrong to love honor?

I can endure all the false judgments of the world, even with a sort of gayety, but its just judgments overwhelm me. When one is aware of doing right, it gives one strength to be misunderstood and slandered, but when one cannot approve of one's self, when one distrusts one's self, how can one decide?

The tragedy lies in the conflict between the heart and the conscience, and the worst tragedy is the uncertainty as to what is right. This anxiety has consumed me for years. I have not been able to reconcile generosity and wisdom, happiness and duty, kindness and justice; I have not been able to distinguish clearly the limits of the permitted and the forbidden. I have let myself be carried beyond my inward desire and my conscience. I have been cruelly punished. How? By the necessity I find of causing suffering, no matter what I do, and of suffering myself whatever happens. This is the tremendous fact, that I am responsible for a life and almost for a soul. By saying No, I shall kill; do I in any case save anything? She desires earnestly nothing but my good. But my good can only consist of my duty, and it is duty that is obscure to me, because one has one's duties towards love as well as towards one's family, one's country, and one's honor. I absolutely do not know what is best. One ought to have lived a first time so as to get some benefit from the second experience, and this is one of those matters about which it is impossible to consult any one whatever, even indirectly, because another's secret is not mine, and because no one else can put himself exactly in my place.—There remains inner deliberation, but that is exactly what troubles me and does not enlighten me. All my art, in this matter, is to put off the decision for a year, after each new examination, because I do not see clearly and dare not judge. And this art is only an artifice, or, in other words, impotence. I lack that firm resolution that has squarely finished its reckoning and no longer hesitates. To a headstrong person, his desire equals a decision, and seems to him an argument. For myself, who have not the least respect for my will and am very much afraid of error and even more of regret, I need a very clear sense of duty. But this is just what I have not got on the question of marriage. Fate obliges me to assume a responsibility out of proportion to my insight. It exacts an act of will, as an officer of the Roman treasury might force me to buy a lottery ticket. It will not let the benefit be visible; it wishes me to compromise myself and to enlist at all hazards. Its ultimatum demands the submission of my pride, the violation of my dignity.

My cross is exactly that I am violated, and forced to decide for insufficient reasons, to act in spite of myself, and to be responsible without my consent. I have a horror of this way of behaving. I detest it. Perhaps it is the sacrifice that Heaven demands of me? But must I submit? Ought a reasonable creature to obey anything but reason? — An act of faith towards what? Have I faith in society, in chance, in the unknown? Faith in God? Yes, if I could hear Him, but since He speaks to me through the reason, the heart, the conscience, and since his interpreters contradict one another, I do not know how to excuse myself for an act of faith that seems to me like reckless bravado.

Practical life is sullied by a crude contradiction; it pursues the good and cannot tell what the good is. It wears itself out in a vain search. It is absurd. And yet we cannot escape from its yoke. We must act. We are slaves, at least those of us who have not, like Socrates, his *daimon* as counsellor.

Glot., Sar., Alex., Erip., Eger., how you are revenged! I have always awaited the divine sign, the voice from above, the infallible warning. And here the sign, the voice, the warning have failed. I am wedded only to the ideal. A proof that action demands passion; that is, illusion, blindness, and error. Whoever wishes to see quite clearly before acting, will never act. The game of life is not just, so much is lacking, but whoever will not accept this conditional justice is obliged to give up the game. To live is to err, and to make the best of it.

How could we endure life
If we did not close our eyes?

'The honest man does not plume himself on anything' (Pascal), yet it is hard not to be allowed to be consistent with one's self, and to be constrained to folly when one loves wisdom. This inconsistency would be comic if it were our fault and were committed unwittingly; but when we are forced to be illogical and to abuse ourselves, it is merely sad. Admitting that this misfortune is only a lesser evil and that the world would be the worse without passion, yet even a lesser evil is still an evil. A man without a will is as out of place in this world as a butterfly in the ocean. He suits nothing and nothing suits him. A wise man in the midst of fools would be equally to be pitied.

He who has not the spirit of his age
Of his age has all the misfortune.

This means that I regret having tried to do better than the crowd, having followed a path of my own with useless refinements of scruples and principles. I have gained nothing at all by this. The first comer of fifty who has made his pile, and has a lot of children, seems actually richer in experience, in memories, and in virtues than a dreamer like myself. What consoles me is that it takes all sorts to make a world, that I have never injured anyone except myself, and that, after all, I am no more divided than another.

When life is over, it is all one; after every storm, the sea resumes its own level. But quietism is not enough for the years that still remain to be traversed. Even when happiness no longer seems anything but a wearisome chimera, one still desires to do good and would like to end as well as possible. One cannot get used to never knowing what is best. One acts out of kindness, but one acts. One no longer believes in life any more than in a clumsy, hired carriage; but one submits to going on until the end of the journey and one tries to have patience.

What would be the use of discouraging the beginners? One has no choice, and besides, life has its good moments. Let us help our fellow travellers, resign ourselves, and set an example.

If the end of movement is rest, one must confess that quietism is the final philosophy of the universe.

The consciousness of the infinity of possibilities is terribly superior to the successive consciousness of a few realities. God is no doubt the motive power, but He is lack of motion. As a motor He is turned towards the finite, as lack of motion He possesses the infinite. Napoleon moved less in battle than the humblest of his soldiers, because he thought more. In the same way a child gesticulates a hundred times more than an old man.

(5 P.M.) Languor, boredom, emptiness. Sleepiness. Discontent with myself through lack of de-

termination. I go back over all my contrary impressions to those of this morning. All the arguments *for* take the place of the arguments *against.* It is so much simpler to love and to let one's self be loved. The present is so much surer than the future, and what one has is so much better than what one has not. I positively cannot bring into agreement heart, conscience, and reason, and I shall never strike a final balance. Even after years of reflection, I should still do a rash act out of weariness. Also I abhor the practical life that condemns one to such a humiliation. To decide for the sake of deciding, what a ridiculous situation! And it is one in which the thoughtful man often finds himself; the man knows that all decisions are arbitrary and without intrinsic superiority. It was thanks to his stupidity that Buridan's ass was able to choose between the two similar bundles of hay. In short, no matter what one does, one regrets it, and if one does nothing, one regrets that also. In every sort of choice I believe that a cast of the dice would be the best solution, the quickest and the most convenient.

At the same time it would be a protest against the practical life which is only a constant snare for our good faith. Finally it would be a great economy of sterile calculations. For the will which casts the determining vote unfortunately brings into play the pride of the individual. Chance would replace desire as a motive for the man who attaches no importance to his desires or even distrusts them as misleading.

(6 P.M.) What a strange creature I am! As soon as I have a decision to make, all my gayety, all my gentleness disappear. I fall back into agitation and hardness; so antipathetic to me is the lottery of fate. The moment I am relieved from deciding, I become gentle, devoted, and affectionate. — If I were charged with the education of some one, I should seek what was best everywhere and in everything. But for myself I no longer have the taste to reprimand and direct; I merely examine myself and state my preference. Psychology has replaced morality.

That is the effect of this flaccid existence that dispenses with adventures and duties, with work and purpose. I no longer know courage save by name, and hope save by hearsay.

Mein Freund, du hast dir deine Wunden
Geholt in keiner Heldenschlacht...
En Kranker, der nicht will gesunden.
Krankt mehr an Selbstsuch als an Leid.

Read over a few pieces by Hammer that did me good. Found the little shell box that I thought lost. Egeria thus twice gives me a helping hand. What would be her own opinion of the matter if she could know everything?

Read over Phil.'s last letter. Shall I have less consistency and energy than she? Have I not her programme to follow? Shall not her constancy be rewarded? I have, indeed, a great duty to fulfil on her account, and I shall fulfil it. This is not the moment for sleeping or faltering.

September 12, 1871 (at home)

(9.30 A.M.) Let us collect our thoughts. Yesterday spent four hours with Blw.; agitated hours, but which I do not regret. I think I have dissipated some painful false impressions and done some good. I myself went through many surprising sensations from blame to pity. She had allowed herself to be affected by slanders and had punished the innocent instead of pitying him. She had burned precious papers without fear of giving pain and prevaricating. She had sinned against her faith, against her promise, and against our intimacy. She had let herself be stung by jealousy, anger, and suspicion. But she had repented and asked pardon. I have pardoned and consoled. I have said '*au revoir*' and not 'good-bye.'

The struggle between her primitive nature and her ardent devotion has destroyed the sleep and the health of Blw. during these four weeks. I found her thin, pale, broken, worn. A heavy cough and hollow eyes swimming in tears.

Absence kills her, because it deprives her of joy, courage, light, and opens her soul to every morbid influence. Who knows if she can live if she continues like this? Once confessed, reassured, enlightened, her transports of original tenderness reappeared, like blue flames over a cloth that is blackened and half covered by ashes. But the irreparable cannot be repaired, and what was burned and destroyed remains destroyed.

Blw. will repent this fault which caused me cruel grief for a long time. But I have forgiven her. Let us think no more of it. On one side they were titles of nobility, on the other they would have been my justification. Alas, alas!

What is most clear is that my little friend is far from being able to realize her heroic ideal, and that if she is ambitious for the sublime she lacks the strength for it. She still serves three or four masters; and her *Bull* is the witness of a changeable passion rather than the promise of a soul that sees clearly into itself and approaches the eternal. Pure gold is still mixed with much alloy in her. But I know of a mass of extenuating circumstances. To have the whole world against you is too much for any one *who still believes in public opinion* and suffers from the effects of malicious gossip. Though capable of allowing herself to be cut into pieces for one she loves, she always lets herself be caught by treacherous insinuations. She slips back into the emotional storm that she dreads. Alas, alas, what is it that spoils, ferments, and turns sour in her as soon as the good wine ceases? Eve will always have an ear for the serpent! It is the weakness of a character that is great in other respects. Blw. allows herself to apply to the bird of heaven the categories borrowed from the inhabitants of the swamps. The sinister influence of her surroundings appears in this. In her original circle, so to speak, she only knew base souls, heard nothing but vulgar thoughts, and saw nothing but coarse appetites. When she falters, she confuses somewhat all the world that she has known. But she blames herself later when she returns to her true nature. These falls from grace are the history of humanity. But will the exquisite butterfly free itself from the slightly earthly chrysalis? Oh, if only her family came from Timbuctoo or even from Carpentras! If one could separate the portrait from its frame, lift the flower from the mould into which it plunges its roots!

To love, my poor child, is to believe and to divine,
To wait while you forgive, and to give without return,
To have in your heart neither suspicion nor falsity,
To desire only goodness, glory, and honor.
And to God alone to confide your sorrow.

When shall we attain to this perfect nobility, to this calm magnanimity? Yet she knows how to love; only passion is not yet transformed. An agitated idolatry has not yet become the true religion, devotion has not reached abnegation. Would finality and certainty accomplish the metamorphosis? Who knows? — Her desire, 'a fortnight with you and then death,' expresses both a thirst for happiness and a need for generosity. I feel at the same time two impossibilities: that of detaching myself and that of accompanying her through life. Oh, what a cruel perplexity! A knot that must be cut this week.

September 26, 1871

(10 A.M.) (Vitznau, at the foot of the Righi.) A series of mishaps at Lausanne; I was not able to carry out my programme. And what a detestable night! A long string of late arrivals, disturbing noises, then cattle, horses, rain, have routed my sleep by cutting it into five or six fragments. Tired head.

Rained steadily during the whole trip.

Did I do well to come and am I well paid for my trouble? This first evening makes me incline to the negative. However, let us not judge hastily. Let us wait for to-morrow.

September 27, 1871

(3 P.M.) Richly, lavishly rewarded. The floodgates were opened, last evening, right after supper. Recovered all the former intimacy. Shared joy and tears. Listened to the dithyramb that is only repeated in a low voice, side by side. Maternal advice given, and advice asked in a filial spirit. Watched unfold the secret petals of the soul that belong only to the confessor.

And this morning my birthday celebrated by two friends. Two bouquets (the last autumn flowers), photographs, a reading-stand with open-work carving to salute the day of my birth. This affectionate joy consoles me for being born and for being so far from my youth.

Two walks, one all four of us, the other we two. The Righi railroad, its station, locomotive, carriage, and its rails. The landing of the steamships at Vitznau. The countryside.

In spite of two nights, spent almost without sleep, but not without coughing, I stood well enough the brightness of the lake, the walk, and the commotion. Besides, the second walk, and especially our rest on a little green, shaded promontory, close to Weggis, set me up again. On a bench, sheltered by a majestic walnut tree and surrounded by a circle of young fig trees, I heard many sweet words that I still hold in my heart. And what lovely views lay on all sides! The smooth, fresh lake, stretching away to the shores of the Unterwald, the rough headland and graceful bay, the little house hidden beneath flowers, the high rocks opposite the citadel, Pilatus and other peaks appearing through the interlacing branches, a peaceful silence brightened by the voices of a few children knocking down nuts, the smooth lawn about the bench with a few sunbeams strewn like golden louis over the grass. It was an idyl. There lacked neither the shepherd nor the shepherdess, the one in black velvet and a straw hat, the other with a parasol lined with green, which custom authorizes and which is soothing to the brain.

(10 P.M.) A delightful walk in the direction of Gersau, as far as the ridge of the headland.

We went together, holding each other's hands. End of the day. A poetic sunset watched from the forest path running above the sharp rocks that line the shore on this side. — Délio was delirious with joy and overflowing with tenderness, during what she called the last of her beautiful days. Eg., whose departure for Italy is fixed for the near future, sent D. an opal ring that she had at Hampton Court and at Gourze; she sent it for the 27th. That heart forgets nothing.

For me, the 27th of September has been crowned with verbena and roses. It will leave a sweet and lasting memory.

Finished the evening with two readings to my two friends (among others, two stories by Juste Olivier).

Now it is raining heavily. — So Nature also showed courtesy by illuminating my birthday, in spite of the dismal aspect of the barometer and the severities of this morose phase of the moon. I have truly been a spoiled child on this terrible day that marks the end of the half-century for me. The garlands of flowers, the good wishes, and the signs of passionate affection seemed determined to hide from me the sepulchral sadness of that date and the grimacing salutations of the ironic King-of-Terrors. Also I did not feel any older, but even more favored than usual.

At this hour, everything in the house is asleep. A single bolt separates me from a heart that is entirely devoted to me and that beats only for me. I could draw that bolt; I know there would be transports of happiness. And yet I shall not draw it. Why? Because a voice that is dear to me has said, 'No, I beg of you, in the name of my weakness.'

D. has risen in my estimation during these two days. Have discovered in D. new forces and new qualities.

Oh, those *litanies* this evening, what intensity of feeling, what a flow of pearls and rubies! what fervency of prayer! I watched amazed this outpouring of the heart's emotions, this continual flow of gratitude and admiration, I almost said of adoration.

No, it shall not be lost.

September 28, 1871 (Vitznau)

(3.30 P.M.) Caught cold last night, no doubt because of the too narrow covering. Chills, fever, nausea, my spine like marmalade and my legs trembling. Was not able to take breakfast. General discomfort and melancholy thoughts. The outdoors, the sun, a little walk by the fresh water made the nausea pass. None the less, I had to throw myself on my bed for two hours, my body felt so limp and my head so weak. — Madrina, Phil., and Fz. took turns bringing me some portions of dinner, which agreed with me. This evening the fever has dropped, but though I feel better I am not well. In the same way, this morning's fine sun has been drowned in grey vapors of mist. — Dismal weather. To-night there is a heavy rain and storm.

My illness has upset the expedition we had planned to the Grütli. This evening I am better, though still weak and a little feverish. They have given me another room, for the one facing north made me cough hard all night. There is sadness in the air. Phil. has eaten nothing, could not talk this morning, and shed tears in the little grove by the waterfall which she made me visit just now.

Am I really going to let this absolute devotion leave me? I am acting mechanically, without thinking, without reflecting, without looking ahead, quite simply because we have agreed to do this.

How many times, during the last eight days, I have been tempted to pronounce the *Quos ego* and set out for Italy with Philine, abandoning all my former existence and beginning a cosmopolitan life! How many times I have counted over the chaplet of her merits and demerits! But what excuses everything is the passionate love that has survived all tests. We should understand each other so well, and we should arrange so well-ordered a life together!

You lack brutality. One cannot make an omelet without breaking eggs. And by not wishing to offend any propriety or to disturb any one, you enslave and paralyze yourself.

(4 P.M.) The blue returns to the mottled sky. Stomach still a little uneasy. Weakness. My head heavy.

(10 P.M.) An intimate talk with Madrina. She brought up the affair at Charnex, and I began an explanation, but it must have been unintelligible to one who does not suspect the harm done by unconsidered words in a gossiping and suspicious *milieu* that always interprets things harmfully, criticizes, and disparages — especially since the person in question never takes any blame for accidents which she has caused and only assumes responsibility for any harm she has wished to do.

(Besides, in different degrees, we all fall into this fallacy of conscience; I also, for other things than Madr.)

Compensation. A long and charming walk with Délio, almost to Weggis. An intimate conversation at nightfall. First a visit to the Grottoes and the little waterfall. D.'s tears. Tomb of the little canaries brought from Geneva by D.'s friends. Solitude among the leaves as in the Freyschütz. Rustic benches scattered under the chestnut trees, at different levels. The wooden chalets, with their pointed roofs and velvety tones.

September 29, 1871

(3 P.M.) A day full of emotions. D. wept a long time in my arms. We experienced the long bitterness of farewells (last evening, by ourselves). This morning on leaving her room, then on the boat, stifled sobs that turned into a sort of nervous attack. I went with the two friends as far as Lucerne. She promised to telegraph me from Basel how she was, and in case she was really ill to delay her final departure and give me time to arrive. — The whistle of the train from Zurich that carried off the two friends had a funereal sound. Took a slow walk along the quays of the Lake of the Four Cantons. At the cathedral, walking with an oppressed heart through the aisles of tombs, was filled with melancholy. When I wished to enter the church, they were playing the organ solemnly, I found the door shut. Then I know not what lugubrious images began to file before my disturbed fancy. It seemed to me that I was prowling like Faust about the house of prayer where the service for the dead was being celebrated on the coffin of Marguerite, dead and saved. I thought of the struggle of the good and bad angels. I divined, in addition to the horror of irreparable misfortune, the whip of remorse, the undying worm, the inextinguishable fire. I saw also the cruelty of weakness and the sin of softness.

It seems about demonstrated to me now, that I cannot do a woman good without doing her harm, and that I must give up all hope of feminine sympathies and friendships, before there are white hairs on both of us.

Returned to Vitznau for dinner. The grey, cold weather of this morning had disappeared, and the uneven shores of this romantic lake, a real clover-leaf of lakes, radiating in all directions, were bordered with little houses, villas, châteaux, and villages sunk in verdure. The attractive shores, dominated by the severe mountains, somewhat quieted the whirlwind of my black thoughts. Dined in silence.

Returned to the terminus. Departure of two steam trains for the Righi. Sweeping view of the lake from the pavilion of the restaurant. Arrival of the boats that pass each other at our port. I return to my little room. They are already putting in order the two neighboring rooms which the travellers vacated, and my two bouquets of flowers have disappeared. As they were half faded and left in a room that was not mine, I have not dared ask for them. The single *immortelle* in D.'s little bouquet was lost on the way. So our flowers have not even lasted *the space of a morning*. When the heart is sad, everything seems like an evil omen.

He can only dream of a fatal duel,
And of snares and nets.

The truth is that I cannot keep still; I am uneasy and my soul is troubled. What is going to happen?

'Man, full of hesitations,' I say to myself, 'is this the punishment?'

But why did I come here? For two or three reasons.

First to receive the testament of Vitznau.

Then to collect myself.

To form my plans as to what I shall do next.

(7 P.M.) Cannon shots and the strokes of the clock; what is that for? Besides, this little hamlet of only a few houses is singularly animated. The splashing of paddle-wheels over the water, the whistling of the locomotive on the mountain, the hum of a sawmill, that bell of the landing, the church bells, do not leave a quiet half-hour in the whole day. It is full of a stir and noise that only stop when night falls.

Vitznau even has its telegraph, and I made use of it two hours ago; wrote to Basel, I am disturbed and anxious.

I hear my evil genius murmur sardonically, 'Always the same story; too late, too late!'

Why can we not live twice? The first time we should make our mistakes, the second we should profit by them. The frightful thing about this existence is that, since we are deprived of acquired experience and former practice by each new case, we do not know what to do.

Every part which I play only once, and which gives me no second chance, frightens me. It is, incidentally, what has most often prevented me from attempting marriage when the opportunity offered. I have always been afraid of being more or less mistaken, of grasping only my dream and repenting uselessly.

Kurz ist der Wahn, die Reue lang.

This lack of courage has caused the unhappiness of several women who have hurt themselves, while hoping to give me the courage to make the leap.

(9 P.M.) 'Journal de Genève' of the 27th. — Death of Madeleine P., aged sixteen. I knew her as a little girl, when her father believed that the Devil was in children (one of the gentle charms of Calvinism), and I was sorry for her then. It appears that she was losing her sight. I pity her less to-day. — Il Signor Bne. has failed to appear at the Congress in Lausanne; he was seen in Geneva three months ago. I do not know why, but the vague idea of a little strategy on his part has occurred to me. Since he aspires to my academic succession, his friends (who are my enemies) have perhaps begged him to make himself eligible by allowing people to forget his former campaigns, with all their political blusterings that make such a stir in these cosmopolitan congresses (a prating cosmopolitanism which, this time as always, is only a mask for the same speechifiers, who confuse Paris with the world and the Revolution with liberty); and the Signor B., as an idealist who does not neglect the practical when it serves his little

private interests, might leave for a time the Lausanne boobies to await any delivery at his door of a teaching position, destined to replace the lost inspectorship. No doubt this strategy is only a bit of nonsense hatched by my brain, or an unfounded conjecture. Still it is true that in sending in my resignation just now, I should run grave risk of being blamed by all my colleagues (save one) and of seeing myself greeted by an article of censure, which would at the same time exalt my *eminent* successor. (Who knows if they might not add a word more and actually call him *devoted*?) Thus by an extraordinary chance, the devotion that I have shown for twenty-five years would be forgotten in a day, and it would be a chance newcomer — who destroyed the teaching of history in our faculty, and was proud of this service — who would reap a harvest of thanks. Republics are ungrateful, journalists indifferent, the public forgetful, colleagues absent-minded, and fate ridiculous.

Sic vos non vobis mellificatis, apes...
For others, not yourselves, you bees make your hives,
For others, poor oxen, you drag the heavy plough,
For others, not yourselves, O fowls, you make your nests.
For whom, O sheep, do you grow your fleece?

J'ai fait des vers, par malheur
  Ou bonheur
Et de ces vers, mon voleur
  A l'honneur,

Du reste, cette fortune
Est commune.

(Imitation of the well-known anecdote, credited to Vergil.)

(10 P.M.) Austere and majestic moonrise. Its rays shone directly into my room and fell from the high peak of the mountain that forms one of the buttresses of the Righi. Strange optical illusion. I hardly believed my eyes, even after verification.

To-day watched a little the magic lantern of the table. Two ladies from Winterthour, a lady from Basel, the painter B. (of Paris), my neighbor with wrinkled forehead, the little jester opposite, the newcomer, an American, who eats with her elbows on the table and wants to go up the Righi in a carriage because the train makes her seasick.

Put out my candle a moment to enjoy the nocturnal landscape. A pretty, green bay curves between the *Nase* and my window, and the little ripples of the water cast up to me fugitive reflections of light. A narrow green zone encircles the bay; little gardens, small houses, orchards, a clock-tower fill this narrow band, which slopes abruptly up to the mountain, a mountain with the profile of a sheep lying down, that stands out blackly against the pale azure of the night. The whole makes a romantic *ensemble*, uniting the charm of wild rugged country to the charm of water and what is idyllic to what is mountainous. Vitznau must be one of the most charming spots on the lake. This evening, all about me, they were rating it above Weggis, Gersau, and Beckenried. What it lacks is a view of one of the giants of the Alps. Pilatus has no snow, which classes it. The Urirothstock shows only a few degrees of its height at Vitznau. First defect, and I know of others. In spite of that Vitznau is attractive.

But I must go and sleep. Although I am amazed at recovering so quickly from my sudden cold yesterday, still I hardly slept the night before and I must repair to-day the evening of arms and tears.

Besides, who knows what news may reach me to-morrow? *Behüte Gott!* But then, D. is accompanied by two persons to care for her. But... but... no matter, I am anxious.

September 30, 1871 (Vitznau)

(5.30 P.M.) I have already lighted my candle. Rain all day. Now a gusty wind that shakes the trees beneath my window and tears the shutters off their hinges.

A dull, sad day. At eight o'clock, a telegram from Kleinbasel. Bad news, but they are starting (by now they are reaching Frankfurt). They are leaving in desolation and with spells of difficult breathing. Have I done right? On this point I am not yet clear. What is sure is that I have not had the courage of my convictions, for I know that on coming here I rather expected to make the 27th something that it was not. I had a secret intention, which gave way at the decisive moment, before what? Before fear. Fear of what? Of the consequences. Of what consequences? Of a resignation at an inopportune moment that would make me wrongly judged and blamed by every one, and that would delight my enemies. — The *too late* of A. B. has returned to my mind like a fury armed with its serpent's locks. As so often, as always for so many years, I have waited until I was no longer able to do something so as not to have to decide about it. I think also that Seriosa's [1] solemn rebuke (saying that a wandering life would mean the end of all useful activity for me) has weighed in the balance. — Whatever the reason, I am sad. Wrote a letter to D. immediately this morning (with *thoughts*, a photograph, and the rough draft of the telegram that perhaps has not yet reached her address), and a note to Madr., in which I beg her to pity and respect the momentary weakness of a courageous spirit and to take a maternal interest in her without laying a finger on the wounds of a heart that has its sorrows, sorrows that can be summed up into a single one, that of leaving all it has loved. In other words, I tried to save D.'s secret from her companion and to strengthen the exile in her cruel suffering. Alas! It is an almost impossible situation. D. cannot confide in Madr.

---

[1] Seriosa designates Mlle. M. F. Mercier, the friend who will some time publish, with Edmond Scherer, the first *Fragments of an Intimate Journal.*

and neither can she hide her grief, so that Madr. cannot help being offended without being put off the track. Will she accept this rôle of being a sister of charity and not a confidante? Such abnegation is scarcely her custom. Fortunately, my little friend is adroit and strong, and will not live under the roof of the woman who introduces her. Besides, she has an innate dignity before which one cannot speak boldly.

This day of Saint-Jerome is lugubrious, and my lighting is sepulchral.

Two discolored roses and a branch of rosemary smile at me forlornly from a glass of water. It is the last present of the friend who has left me. Also my glance clings to it as to the single ray of poetry and tenderness that shines in my black and empty sky. I steep myself with pious intensity in the warm affection that has become a cult. I am filled with emotion and flooded with tenderness.

Is the sacrifice made by her and by myself worth what it has cost us? She has widowed her own heart so that I may have a home. She will be consoled if she knows I am happy. But can I be happy? Can any one replace for me this passionate and constant solicitude, and this idolatry, which in spite of the storms it has endured has none the less survived and increased? Besides, we agree on almost everything and our tastes are identical. She is my scholar, my neophyte, the lamb that came to me and that I led into pleasant pastures. Suppose that grief is too much for her? Can I endure it? Is the obstacle that prevents me from giving her my name imperative, invalidating, absolute? Does the idol of honor devour human victims also, like Moloch? Is there really a question of honor in the eyes of the world? Alas, I fear so, since there are painful secrets, which would be used and abused against our dignity and peace. Impossible is not the word, but imprudent, but rash. To expose myself to the world, to the pitiless world, to place myself at its mercy, to give it the means of making me suffer, or of perhaps humiliating my companion. This thought always makes me blush. I am willing to tear my breast with my nails, but I will not accept the world as executioner; I do not recognize its right.

(10 P.M.) Made a closer acquaintance with the Parisian painter. Played checkers with him this afternoon and talked philosophy for two hours after supper. I was never more amused than to hear this well-instructed bachelor refute Hegel for me, explain that Protestantism is not a religion, prove that Nature is wrong to pass from the polygon to the circle and from the polyhedron to the sphere, or reciprocally, seeing that a healthy metaphysics opposes it; in other words, to see him displaying in all its crudity the limits of the French spirit, that always puts the school, the formula, the conventional, the *a priori*, the abstraction, the factitious above the real, and that prefers clarity

to truth, words to things, and rhetoric to science. — They are as absolute as the utterly ignorant who have never considered anything. They understand only black and white, yes and no, omitting all the colors and variations on either side, all the intermediate degrees between affirmation and negation. — They are logicians and not dialecticians. The mathematical tendency leaves them incapable of a higher degree of reality. In fact, they *understand* nothing, although they cavil at everything. — Skilful in distinguishing, classifying, and haranguing, they stop short on the threshold of philosophy, which consists in recognizing the inanity of differences and in finding the genesis. They leave descriptions only to rush into hasty generalizations. — They believe they truly represent the entire nature of man, while they cannot even break the hard shell of their own nationality, and do not understand a single people outside themselves.

Ignorant, absolute, scholastic, formal — so you always find them when it is a question of explaining a social or ethnographical phenomenon. They pigeon-hole everything with the simplicity of savages. Their punishment is that they do not judge themselves and are stuffed with prejudices, in spite of their mocking incredulity. Mutinous spirits, they consider themselves free spirits.... Spiritual, if you will, but limited to the last degree. They live on ready-made and hackneyed formulas, and if Montigut calls this infirmity *idealism*, that is because it is convenient to gild the pill for a people who love only flattering fictions and who are afraid of the truth.

A people of outside show and of imitation gilding. Its religion: words.

October 1, 1871 (Vitznau)

(2 P.M.) Cloudy weather, mild and melancholy, rainy at intervals. A host of painful impressions since my awakening. Thought with terror of my age. Coughed miserably. Accosted by an idiot. An appeal for charity by a peasant of very good appearance. Thought of my travellers who are between Frankfurt and Berlin. Discovered another affliction. The swelling of my lips, my nostrils, and the nasal passages has turned into hard and painful fever blisters. I cannot wipe my nose, speaking is difficult, and I am disfigured. What a fine time for it to come just when I am about to go home and pay some visits! My nose runs like a fountain and several blisters have penetrated the interior of the nostrils. Fanciful ideas have been running in my head and, quickly leaving my own case, I have tried to understand other more tragic situations of which I had never thought.

What would be, for example, the fury and disgust of a man who had been tainted by his mistress or, even worse, of a young wife infected by her husband? As soon as one discovers that he has suffered from an intimate poisoning, he must feel indignation, repugnance, unconquerable antipathy, and physical horror that he could never overcome against the author of the betrayal. In the same way, the nursling who has found the bitter apple on his nurse's breast is weaned through anger and disgust. They have tricked him. He will not go back again. Thought also of the octopus, the touch of which raises pustules, and of the foreign woman, so often cursed in the so-called Proverbs of Solomon, and of all the bitter shames of impurity.

Returning to my personal blisters, I have sought in vain for the cause. Did my handkerchief wipe some soiled object? Had the uncovered cushion of horsehair, against which I lean my cheek when I sleep here, been infected by some former invalid? What is this local irruption, which my thick moustache partly hides, but which looks so hideous? I simply cannot imagine. (A hard cough, although I am out of the wet and my feet are warm.) Certainly there is some disorder in Landerneau. Ever since I set out, I have not slept well, either at Lausanne or at Vitznau, and I am not in my normal state.

Is it quite simply an after-effect of my illness of the 28th, so quickly dissipated, which is revenging itself by this offensive return? To the devil with the enigma!

The blister already stings my flesh a little; if only it doesn't also harass my spirit!

Second letter to Berlin, to the two friends. I hope they will not complain.

(5.30 P.M.) Already dark, already candles! Games of chess and checkers with my neighbor at table, the tall, thin Saint-Gallois, with the ferocious eyes, who has spent two years in the South of France. Three hours of this dismal Sunday have passed in this pitiable tournament. — My nose is like a potato; it hurts me to own it.

Well, September has died from drowning. How will October be?

(10 P.M.) My poor nose is frightful. — At supper I had on my left a Jewish gentleman from Prague, who, for six successive winters, has visited all the Southern resorts for his chest. He sets Cairo incomparably above Venice, Nice, Rome, and Palermo. Four months of Egypt (November, December, January, February) entirely cured him. My neighbor on the right, who has tried Menton, Cannes, and Algeria, much prefers Algeria. So that Africa has decidedly the best of it. And yet Algeria has mountains, rains, and variations of temperature. At Cairo it never rains, and winter is a perpetual month of May. Only you must not go before November or stay after February.

I am coughing so violently that the picture of Egypt tempts me.

Noted down the *Novissima verba* of September 27. Political conversation with the painter B.

October 2, 1871 (Vitznau, 7th day)

(3 P.M.) A wretched morning, cloudy, rainy, and dismal. I used it in turning over 'Hendschel's Telegraph,' dreaming of Egypt, in reading two 'Journ. de Gen.,' and in writing my third letter to Délio.

Cleared after dinner. I returned to the Cape of Reveries and the bench of farewells. A funereal impression: the great recumbent figure of a woman, stretched out and coiffed with an Egyptian *pschent* — that is, the mountain in the background — was still green yesterday, but to-day had become white. It looked like a corpse on a bier. Was it an indication, a symbol, a prophecy? Suppose the mourning of the mountain announced the mourning of the heart? Dead of grief and love! Phil. seemed to hope for and to desire this death. I must dismiss this horrible thought. And yet what sort of life is left for this friend who, it is true, herself suggested leaving and wished me to make my own life without her; but who, even while declaring bravely that she can endure absence, has not succeeded in doing so and yet refuses to attach herself to any other interest? The tenacity of her nature, applied to the dearest of her affections, has given it a prodigious intensity, and this feeling, not finding its normal outlet, tends to become deadly, as unused milk becomes poison for the mother.

Try to arrange your old age while there is still time.
As you make your bed, so you shall lie.
Open your door wide to good sense
And do not close its mouth.

(6 P.M.)

Délio's Litany

1. I love him so! the being of my being,
He is my friend, my idol, and my master,
Who understands me, whom alone I heed,
He is my treasure, and the breath of life,
Angels of heaven, to my enchanted soul.
I love him so, I love him so!

2. I love him so, perhaps I shall go mad.
He is so good, when his kind voice consoles,
So beautiful, with his expectant glance,
So pure in his intoxicating presence!
Angels of heaven, I must live with him,
I love him so, I love him so!

3. I love him so! His kindness is supreme.
He has done all for me, the man I love.
My heart is palpitating at this thought.
O joy, to give him never-ending love.
Angels of heaven, my heart melts and swoons,
I love him so, I love him so!

4. I love him so! Ah, shall I be condemned,
Without him to drag out a weary life?
Is this my cross and my revolting fate?
Grant that at least I may, in my last fever,
Angels of heaven, expire in his arms.
I love him so, I love him so!

5. I love him so! — Ah, God has not forbidden
One final clemency, by which I shall
Die peacefully, though I cannot die now.
Angels of heaven, only hear my prayer,
Of my long love I swear it is the last.
In my last sleep, let me lie at his feet,
I love him so, I love him so!

(7 P.M.) I am seized with emotion on thinking over the real litanies that I have jotted down from memory. And I wonder how it happens that I escape their spell! I suppose it is through lack of sufficient comparison. Even in the divine madness of love there are so many degrees that you never know where you are. Still, it is hard for me to imagine a passion more passionate than this, which I have watched flame on the altar; for in spite of its opaque covering, it was radiant. But the experience of backslidings, opacities, suspicions, always sullies the candor of faith, and I have had this experience. Besides, I still feel a difference between the staunchest friend and a wife.

Is it not better for a wife to be the conscience of her husband than that it should be the other way about? Could Magdalene, who made a great saint, have made a good wife? Is it not best for marriage to be both honorable before God and before *Men*? Well, the latter are, in some respects, far more exacting than the former.

(10 P.M.) Journal of a man who has been poisoned (the hour and a quarter between taking

the poison and death). — Growing movement of the old Ultramontane Catholics in Germany. — The congress for peace and liberty at Lausanne (citizens Andrée Leo, Paule Mink, etc.). The social question fairly well treated by Lemonnier. — The monetary system of Europe seems to have been compromised for some time.

The Holbein Madonna at Dresden, great decline in grandeur. A congress of experts have examined it in the *ensemble* of the works of the master of Basel, and, comparing it to the painting at Darmstadt, have unanimously declared it a copy, and said this copy was not by the hand of Holbein. — They are also beginning to question the authenticity of the Sistine Madonna (which may not be the original by Raphael, but a copy, substituted by the monks who had sold the other).

Long talk with the painter B. on the theory of the immortality of the soul and of a future life. — This unfortunate man had to accompany some ladies of his acquaintance up the Righi to-day. Naturally, they saw nothing but the railroad.

Departure of my Saint-Gallois (Stad.). Games of checkers with my light-hearted acquaintance from Aargau (name unknown), to whom I gave in vain four kings, without his being able to beat me, though I had only a dozen men.

At sunset it cleared. Now it is raining again. My candle is burning out. Good-night. I am taking a Bontius pill.

October 3, 1871

(11.30 A.M.) Rainy weather. A talk on painting with the painter B. — Read the 'Kladderadatsch.' Recopied Délio's Litany. Prepared a telegram. Assailed by anxiety. If any one died at home, how should I know? If anything happened to Blw., how should I learn of it? This manner of wandering without a known address is a challenge to fate. Though it is true that in order to avoid it I should have to have a settled itinerary, while now I am free to move about as I fancy.

What is it that keeps me here? My sore lips, my peeling nose. This unexpected eruption is still painful, but it is beginning to dry up. I still eat with difficulty, I cannot use a handkerchief, and I should not dare to see any one.

(3 P.M.) When I look at the calendar, I decide to leave Vitznau; when I look at the rain, I put off my departure until to-morrow, to save my clothes and shoes. (It is a quarter of a league from here to the landing.) — Telegram to Fel. B. so that I can get my letters from Berlin to-morrow at Lucerne. In a certain case, I might have to set out at once for the North. Besides, I am consumed with impatience.

Irony of the weather. I had to decide all that at a quarter past two, and now it is clearing. A few streaks of blue in the sky and some rays of sunlight on the Rotherfluh and the Vitznauer Stock. But after all, what should I do at Lucerne this evening? I have a better chance of sleeping here tonight than there. So, no regrets.

An article by Veuillot, 'Concerning the Impasse.' Persiflage of the nineteenth century, in favor of the thirteenth, and of unbelieving science in favor of Roman obscurantism. 'The key to Berlin lies in Rome.' In other words, submit to the Jesuits and you will recover your superiority in war. Veuillot is right in what he attacks and wrong in what he extols. Certainly an irreligious society is both unfortunate and unhealthy, but neither the papal state nor popery is the remedy, for the reason that they have created lack of religion and morality in the nations submitted to their terrible influence. They are a remedy like opium for an opium-eater, calming but destructive. The holy-water sprinkler has given his own measure; he is utterly unable to teach a free people. The 'Syllabus' resembles the Gospel as little as it does the Declaration of 1789. It is the charter of spiritual despotism, founded on superstition and ignorance, and taking the name of God in vain. — Certainly the worn-out expedients of *progress* are distasteful to me, but those of *bigotry* are nauseous.

(4.45 P.M.) The white scarf of a new little waterfall streaks a band of brown rocks directly opposite my window. Daughter of the storm, it will hardly last as long as it.

The bay, which has become calm, is a beautiful pear green, and the roofs of the five or six little houses, strewn across the space that separates me from Vitznau, drip gayly in the light of an early twilight. This green and rocky landscape has a dull, wet tone that rests the eyes. The boat belonging to the house is rowing back to the landing, describing a curve that is better for the painter than for the rower. But the Egyptian in her white shroud is still hidden in the mist, while the great, green crouching Chamois stretches its head above the bluish-green water. Vespers are sounding from the white church, and in the garden there frolic shrilly the young family of our hostess who wears mourning (a widow for two years). This view is characteristically Swiss.

And while I am watching, the gurglings of my intestines continue (my little laxative has already made me pay four visits to a certain spot). The efflorescence on my lip is drying up; those on my nose are much less advanced.

But what dominates everything is a certain dull uneasiness, a vague and persistent anxiety.

It seems to me that I have lost my summer, having neither written anything nor cured my throat nor set up my own establishment. On the contrary, I have formed the habit of laziness, and I have allowed to grow worse an illness that runs the risk of becoming chronic, if it has not already done so. In short, I am resuming my collar and my harness with some shame in the face of A. B. and my relatives, and with real sorrow for D., who has suffered more than any one from my invincible indolence. However, I really must take some result back to Geneva.

(5.30 P.M.) A prolonged whistle from the Righi train. Its vertical column of smoke will soon cross the little cascade that is still flowing. It descends slowly.

Master of himself, as of his machine.

Barking of dogs. A stir among my neighbors, the two young German women, who are so reserved and one of whom looks a mere girl. They appear delicate and cough. However I have not made their acquaintance.

Let us see what this result is:

1. Concerning my health. Charnex, Heustrich, Dr. Cy., four months and more of loafing and experiments have taught me that my health is no longer a capital on which I dare count. I shall only keep it with many and careful pains.
2. Lived in communion with Nature, four lakes and many varied views.
3. Consolidated a few friendships and lost several illusions.
4. Written some verses and two hundred pages of my Journal; many letters.
5. Recovered my talent for reading aloud.
6. Learned a little through conversation.
7. Had many æsthetic impressions.

This was not entirely time lost, and yet it is not much. And for the future?

(9.30 P.M.) My two trunks, my satchel, and my travelling case are ready. I have asked for my bill and my breakfast, said good-bye to M. B. Bf.; I have only to sleep before I set off for Lucerne.

But my poor nose is still as hard as wood, which annoys me, and if it rains heavily to-morrow, it will be a hardship, for with my hideous cold a quarter of a league along wet roads would be an imprudence.

No matter, to-morrow must be the day of departure. Bad conditions for returning to Geneva. I return with the same cold that I had a few months ago, plus a local lesion that may make my teaching disagreeable and humiliating. Out of luck!

What news shall I find at Lucerne and Neuchâtel?

(10 P.M.) I see that, in my impatience, I am a day ahead in my calculations. They could not have written before the 2d, consequently the letter will only reach Neuchâtel to-morrow evening, Grandchamp the 5th, then Lucerne. — If I still hurry, it is only to care for my trumpet and show it to a pharmacist.

October 4, 1871

(10 A.M.) Jubilation. Delicious weather, sun returned. Everything is clear, limpid, fresh, and caressing. The lake murmurs lovingly along its beaches. The yellowing leaves drip in the trans-

parent shade. There is gayety and happiness in the air. Revisited the Cape of Reveries, and the whole path along the edge of the water. All the mountains, even those that border the lake, are powdered with snow, and Pilatus, rising like a gigantic glass of sherbet, is white to its middle. Only the Chamois has escaped the frost. But the Mummy seems to be awakening in the morning sun while the valleys quiver with life and happiness.

In order to share in this general felicity, I have put off my departure. I preferred an excursion. Which? I shall know when I return this evening. Although the time-tables have been changed and cut down, there are still many possibilities.

(7 P.M.) Pilgrimage to the Grütli. Well rewarded. — Buochs, Beckenried, Gersau, Brunnen; a little boat with one rower; the natural obelisk (Victor Leudi, killed in 1850, at target practice on the lake). — Two Sanger Tell's, F. Schiller, die Urcantone, 1859; the intrepid goat, the sheltered anchorage, the three springs, the three granite crosses, the chalet of the guard with the engravings by Vogel, and a few old arms. Splendid view! The eight colossal witnesses, the Mythen, the Frohnal, the Axenberg, the Rosstock, the pyramid of the Breitenstock, the Spitzliberg, the Krontlet, the Blackenstock, the Urirothstock; — the fountain of Seelisberg, the big hotel of the Axenstein; Tellsplatte. — Gave up climbing the Seelisberg in

view of the dangerous state of the path, undermined by rains. My boatman took me back to Treib, from where I returned to Brunnen. — Made the tour of the little town. The customs (memory of 1315). The many inns. The immense Wald-Stätterhof. Walk in the direction of Schwytz (the Nonnenkloster), the Stoss, the deep stream with its thick carpet of vegetation. The old Italian-German. Walked for two hours from Brunnen to Gersau. The cascade. The chapel. Blinding reflections of sunlight. The five little girls at the landing. — The bull and cow on the slope of the Gothard, the mail-coach, the cold after sunset.

This evening I find the society diminished and melted away. Talk with the painter B. Then games of checkers.

The season is certainly over. All the hotels sound hollow. Last travellers and last roses.

This evening I saw going up over the Gothard, at Vitznau, a foreigner whose fine and distinguished face recalled Mme. Schu. — The face of a musician, a woman of the world; nervous sensibility, tempered with wit.

October 5, 1871

(7 A.M.) Heavy rain. Impossible to make my quarter of a league with my baggage without getting soaked, and my cold would be none the better for it. I shall wait four hours longer.

But imagine what the old people have been telling me!

Yesterday they said, 'Five days of assured good weather. See for yourself! A heavy fall of snow, the barometer has risen, the wind has moved to the north, and the sky is clear. Nothing is lacking.' — In fact, nothing was lacking to deceive me. The whole of the leaden sky is weeping as far as the eye can see.

Psychology. Disappointed on the surface, am I really so at bottom? I dare not say so. Any obstacle that relieves me from acting finds a certain complicity in the very depths of my heart. I should certainly much rather be at Lucerne and have news. But since the news may be painful, and especially since, once caught in my round of duties, I do not know when I shall again have my freedom, any postponement of the torture gives me a secret pleasure.

A fine independence, truly! I have escaped from Geneva for several months, it is true, but I must wait because of a shower; I free myself from men, but my health tyrannizes over me and subjects me more each year. This bronchial catarrh has been my master for fifteen months, this eruption has annoyed me for five days, the rain has made me vacillate since day before yesterday. These little troubles, which can become big ones, are dreadful to pessimistic and hesitating natures. One does not want to be imprudent, and since one doesn't know what is best, one lies snug. Irresolution cut the tendon of Achilles and perpetual doubt can only make one irresolute. — An unending circle!

(9 A. M.) There is a real downpour. — I write my name in the visitors' book and add this doggerel:

Un jour de beau, cinq jours de laid,
La saison est finie;
Ce temps sourit, puis il déplaît,
Il semble une agonie,
Dans les cités, dans le chalet,
Meurt ainsi chaque rose,
Chacun doit trainer son boulet,
Partout la même chose.

I am going to take my rubbers out of my travelling bag. That will allow me to defy the waters of heaven, for all my troubles come from the soles of my feet, and when my soles are dry I recover my spirits. Excellent shoes, *wasserdicht*, are essential to well-being and a notable part of one's freedom on bad days. — If I had thought of those rubbers, I should be in Lucerne now. A mere detail can make you lose a game of chess, a battle, or your life.

Presence of mind, that acts quickly and well, is neutralized in me by the fear of forgetting something in the list of possibilities. So that with me immobility springs from a desire to act rightly and without mistake. Only perfection satisfies me. That is why I hold back.

In the same way the feeling of time lost, of irreparable arrears, also makes me afraid to enter the lists as a man of science, as a husband, as a father and the head of a household. I recognize the *Too late*, but I protest against its authority. I will not admit that I am defeated when I have not fought, but I do not wish to fight when I have no hope of conquering. — In other words, I am in a false position, daring neither to advance, nor to retreat, nor to abdicate, and also unable to resign myself.

Well, *if false situations have this peculiarity, that they never end*, false tendencies have this fatal quality, that they make all talents useless and all efforts fruitless. — You have false tendencies, for you have false shames and false desires. You waver between your duties and your repugnancies, between your conscience and your pride. You yield to the attractions of trifles; you cannot make up your mind about anything and follow it resolutely to the end. Your habit of hiding from the world has ended by deceiving yourself, and you dissipate in foolish trifles the time that would have sufficed for a big work.

That is the consequence of secretiveness. A virile life should take place in broad daylight. The world always suspects the bats, reptiles, and spiders of hidden places.

You should hide your life, but reveal your thought,

said the poet. Perhaps I have obeyed the first half too carefully and have not given enough thought to the second.

To influence the world one should not quarrel with it, even though remaining independent of it. To remain independent of it, one must brave its ill-humor with an assured manner, and its evil tongue with a life that has no dread of investigations. If one is vulnerable through one's daily bread or through one's honor, one has no peace, no independence, and no authority. Before doing good, one must wait for the opportunity and then proceed with caution. A marriage where the individuals are well or badly matched from the personal point of view, or well or badly matched from the point of view of society, is certainly the trump card in the complicated game of life. *Cave sortem!*

LUCERNE, *October* 5, 1871
(Hôtel du Lac, No. 9)

A red light made me raise my head; it empurpled a chalet-pension above the cemetery. I went down to the quay. An extraordinary sight, a picture of antarctic wildness. A dark landscape, streaked with snow, a sky piled with clouds, mountains wearing a wintry and tormented aspect: I felt as if I were on the borders of the polar sea. The Urirothstock and the Mythen crowned with roses those distant and menacing vistas, with their harsh and desolate tones. Finally the pyramid of

Pilatus, standing fiercely aloof, black as soot, bristling with fangs, sharp as despair, was draped in great white streaks, while a fiery glare blazed across its western slopes. The effect was stupefying. I thought I saw the flames of the volcano of Saint-Elias over the waters of the Arctic Ocean. When I think of the appearance of this same landscape on the 28th of September, not a week ago, I can scarcely believe my eyes. It has passed from the smiling to the terrible. It is a brutal change of scenery.

Telegraphed to Grandchamp. — Wrote D. (letter in my portfolio). My rose still stands in a glass of water before me, but it droops its head.

(9 P.M.) The sound of an orchestra reaches me from a distance. I have not had the courage to change and go down. Besides, I must allow the healing ointment to act upon my poor nose. Let me scribble a little more to take the place of supper.

Here I am started on my return. Day after tomorrow, no doubt, I shall settle down once more in the midst of my relatives and my occupations, and of what constitutes, if not a home, at least a country. Does the thought please me? Certainly. Though no doubt far less than another, for after all

Our country is where our life is full,

and Geneva has never given me this feeling of joyous plenitude. But at least we generally return with this illusion of the heart, that we love and are loved. We hope for we know not what. For lack of great investments, we keep there the small currency of our affections. Besides, in spite of everything, we pretend in vain to be disillusioned about our relatives, about our colleagues, about all our world. We pretend in vain to indifference. We are not indifferent. A crowd of people interest us.

Only, do not hide from yourself that what you will find will not be sympathy, but judgment, suspicion, irony, and severity. — What attitude will you take in regard to your family, your students, your colleagues, and your friends? What persons do you care to see and frequent? — What will you do if you are well? If you are not? Are you in shape to take up again the insupportable direction of your own existence? Are you going to rejoin the Reading Society?

Do not forget one point, that this is an experiment. All this empty noise is only a pretext. Your pressing duty is to have done with the provisional and to arrange for your old age. You are beginning your sixth decade; never forget that figure. *There is no better friend or relative than one's self.*

October 10, 1871
(Rue Étienne-Dumont, Geneva)

(11 A.M.) Here I am at home, suffocated with dust, without curtains, without comfort. I have arrived before my baggage. But also I am in my

slippers, among my books, before my desk, and I am trying to get again the impression of home. I don't succeed very well. Only my poor little cleaning-woman, in mourning, gives it to me somewhat. But what poverty for that unfortunate widow! She has not been able to get a single day's work since her husband's death or received a helping hand from any one. Everything was swallowed up at once for her.

(10.30 P.M.) Have done some work I have no liking for. Arranged my little cell. Hung big and little curtains, dusted off the furniture, unpacked my blankets, opened up my cupboards, etc. Hunted up my neighbors, the Fr. and the Bst. Prepared the way for a change of pension.

Read many papers and letters, among others those of Dél., of Mad. Kl., of my sister L. — Conversation with the regent. — Called on the ladies Mcier., took tea and spent the evening with the Bst. — Fables of the pastor Vermeil. My sisters are still in the country.

Coughed a great deal. I doubt if the experiment succeeds or if I can win the wager. Yet it is diabolical. My cold, after four months of special care, is starting up worse than ever. My lost year has not even brought me health. — Mme. Bst. gave me a hot-water bottle this evening and I have had my apartment heated. Will that disarm the fate that usually traps me on my return here? I shall only know to-morrow.

At heart, I think it will all be useless.

Dél. has followed my instructions from point to point, but was still having palpitations and breathing spells on the 6th. In that matter, also, I am far from reassured.

May God bless the coming in and the going out. After all, it will happen as He wishes. It is all the same to me, so long as I am doing right!

July 17, 1872

(7 A.M.) *We waste our best days in planning.* (Voltaire.)

I lose them less in doing that than in eating my heart out.... To-day Nada leaves for Louëche, Ser. is at Lucerne, Phil. is visiting the Hartz, my sisters are staying in the country, all my friends and colleagues are away except poor Ur., who is struggling with sick-headaches, and (a good idea!) Cali, who must be back.

Letter to Jules Vuy, who has just lost an aunt and has sent me a note informing me. — Emptiness, apprehension. Indecision.

Every establishment comes late and lasts only a short time. I shall have spent twenty-five years preparing for a married life that perhaps might not have lasted twenty-five months. This disproportion between the game and the candle seems laughable to the spectator. It is not noticed by those concerned. The dreamers, in the presence of definite and irremediable things, behave as if they themselves were eternal. To gain time seems to them to gain everything, while they lose the essential, life. Besides, there is a sort of logic in this unreasonable instinct, and a sort of method in this madness. I have always dreaded a defeat more than I have been ambitious for victory, and have always preferred a step lost to a step won. Abstention is, therefore, the consequence of this pessimistic and cowardly manner of conducting life. Who risks nothing has nothing. Distrust leads to immobility. An anxious and perplexed timidity clings to the *status quo*, because it dreads much and hopes for nothing, and one piece of bad luck weighs as much with it as three good ones.

July 15, 1874

... The end of the evening with Blw. She kindly mended a few pieces of linen for me. This solicitude pleases me. I refuse to slip into painful memories, but I cannot revive the enchantment. And what undermines it? The words of Aunt A., which have been confirmed by too many slight indications. *Some one* is untruthful and is not direct and scrupulous enough. My confidence used to be absolute; it can no longer be so, except through absent-mindedness, good nature, and forgetfulness. I detest doubting and I can no longer trust blindly, lest a bit of dishonesty or untruthfulness or slyness be cruelly expiated later! I know all that is excellent, intrepid, resolute, persevering, and faithful in *some one*. I even feel a veritable gratitude and a real security as a friend; but my faith in her statements is compromised. Her glance and her words are not limpid. I have been deceived more than once. The inner warning always returns. I do not imagine that *some one* has ever done me any serious wrong, but in the depths of her nature there is something that has always disturbed, worried, and even tormented me. I attributed this stigma to the wretchedness of her early life. I hoped for a long, long time that this blot would disappear. It seems to me that it returns in spite of everything. In spite of great qualities, the foundation of her character is not personal dignity, nobility of soul. The influence of the *milieu* has persisted. What a pity it is! I do not know what has always stood in my way, and although I have always explained it to myself in the most favorable way (for example, as an obligation not to abandon or to betray any one, and to guard the trust of too many and too ugly secrets), I have not been able to hide from myself that I confided more than was confided in me, and that some indefinable reckoning was not settled. The universal prejudice against *some one* found me invulnerable; I feared unjust suspicion so greatly! Egeria's taste alone would have outweighed for me the stupid antipathies of all the world. But several attacks on truth and loyalty — for example, the letters taken from a bundle, hurried denials, certain pallors —

were like blows of a knife to me. Any questioning would have been impossible, under pain of mortal offence. At each decisive moment some painful circumstance intervened, which stopped me short. Then I would see in it a sort of test of my faith, and would find a valid excuse. And I would begin seeing only the good again. Now, where are we? For three years intimacy of thought has ceased between us. But the cordiality remains intact, at least on my side. I know how great is the real value of X, I respect her right to be what she wishes to be, I believe in her real virtues, which I know, and I forgive her the difficulties she has occasioned in my life. I am grateful for what she has done and wished for me. In a word, I know that my friendship is lasting and I do not suppose for an instant that —— could become a Delilah. I shall never fling a stone at her. But if her soul had always been transparent and her word had always been truthful, everything would have turned out better, I feel sure.

Come, my good friend, is not your taste for perfection sickly and ridiculous? Each one has his weak side. Must we not forgive much to those about us and especially to those who love us? Who has the right to condemn?... Certainly not the poor sinner that you are.

Is not X worth more than you? Given her circumstances, does she not do honor to your care? Have you ever merited her kind affection, her proved constancy, and her offers of devotion? Confusion seizes me. I see my coldness in a wretched light, and the need of returning to my normal manner stirs my heart. Do not quarrel with the stamp on the treasure that is given us. Let us blame nothing, judge no one, but help each other live and try to give happiness. God alone has the right to sound the heart. It would be barbarous to cause tears to one who, in other days, would have shed her blood for me. It would be odious to return evil for good.

September 23, 1878

(11 A.M.) ... Letter to Phil. for the anniversary of her birthday. Since meeting with her friend Eg., who looked at me darkly, I have understood that the coolness was deliberate and I have supposed the friendship extinct. Besides, this year she has left unacknowledged a letter and the gift of a book. But I prefer to overdo things, and to be left, rather than to leave. Only, a correspondence on such terms is merely a burden and one does not know what to say. I detest giving pain and breaking on mere conjectures. But I know what promises are worth....

Emotion cannot promise anything, since it does not know what it will become and since it does not depend upon the will. The vows of passion are not registered by Jupiter. Then what are marriage vows worth? One can promise faithfulness and obedience, but can one promise that love will last? If the vow is sincere, it is mad; also it is rarely kept, exactly as if it had not been made. Man hopes to diminish his weakness by denying it. He puts on a bold air to hide his fear. He tries to bind his changeableness with his signature. Poor stratagems! It would be better to promise only what depends upon ourselves; that is, honesty and integrity. The heart does not allow itself to be enslaved by any legal process, but the conscience also escapes the sophistry of the heart. The duty towards a husband or wife remains when the charm and attraction of the common life have disappeared. One *loves* as long as one can, and one *helps* honestly when one can no longer love.

However, that makes a vicious circle. The husband who demands love, when it is his business to inspire it, has the law on his side, but is ridiculous just the same. Is there better proof than this that the vow is merely a legal fiction, a measure of decorum? On the other hand, to obtain by constraint what has no price unless given with joyous consent, is discouraging, or rather, it is nauseous.

Therefore, I conclude that a marriage is not advisable unless it is irresistible. One should only take as one's partner the essential being. In this case, whatever the issue, one can say, 'It was written. That was my destiny! God wished it. I must be resigned.' Just as a work of art without inspiration has no value, so an irrevocable decision has no value unless it seems supernaturally imposed. We need the illusion that God has set his hand to it; that we are obeying a suggestion of Providence. There is an immeasurable distance between our approximative calculations and an inflexible resolution. Eternal vows are a betrayal of human weakness, which can, indeed, bind itself presumptuously, but which one ought not to bind by its own words, for it has a right to repent them, and its liberty cannot be alienated forever in a single moment.

THE END

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

3 9999 08795 296 4

DAUGHTERS OF EVE

By Gamaliel Bradford

How much Eve really acquired of the knowledge of good and evil by her little adventure in the apple-orchard may be a matter for theologians to discuss. But she certainly left her daughters many puzzling and charming qualities, which are well illustrated in the group of ladies gathered together in this book.

There is the sprightly and fascinating Ninon de Lenclos; the subtle, elusive, enigmatic Madame de Maintenon; the passionately mystical Madame Guyon; Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, summing up the eternal duo of love; Catherine the Great, with the woman's desire and the sovereign's glory; George Sand, blending the author's ambition with the lover's despair; and Sarah Bernhardt, concentrating past and future in the absorbing intoxication of immediate theatrical success. There could hardly be a more intensely human series, or one in which any woman would be more likely to find something of what she is, or has been, or would like to be.

Illustrated

NEW BIOGRAPHY

LETTERS OF HENRY ADAMS, 1858–1891
Edited by Worthington C. Ford

BUILDERS OF THE BAY COLONY
By Samuel Eliot Morison

CHARLEMAGNE, FIRST OF THE MODERNS
By Charles Edward Russell

GEORGE EASTMAN
By Carl W. Ackerman

TURENNE, MARSHAL OF FRANCE
By General Max Weygand

NEW LETTERS AND PAPERS OF LINCOLN
Collected by Paul M. Angle

I SAW BOOTH SHOOT LINCOLN
By W. J. Ferguson

UNAFRAID: A Life of Anne Hutchinson
By Winnifred King Rugg

ROGER WILLIAMS, Prophet and Pioneer
By Emily Easton

SON OF APOLLO:

AMIEL'S PHILINE
Translated by Van Wyck Brooks

DAUGHTERS OF EVE
By Gamaliel Bradford

THE SHADOW-KING
By Hans Roger Madol

THE SOLITARY WARRIOR
By J. Howard Whitehouse

NEW LIGHT ON THE YOUTH OF DANTE
By Gertrude Leigh

THE LETTERS OF GEORGE SAND
Translated by Veronica Lucas

THE JOURNAL OF A SLAVE DEALER
By Nicholas Owen

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THOMAS JEFFERSON AND PIERRE SAMUEL DU PONT DE NEMOURS, 1798–1817
Edited by Dumas Malone

THE CAPTIVITY AND REMOVES OF MRS. MARY ROWLANDSON
Edited by Reverend Frederick L. Weis

OMPANY